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The
Audubon Bulletin
Spring 1922



Published by
THE ILLINOIS
AUDUBON
SOCIETY

Illinois Audubon Society Service

The Society has two collections of hand-colored lantern slides of bird life, each with an accompanying printed lecture. These are lent free of charge to any school or organization in the state but borrower pays express charges both ways.

The Society has travelling libraries of bird books which are lent to schools or organizations for a reasonable length of time, the borrower paying express charges both ways.

The Society publishes wall charts listing 200 typical Illinois birds and providing suitable spaces for recording migration and nesting data. Schools, Boy Scout organizations, and individuals as well find these of great service. Price ten cents each.

The Society has in press a pocket check list of birds with colored zonal maps. This list records every known species of birds that visits Illinois or nests within its borders. Send in applications for copies of the first edition.

The Society publishes the Langdon Cat Circular which is invaluable in arousing interest in the question of protecting birds from marauding cats. Price five cents each.

The Society issues an illustrated postal in the Italian language warning against violation of laws for bird protection. Price two cents each.

Address The Illinois Audubon Society,

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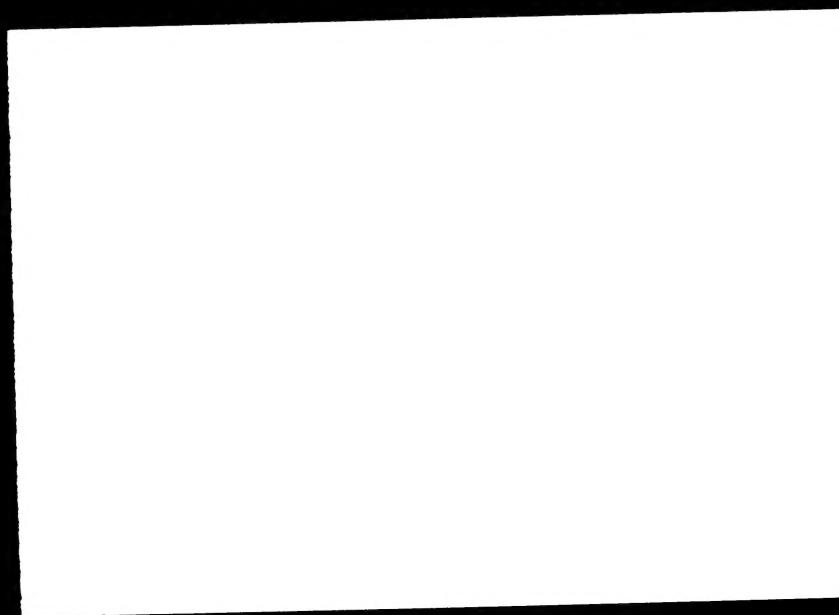
Miss Catherine Mitchell
Riverside

Vice-President

Mr. Jesse Lowe Smith
Highland Park

Erratum

By inadvertence the name *of* Mr.
Edward Russel Ford, the author *of*
Skokie Memories, was omitted.



*The Aims and Principles of the
Illinois Audubon Society are:*

1. To encourage the study of birds, particularly in the school, and to disseminate literature relating to them.
2. To work for the betterment and enforcement of State and Federal laws relating to birds.
3. To discourage the wearing of any feathers except those of the ostrich and domestic fowls.
4. To discourage in every possible way, the wanton destruction of wild birds and their eggs.
5. To restore to our wild birds, wherever practicable, the natural environment of forest and shrubbery which gave them food, protection and seclusion.



Photo by Jesse L. Smith

THE LIBERTYVILLE ELM

THE AUDUBON BULLETIN

SPRING 1922

Published by the
ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
(*For the protection of wild birds*)

The President of the Illinois Audubon Society writes:

This time the theme is increasing the membership of the society and the more frequent issue of the Bulletin.

For several years the Illinois Audubon Bulletin has been distributed without cost to the members and friends of the society. It has made for itself a place among bird publications which is gratifying to all concerned. It has had recognition from influential sources in various parts of the country. It can still be improved and its influence widened. It is very desirable that it be issued more frequently. It has cost the society nothing but the actual printing expenses. All contributions and illustrations have been secured free of charge, and the work of putting the Bulletin together has been done gratis.

The problem of increasing the efficiency of the Bulletin and of its more frequent issue, together with certain proposed activities of the Illinois Audubon Society, have influenced the directors to plan a campaign for larger membership. After careful consideration it was decided to change the dues of active members to two dollars a year, and to create a new membership called associate for which the dues will be one dollar a year. All members now classed as active will remain so until the end of 1922, at which time they will be given the choice of joining the ranks of active members and paying the dues of two dollars or becoming associate members and continuing to pay dues of one dollar. All new members after this announcement will be classed under the new arrangement.

The directors of the society are planning a definite campaign among the schools. An effort will be made to enlist every schoolroom in the state in active membership in the society. Each room will be entitled to copies of the Bulletin and whatever literature is issued to members of the society. It is hoped by this means not only to increase the interest in bird conservation, but also to add to the available funds for education throughout the state.

ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ, *President.*

Illinois Lumbering and Forestry

Reprinted by permission from Lumber World Review, Nov. 10, 1921

It is hard to trace the origin and development of the forestry idea in Illinois; but no doubt it started as early as 1873, when Dr. Burrill, of the Department of Horticulture, secured a small appropriation from the legislature to try out a planting of the various hardwood and softwood trees at Urbana, this tract being still known as "The Forestry," serving now more as a windbreak and small park than as an experimental plantation.

In 1908 forestry interest progressed so far as to result in a preliminary survey of the state, covering some twenty-five counties. It was carried out by a cooperative agreement between the U. S. Forest Service, which furnished two men for the field work, and the Natural History Survey. The results were published as a bulletin of the Survey, "*Forest Conditions in Illinois*," and reviewers speak very highly of this publication by Hall and Ingall, which unfortunately was not



Photo by R. B. Miller

A SMALL PORTABLE MILL NEAR ALTO PASS

by a map of forested regions of the state, because of a lack of funds. The measures advocated as a forest policy for the state in this bulletin were fully ten years in advance of its time.

A forester has been at "large in the state" for two years, and by an addition to the last biennial budget of the Natural History Survey, three others have recently been added, with full authority to fall over the southern Ozarks providing they can bring back some detailed information about forest conditions there and elsewhere. For the information of any person who has never struck Illinois south of the corn belt, the original maps of the state show that at least thirty per cent of the state was once covered with trees. The timber belts and the rivers then formed the main lines of travel, the inhabitants living in the timber, developing woodlots there, and from these as base gradually they brought under cultivation the prairies which have since made us famous. Even now there are parts of the state where this combination should still prevail—timber in the hills, orchards on the slopes, and farming in the fertile and often narrow valleys.

In writing the story of forestry in Illinois, a consideration of lumbering in the state is of prime importance. Suppose we take first the timber in the southern hills, which at one time in the ravines contained a considerable percentage of white oak, tulip (yellow poplar), beech and maple. The evolution has been something like this: The small portable mill went in, cutting up the best of the oak and tulip and leaving the beech. During the past few years the beech has become valuable as a tie timber through the perfecting of the process of wood preservation, so that most of the product of these small portable mills has been beech railway ties or beech car stock. With the change in moisture conditions due to cutting out the beech, which is a shade-loving tree, more light has been admitted to the forest, and the black oaks and hickory have become the dominant trees in the stand.

At this stage the tie-maker enters the game, taking out the remaining white oak and the best of the black oak for railroad ties; and there follows him the mine-prop operator, who takes out the smaller trees for mine-props, legs and motor ties, the latter surfaced on only two faces. If fire is kept out of the forest, we will have another crop of timber, mostly white oak, black oak and hickory. If not, we will have conditions similar to those described in Forestry Circular No. 2 of the Natural History Survey, when fire takes its toll of mature trees and kills young growth of seedling and sprout origin. The ground, as in certain parts of the east, does not seem to be baked by these repeated fires, although the nitrogenous matter it formerly contained must be partly burned out and its water-holding



Photo by R. B. Miller

HAULING LOGS TO THE MILL

capacity in these hills greatly lessened by the destruction of leaf litter and humus. Our foresters in southern Illinois have

been impressed by the looseness of the hill soil, its fertility as compared with many forest soils on ridges, and consequently the greater chances for rapid growth if these annual fires can be prevented.

This can be done by carrying on a campaign of education among the people, by the formation of cooperative fire-protective associations, perhaps, or by the state acquiring a large acreage of land in regions where stream protection and future timber supply are especially important features.

Danger from fire is not so great in bottomland areas as in the case of hill timber, although no special precautions are taken about slash disposal or fire prevention. With better and more conservative handling, there is no reason why the smaller trees on a bottomland tract, instead of being sacrificed when of small value, might not soon form a second crop. In many cases, due to periodic flooding, such tracts, even when included in organized drainage districts, may not be cleared and farmed for several years. The census report for 1920 in Illinois shows that there are over 250,000 acres of such wet and swampy timber land in organized drainage projects, classed as "unimproved land," and failure to manage this conservatively until it is brought under cultivation represents a great waste. In some counties of southern Illinois this bottomland contains a considerable amount of cypress, as in the Cache river bottoms, either in scattered pure patches or mixed with gum, cucumber and so forth.

Coming down to facts and figures, the U. S. Census Report of 1920 gives the area of farm-woodlands in Illinois as 3,102, 147 acres, a reduction of about 45,000 acres in the last ten years. To prevent the useless whittling away of the old woodlot is quite a task, in view of the demand for land for grazing and farming purposes. A study of the situation reveals the fact that much woodland is cleared which should have been left in woods, especially on the steeper slopes, where it may be farmed for a few years until the surface fertility has been exhausted, then it reverts back to waste land, covered with briars and sassafras and persimmon bushes. This is simply increasing the number of acres of waste land without really adding very much to production of farm crops. The testimony of the Geological Survey in Hardin County is that land which has a slope of over 800 feet to the mile should be kept permanently in forest, while the Soil Survey of the state says that such land should never have been denuded of its forest cover. There are some 6,000,000 acres of this doubtful land whose character needs to be determined by soil experts, orchardists, and foresters, so that it can be devoted to its best and most economic use. We do not mean that this entire area of 6,000,000 acres should be put back into woods, but let us say that half of it is better adapted to forestry than to any other purpose.

This acreage, with the 3,000,000 acres of farm woodlands, would give us a total of six million acres of forest land, which should be kept in productive condition. Results obtained by the forest survey party in southern Illinois already show that in the case of the hill timber this is largely a matter of fire protection—this is about all that stands between us and a second crop of timber. Surely one-sixth of our total area devoted to timber is not too much—it is very much lower than advocated by European experts, who would raise the figure to twenty per cent of the total land area in order to maintain our forest industries and give us the necessary amount of protection forest.

This is a vision which we believe is not incommensurate with the ambitions of those who have tried for so long to impress upon the state the importance of this valuable resource. Many signs point to an awakening interest in forestry as a great state and national question. The organization of a forestry committee by the Union League Club of Chicago and the efforts of that committee to organize a Central States Forestry League are most encouraging, and their efforts in the direction of publicity and co-ordination of all interested in this question should bring results, slow as progress sometimes seems to be. The average legislator is not opposed to progressive forestry legislation—he is simply uninformed as to the true condition of things, and it is the business of a department which is entirely non-political, such as the Natural History Survey of the state, to bring together this information so that he can weigh and consider it.

R. B. MILLER, State Forester

Seven Years of a Food Shelf

For seven years I have had a food shelf just outside my study window, in the leafy town of Lake Forest (Lake County), on which has been kept constantly sunflower seed, hemp seed, millet seed and bread crumbs, with suet nearby. A careful record has been kept of the birds that have visited it, and the



Photo by George Roberts

HAVING THEIR PICTURE TAKEN THROUGH THE WINDOW DOES NOT EMBARRASS
THE REGULAR BOARDERS

results are here tabulated, not by way of presenting any record of success but rather as a proof that to many who cannot easily

get off to go a-birding there are compensations and opportunities in staying at home and letting the birds come to them. The list of forty-four different species (not of course including the English Sparrow that I would fain be rid of) is here added, with such comments as may be of value.

Twelve months of the year:

Downy Woodpecker
Hairy Woodpecker
Red-headed Woodpecker
Bluejay

Cardinal Grosbeak
Tufted Titmouse (April 1918 to October 1919)

In the winter only:

Slate-colored Junco
Brown Creeper (eats suet only)
White-breasted Nuthatch

Red-breasted Nuthatch
Black-capped Chickadee
Purple Finch

Frequent feeders during one winter only, and not always the same winter:

Redpoll
American Goldfinch
Tree Sparrow

Montana Junco
Myrtle Warbler (into January)
Hudsonian Chickadee

Only in the winter and then most irregularly and occasionally:

Crow (suet only)

Golden-crowned Kinglet
Ruby-crowned Kinglet

In the summer, often bringing their young to the shelf:

Mourning Dove
Yellow-bellied Sapsucker
Cowbird
Baltimore Oriole
Bronzed Grackle
Song Sparrow

Rose-breasted Grosbeak
American Redstart
Brown Thrasher
Catbird
House Wren
American Robin

Rare feeders in the summer, some of them only seen once:

Flicker
Crested Flycatcher
Black-throated Blue Warbler

Black and White Warbler
Veery
Olive-backed Thrush
Hermit Thrush

In the migration seasons only:

Fox Sparrow }
Towhee } more numerous in the Spring than in the Fall

White-throated Sparrow
White-crowned Sparrow



Photo by George Roberts
A RENDEZVOUS AT THE FOOD SHELF

- (1) and (2) Evening Grosbeak, Magnolia Warbler, Wood Thrush.
(1) Scarlet Tanager
(2) Solitary Vireo

There are also forty-two other species which have been seen in my yard, all the way from the Geese that have flown low over-

To these forty-four may be added those which (1) have fed more or less frequently on the ground immediately beneath the shelf from seeds which fell from it, and those which (2) have bathed in or drunk from the bath which is not ten feet from the shelf.

head to the Swifts that have nested in my chimneys (and, once, let fall a young one into my fireplace) and the sixteen other Warblers that have been seen from the same windows that look out on the shelf. Surely this is no mean record for one yard, and one that may perhaps give encouragement and pleasure to some who think that their opportunities are negligible.

GEORGE ROBERTS.

A Trip to the Apple River Country

It was not until the fall of last year that my friend and I gratified our long cherished wish to visit the beautiful Apple River country of Jo Daviess County. Its fame had reach us, and we knew that its friends were urging that it be set aside as a state park. Finally the time came when we were to see it for ourselves.

Protracted and heavy rains postponed our trip several days, for we had been advised to wait for dry weather. At last the floods subsided and the sun shone out on a perfect fall day. So we boarded the morning train with our knapsacks, prepared for a two days' outing. A short ride brought us to Warren, the station nearest the Canyon. The citizens of the village are deeply interested in the park project and very attentive to visitors, for many are seeking to know the region. A car was waiting for us, and we drove some five miles or more to the entrance of the park. Here the two main branches of the Apple River join to form the main stream.



Photo by Miss Ruth Marshall

A NOONDAY REST IN THE SHADOW OF THE
GREEN-CLAD CLIFF

We found ourselves at noon on the site of the old village of Millville. Scarcely a trace now remains of the big mill and the homes of the two hundred people who once lived there. From

here the Apple River and its east and west branches have cut meandering courses through the Galena limestone. The cliffs rise high above the waters, which surge first upon one side and then upon the other at the base of the rocks. Cliffs, towers, islands, sometimes weather-scarred, sometimes clothed with luxuriant growth, alternate with little flats and meadows. A new vista comes into sight at every turn of the river, and alluring ravines are always beckoning one away from the main stream for new adventures. Everything promises a most enchanting country for the naturalist and the artist.

On a sunny flat near the bridge we stopped to eat our lunch and plan our hike. Again we found ourselves in good hands, for it so chanced that three other nature lovers were already on the scene, neighbors from the next village. We found that they had been visiting the canyon for years, that they knew every trail

and tree and bird in its season, the haunts of the lady slipper and the fringed gentian to cherish them, and all for the love of it. So it was our privilege to be allowed to join their party; by ourselves we should not have seen half of these delectable places.

All that glorious afternoon we tramped through the main canyon, up hill and over cliffs down into valleys, for the water was still too high to wade and the river is dangerously deep and swift in places. With the help of our new friends we even climbed to the top of Tower Hill, a great flat-topped sentinel



Photo by Miss Ruth Marshall

THE RIVER MEANDERS BETWEEN CLIFFS WHICH IN SOME PLACES ARE BARE AND WEATHER-SCARRED, IN OTHERS CLOTHED WITH VERDURE.

rock. From here we could see to the north and south the main canyon stretching out below us in a beautiful panorama with the dark river winding through it. Coming down from this dizzy height we wandered on to cool and shaded flats. Across the river rose an imposing cliff, a sheer wall of a hundred and fifty feet, with

Robbers' Cave in the face of it. Here the stream is narrow; beyond, it runs in little rapids, a prospect to please the fisherman.

Even more interesting to us was the field for the botanist. Whenever we stopped to rest we saw this. Some sixty kinds of trees grow here, we are told, such a variety as probably we could not find in another place in this section of the country. We found a long list of ferns, which grow in great luxuriance. The banks of the streams must be a paradise of blossom in spring. Here it came to us most forcibly that there was need of prompt action by the state, lest this rich collection of native plants be sacrificed before it is too late.

Already some of the trees near Rattlesnake Rock have been cut down, and sheep are pastured on the banks. One can never tell when some unappreciative and vandal hand will get control of the land. The canyon area contains some thousand acres, a large tract, to be sure; but this land is along the streams where it is rocky, exposed, and cut with ravines. Consequently it is practically useless to the farmer, but it would be of inestimable value as a public recreation ground in our rapidly developing state.

Time passed and the sun of the short September day was getting low in the west. We had reached Miners' Ravine. Here we left the main stream and followed to its head, a mile or more up country, a beautiful little canyon where a small tributary fell over and under the shelving rocks of limestone, alone worth the trip to see. But we had to admit that we were tired, and were glad that our thoughtful Warren friends had arranged for our lodging at a comfortable farm house.

Next morning we were out early and ready for more of it. We walked back to our starting place of the day before, this time, however, taking the three mile stretch of road on the uplands, to the bridge on the old Millville site. Asters and other fall flowers were in their splendor in the open ravines. We found a spring we had been told about. Then, following the directions of our guides of the day before, we started to explore the canyon of the West Branch. This is a smaller stream than the main river, but quite as picturesque and more accessible. Back and forth the stream runs from right to left at the foot of the cliffs, affording the same delightful views and the same profusion of vegetation. Here were possibilities for a week's excursion; but our visit had to come to an end. Clouds were gathering again, and before the last roll of films was exposed, the rain began to fall, and we were glad to see the car that came to take us back to Warren and our train.

We are going again; that was settled. And we are going to tell others of this beautiful spot. Moreover, we shall do what we can to urge our fellow citizens to see that our law makers appropriate the money necessary to purchase this rare country for a great state park while it is still unspoiled.

RUTH MARSHALL, Rockford College.

Personals

On March eighth, Mr. T. E. Musselman, secretary of the Gem City Business College, Quincy, and local secretary of the Illinois Audubon Society for Quincy, lectured at the Hannibal High School on birds. This was upon the invitation of the school board, who wish to revive interest in nature study at that institution. On April fifth Mr. Musselman is to give a general bird talk at the Illinois College at Jacksonville, and give an address before the science class of the college.

Mr. O. M. Schantz, President of the Audubon Society, has been in great demand in the lecture field during the last few months. He spoke on "Bird Migrations" on January 16 in Fullerton Hall in the Art Institute in Chicago, and on January 21 he participated in a bird program which occupied the entire morning session of the Lake County Teachers' Association at Waukegan. At the same time Mr. William I. Lyon gave a talk on bird banding, and Mr. Edwin Hulsberg gave imitations of bird songs. Other engagements included talks at the Chicago Latin School for Boys and the Chicago Latin School for Girls, the Oak Park Garden Club, the Princeton Woman's Club, the Sterling Woman's Club, and the Aurora Parent-Teachers' Association. In December he gave two lectures for the Decatur Bird and Tree Club. March 9 he gave a lecture on the dunes before the Woman's Club of Kendallville, Indiana, and afterwards assisted in organizing an Audubon Society.

Mr. Edwin F. Hulsberg of La Grange has given some very successful recitals in imitating bird songs. He appeared on one of the programs of the Wild Flower Preservation Society at the Art Institute in January. He assisted Mr. Schantz in a bird program at Waukegan in January, and on the first of March at a special meeting of the Oak Park Garden Club.

Suet Basket

From Mrs. Nelson I. Childs of Elgin comes this simple but effective device for suet container.

A very economical and practical suet basket may be made as follows: Buy a ten-cent wire teapot stand. Fasten one side to a tree with a staple, which will act as a hinge. Then drive another staple into the tree on the other side of the stand and about two inches from the stand. To this staple attach a hook which shall reach to the wire basket and hold it firmly in place. Thus the basket may be opened to be filled with suet, then fastened tight with the hook.

The English Sparrows very soon grow discouraged trying to get something to eat, since there is no place for them to stand. I have had Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers, Red-and White-Breasted Nuthatches, and Brown Creepers by the dozen all winter, so that I am sure this basket is a success.

Mrs. Robert Ridgway

A Sketch

Julia Evelyn Perkins was born in New York City, and until her fifteenth year lived in a house facing Central Park, where she first saw and became interested in birds. Her father was a wood-engraver, and at the time of moving with his family to Washington, D. C., was engaged in engraving wood-cuts to illustrate a "History of North American Birds," by Baird, Brewer and Ridgway—his removal to Washington being for the purpose of being more conveniently located for his work.

While residing in New York it was Miss Evelyn's custom to make frequent visits to Central Park to observe and feed the birds; thus from early childhood she developed a deep love for our feathered friends. She also took great interest in her father's work, and assisted him materially by making proofs from the blocks which he had engraved. This was a special pleasure to her, and I have been informed ("on good authority") that the pleasure became greater after she became acquainted with the junior author of the work which the engravings were to illustrate, and to whom she was married on October twelfth, 1875.

Mrs. Ridgway's love for birds has never flagged, and all her life she has been active, to the best of her opportunities, in their behalf. When we lived in a suburb of Washington she often returned from a visit to friends in the city or from a shopping trip with one or more "bean-shooters" or "nigger-killers," once with a pocketful, taken from boys who had been using these juvenile implements of destruction with birds as their targets. On one occasion she had taken three from some boys in one of the city parks, and on indignantly displaying them to a park policeman whom she hunted up, he said to her: "Madame, you ought to be appointed on the force. We uniformed policeman are helpless, because the boys know our beats and can easily spot us at a distance." On another occasion she attempted to take a bean-shooter away from a good-sized negro boy, who grabbed her by both wrists and held her in a vise-like grip until frightened by an approaching pedestrian.



MRS. ROBERT RIDGWAY

When the first Audubon Society was organized, Mrs. Ridgway was asked to act as local secretary. A little later the Audubon Society of the District of Columbia was organized. Of this she was a charter member, and was not only very active in increasing the membership, but was appointed one of a committee delegated to canvas the millinery establishments and department stores in Washington for the purpose of trying to induce the proprietors to discard birds and feathers as ornaments on women's hats. In this effort Mrs. Ridgway was successful to the extent of persuading one milliner, a Miss Henderson (who has since married), who faithfully kept her promise, and, I am glad to say, to her financial advantage; for at an exhibition of featherless hats, held under the auspices of the Audubon Society at the Arlington Hotel, Miss Henderson's hats were highly praised and gained her many new patrons.

Ill health, immediately following the death of her only son in his twenty-fourth year, has since prevented Mrs. Ridgway from taking an active part in Audubon Society work, but has not in the least diminished her interest in bird protection. Here at our home she has spared no effort to encourage the birds to stay with us, with results that are extremely gratifying. For more than a year past, however, this labor of love has been too much for her, and she has had to turn her charges over to me.

Mrs. Ridgway is a lover of her home, family, and friends and cares nothing for what is called "Society." Her life has been marked by such complete devotion to her husband and his interests that even Ruth of olden times did not say more truly than has she in practice: "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." It has not always been easy for her, especially when she left old friends and familiar scenes for others untried; but she has become completely adjusted and reconciled to the change and does not regret it. Old friends are sadly missed, but new ones, some of them very precious, have been found; many things far more than compensate for what has been lost, and neither she nor I would return to city life except from the direst necessity.

In a letter just received from a very dear but distant friend to whom I had written of Mrs. Ridgway's illness, he says:

"Greetings, with love and sympathy: with my hope and prayer also for the restoration to health of Mrs. Ridgway, whose gracious influence I have been sensible of even at a great distance.

"One phrase she used in a letter crowns her with immortality: 'Where love is, there is no such word as sacrifice.'

"Learned first in time's dawn, the ages have taught nothing finer, nothing truer. Mrs. Ridgway compressed in a sentence all that Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll said in a long lecture, some of whose glittering phrases I recall even yet. . . . But all of it is ex-

pressed and better expressed in Mrs. Ridgway's single sentence.

"The reason is that she has lived what she professed.
In living a beautiful life she has taught a beautiful lesson; taught
many times before, but each revelation is as fresh as sunrise."

She is now taking treatment at the Washington Sanitarium,
Takoma Park, D. C.

In her enforced temporary absence from home, her birds and
everything that is dear to her, all miss her as sadly as she does
them, and are impatiently waiting to give her the warmest of
welcomes on her return.

ROBERT RIDGWAY.

The White Throats

When shadows lengthen as the sun goes down,
From out my garden comes a soft sweet call;
It is the white throats from a poplar tall,
Patrician sparrows clothed in suits of brown,
Like falling leaves they drop down from the sky
To visit us. Their stay is a delight,
And when they settle down to rest at night,
We wonder whence they came and question why.
They're resting here, for they have journeyed long
And still have far to go before they reach
Their winter home. We wish that they might teach
To us their softly whispered evensong.
No birds that come with songs more sweet than they,
And surely none more welcome while they stay.

ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ.

Starling Invaders Arrive in Illinois

The most interesting ornithological happening of the season at Urbana has been the wintering of a flock of blackbirds which has included approximately thirty Bronzed Grackles, a dozen Cowbirds, and at least seven Starlings. These birds have lived within the city limits and kept in close proximity to dooryards in a somewhat thickly settled part of the city. In deference to city ordinances against the use of firearms and to a desire not to antagonize the citizens who are interested in the birds, no successful effort has thus far been made to secure specimens. The identification is unquestionably correct, however, in the opinion of a number of competent observers. Dr. Charles P. Alexander of the State Natural History Survey has seen the birds repeatedly and unhesitatingly asserts that Starlings are present. Dr. Alexander, who compiled Fulton County records for Eaton's Birds of New York, had become familiar with Starlings before leaving that state to take his present position. Mr. C. J. Telford of the state forestry service, who at New Haven and elsewhere has had experience with Starlings where they are well established and abundant, expresses entire confidence that the birds seen here are correctly identified as Starlings. Mr. Frank C. Baker, Curator of the Natural History Museum, has had frequent opportunities to study the birds at close range in his own dooryard and is similarly convinced. The writer on each of five occasions, February 4, 5, 11, 12, and 22, with a prism glass, studied the birds for a half hour or more with favorable light conditions and found them to correspond in detail with the descriptions and figures of the Starling in winter plumage. The numerous pale specks, especially on the under parts; the dark iris; tinge of yellow in the beaks of some specimens; and the short tail, together with the general coloration, were unmistakable.

Although the various kinds of birds keep in the same general flock, there is a very obvious tendency for individuals of the same kind to associate more closely with each other than with those of the other kinds. This is especially true of the Starlings. The Cowbirds seen by the writer have all been males, but one observer is confident that he has seen at least one female. No Rusty Blackbirds have been identified by the writer, although one observer is quite positive that he has seen one. This is the first winter record of Cowbirds in the vicinity, known to the writer. Grackles not infrequently pass the winter here, and less frequently Rusty Blackbirds are associated with them.

An examination of available published records of the Starling has emphasized the importance of having especial effort made to establish the authenticity of first records for any locality. In 1911 Bird-Lore contained an account of Starlings seen at Newberry, Michigan in 1909 and 1910. In a later number of the same year there is a note stating that the report was found

to be erroneous. In Bird-Lore of 1912, there is an account of a Starling seen November 30, 1911, in McLean County, Illinois. It was observed at a feeding tray along with English Sparrows. Considering the absence of trustworthy records at any point west of Pennsylvania until several years later, one naturally wonders whether the bird seen was actually a Starling; and, even if it were, whether it might not have been one that had been brought by someone from the East and had later gained its freedom.

From several well known ornithologists of Ohio and Michigan of whom inquiry has been made, the writer has been unable to learn of any well established records of the Starling west of the one made by Professor Lynds Jones in May, 1921, near Sandusky, Ohio, and mentioned in The Wilson Bulletin, 1921, page 102.

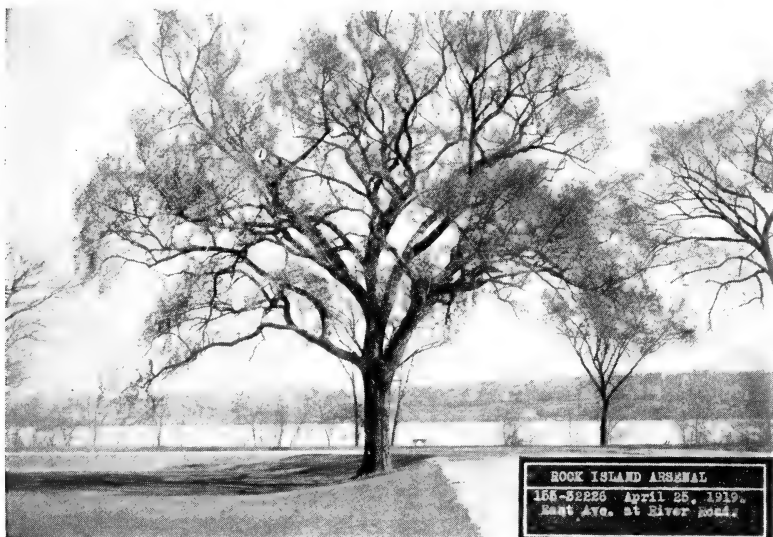
FRANK SMITH, University of Illinois

The Rock Island Arsenal Bird Preserve

Miss Nellie E. Peetz writes from Rock Island:

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we are able to announce that the Rock Island Arsenal, an island in the Mississippi River, situated opposite the cities of Rock Island and Moline, Illinois, is now added to our list of bird preserves.

The Island is about three miles in length and half a mile wide,—in some parts densely wooded and covered with a thick tangle of underbrush,—an ideal home for birds. And there certainly can be no one spot of equal size, anywhere in the country, where a greater number of species may be found du-



ROCK ISLAND ARSENAL
166-52226 April 25, 1919.
East Ave. at River Road.



ring the year, due undoubtedly to its geographical situation, as the Mississippi River is the north and south guide to migration in the central states. A list of birds to be seen during the year would therefore include all permanent residents common to this locality, all summer residents, all winter visitants, and all migrants passing through on their way north or south.

As the Island is a United States government reservation, being used as a small arms and war supplies plant, it is more or less closed to the public. Only holders of passes are allowed admittance. Even in the past, therefore, the Island has in fact been a bird sanctuary, since no molestation or destruction of any kind is permitted, and the birds are not slow to realize where they may find safety and protection.

The present Commandant, Col. D. M. King, is fully in sympathy with the conservation movement and has expressed his willingness to coöperate in every way possible. It is through his courtesy that the accompanying photographs were obtained.

Bird Banding as an Opportunity to Study Characters and Dispositions

Birds and animals have as much character and disposition as people, and bird banding offers an excellent chance to study individuality in birds while they are actually in your hands, where you can make a close examination and note their actions. The Waukegan, Illinois, Bird Banding Station has studied the actions of the birds handled for the last five years and has en-

joyed watching some very interesting characteristics in the different birds.

The White-throated Sparrows arrived at our station about October 4 and kept coming until October 25, when the last new bird was banded. From that time on only a few repeating birds were trapped. These seemed to like our restaurant and became regular boarders. Early in November we noticed that a certain five were always together in some of the traps at night, and we handled them so often that it was plain that each had a different disposition.

There was the Fighter, a female that always fought as long as it was held in the hand, and when released invariably would turn back and take one last peck at the fingers before flying. The next was the Squealer, who squealed continually the entire time it was held in the hand. Then there was the Quiet One, who was just as gentle and quiet as a good little bird could be; sometimes she would take a little hold of your finger but never pinch. We were sure from her actions that she would be the kindest little bird mother that ever lived and we could not resist stroking her little head before releasing her. The Kicker never stopped wiggling and kicking as long as we held him. The last, the Common Person, was just ordinary bird; he tried a little of all the actions of the other four.

The fighter, the Squealer, the Quiet One, the Kicker, and the Common Person will long be remembered as the birds of distinct character that were always together, and we were relieved when it turned cold on November 20th, and they moved on to the Southland.

A Golden-crowned Kinglet was trapped and seemed so surprised that it just lay perfectly still and looked us over while we put the band on its leg and when released it just stood up, straightened out its feathers and then looked us over for a full minute before flying to the nearest limb. A female Downy Woodpecker trapped last



Photo by R. S. Churchill

A CHICKADEE IN ACTION

year squealed all the time it was held, and when trapped again this year squealed louder and longer than before. Other Downies would fight but make no noise.

The general question asked is, Are the birds frightened by being handled? In order to answer this question in an intelligent manner we have kept a careful record of the first flights of birds after being trapped and banded, and the observation is made by allowing the bird to become quiet in the hand, then releasing as quietly as possible, and carefully judging the distance it would fly before alighting. This study brought out the fact that when the same bird was caught the second time it would fly about twice as far as the first time, but if caught the third time the flight would equal about the same as the first flight, and if caught the fourth time the flight would be less than the first. If the bird still continued to be trapped the flight became less and less until some of the birds that were placed on the ground just hopped away, while others were always just as wild as at first.

For the study of those interested in this subject we are giving the following table of first flights recorded during the last few years.

Distance of First Flights Made on Release after Being Trapped and Banded:

Name	Distance	Action While Handled
Downy Woodpecker	200 feet	Fight and squeal
White-crowned Sparrow	100 feet	Quiet
White-throated Sparrow	50 feet	Majority fight
Song Sparrow	100 feet	Generally quiet
Lincoln Sparrow	125 feet	Quiet
Fox Sparrow	125 feet	Generally quiet
Harris Sparrow	100 feet	Generally quiet
Tree Sparrow	100 feet	Very quiet
Field Sparrow	100 feet	Quiet
Swamp Sparrow	100 feet	Quiet
Savannah Sparrow	100 feet	Quiet
House Sparrow	not released	Fighters
Junco	75 feet	Quiet
Towhee	100 feet	Kick and squirm
Myrtle Warbler	100 feet	Quiet
Catbird	100 feet	Quiet
Brown Thrasher	75 feet	Fight and squeal
House Wren	50 feet	Squirm
Nuthatch W. B.	100 feet	Half squeal
Brown Creeper	100 feet	Quiet
Chickadee	40 feet	All fight
Bluejay	200 feet	Generally quiet
Kinglet, Golden-crowned	20 feet	Very quiet
Wood and Hermit Thrushes	200 feet	Quiet
Bronzed Grackle	100 feet	Fighters
Mourning Dove	Flew out of sight	Quiet
Robin	150 feet	Generally quiet

The Mockingbird as a Northern Visitor

An unusual result of the open winter of 1921-22 has been the appearance of one or more Mockingbirds in the Chicago region. At intervals during twenty years or more of bird study this aristocrat from farther south has favored us with fleeting visits. About twenty-five years ago a "Mocker" spent a week in what is now known as Cicero, then called Morton Park, where morning and evening at the top of a tall flag pole in the grounds of the late Portus B. Weare at the corner of 52nd Avenue and 25th Street, he sang with true Southern hospitality. The Mockingbird was a source of much curiosity to the English Sparrows, but they did not seem to worry it for when they became too familiar a sudden charge from the Mocker would put them to flight.

Another visit of a Mockingbird during a spring migration was noted about 10 years later; at this time, however, it was not heard singing. At rare intervals since it has been authentically reported, last spring by Professor Eifrig at River Forest, and this winter Mrs. U. F. Cleveland of Downers Grove reported a Mockingbird as a regular visitor at a feeding shelf. Mrs. Cleveland first noticed the stranger about the middle of November, feeding on asparagus berries. She promptly moved the branch of berries to her feeding shelf, where the Mockingbird soon found them and she was then able to observe the bird closely. Later, friends who were familiar with "his highness," identified it for her.

After getting a taste of suet and later of peanut butter he—or she—seldom touched the berries. True to the Mockingbird's reputation it has driven all other birds from the shelf while feeding, the smaller birds not coming back, but a pair of Bluejays have refused to be intimidated and simply dodge him and keep on feeding. Mrs. Cleveland reports the bird coming regularly for meals during November, December, January and February. She obtained a good photograph of the bird feeding.

On February 27th another report was made of a Mockingbird in Rosehill Cemetery, by Mrs. Frederick Smith of 5902 Magnolia Avenue. Mrs. Smith had gone to the cemetery to find Redpolls and a Horned Lark that had been reported as being there. Being from Kentucky her delight at finding a Mockingbird and a pair of Cardinals can easily be understood. It is quite possible that the Mockingbirds have been seen by other observers and have not been reported. All such "high spots" in bird finds will be gladly reported if sent to the *Bulletin* Editor.—O.M.S.

Once More. *The English Sparrow*

Elsewhere appears the ominous report of the coming of the Starling to Illinois. A potential pest (there is said to be one for every fence post in some parts of rural England), its appearance is untimely and disconcerting when we are so little able to cope with the earlier importation, the English or House Sparrow. Although it is all an old story it should be repeated that we must focus more and more attention upon the Sparrow problem. He thrives in the role of outlaw without any of the picturesqueness and appeal that often goes with that. City blocks have been abandoned to him and as the disappearance of the horse from the city streets makes street sweepings less a source of revenue for the Sparrow he betakes himself in ever increasing numbers to the country. Rural districts are becoming densely populated and the farmers' barns are being transformed into huge caravansaries for Sparrows. Let us even now as we confer about it highly resolve to go forth at this the nesting season and with pole and hook dislodge these unwelcome tenants. We print herewith three welcome reports upon Sparrow extermination. The first is from Professor Frank Smith of Urbana.

"An attempt to reduce the English Sparrow population has been one of the pastimes of the writer during the past year. Beside the natural dislike of a bird lover for the pests there has been a desire to be better qualified to help others who might have similar dislikes and ask for information concerning methods of elimination. The first trap used was one of the type commonly known as the "Government" Sparrow trap with which 18 of the Sparrows were caught from March 17th to April 1st, inclusive. Better results would very probably have followed more painstaking and time consuming attention. Beginning with April 12, a trap advertised in Bird-Lore and known as the Ever Set Trap was used during the remainder of the year. One female Cowbird and 504 English Sparrows were caught in this trap from April 12 to December 31 inclusive. There were occasional periods of one to three weeks in which the trap was not in use. The number of birds taken and the amount of time which the trap was in use follow: In April (10 days), 1 Cowbird and 52 Sparrows; in May (10 days), 39 Sparrows; in June (28 days), 168 Sparrows; in July and August, by a neighbor, 164 Sparrows; in September (10 days), 6 Sparrows; in October (30 days), 40 Sparrows; in November (17 days), 17 Sparrows; in December (15 days), 18 Sparrows. Total with both traps: 1 Cowbird and 522 English Sparrows. Greatest catch in an interval of 24 hours, 23 birds.

The Ever Set Trap required no attention other than the provision of decoys and bait in the morning and the removal of the catch at night. The majority of the birds taken in June were juvenile. The trapping activities were carried on in an ordinary city backyard, in a residence district with no vacant

lots, poultry yards, nor stables in the block. The average size of each house lot is about four by nine rods. No other traps were in operation in the neighborhood."

At Waukegan Mr. W. I. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Morris and others have been very successful in trapping sparrows. Mr. Lyon used his modification of the U. S. government trap as described in the Spring, 1921, Bulletin. Mr. Morris uses a similar trap, his catch for the year being about 600. Both Mr. Morris and Mr. Lyon scored their greatest success during the summer months when the fledglings were acquiring experience. Mr. Lyon's record by months is herewith given, with the explanation that he was away most of the month of August.

January, 0; February, 2; March, 2; April, 6; May, 2; June, 78; July, 217; August, 131; September, 14; October, 17; November, 17; December, 18; total, 504.

Mrs. Benjamin Bachrach, Jr., reports of the work of the Bird Protection Committee of the Decatur Bird and Tree Club, this committee giving considerable attention to the extermination of the English Sparrow. The funnel-shaped trap recommended by the government has been used. The catch up to October had numbered 459 sparrows as reported by the chairman of the Committee, Mr. C. C. Caldwell. Of her personal experiences Mrs. Bachrach writes: "We have a bird garden and to the best of our ability have identified 75 or more varieties. As usual the bete noire of this garden is the English Sparrow. We have so many lures for our bird friends, our small sanctuary seems to be known to the feathered world as a safe retreat for nesting, for resting, for mating, and naturally the Sparrow, this gamin, this alien, so readily acclimatable, takes advantage of all this, and methods of extermination must naturally be sought, some way to outwit his keen little brain. We found the sparrow trap not so satisfactory.

"We tried shooting from ambush, but the city ordinances discouraged this method. So in the extreme cold weather we saturated corn or bread crumbs in a solution of strychnine, then baked it in the oven to kill the odor and make it look normal. We found they would not touch it when it was wet. Then commenced a vigil, for at no time was that pan permitted to stay outdoors unless it was watched for fear some useful bird might partake. We have killed as many as twenty in a few hours, and never another species of bird would go near the pan.

"In my talks to school children in large groups at schools or to Boy Scouts I do not hesitate to teach them that the Sparrow is a detriment. We do not consider him a bird but a pest. I tell them how they usurp bird houses sized for other birds, how they cruelly torture the Wren and the Bluebird for no reason. They are cruel and spiteful, unclean, noisy intruders."

A Suggestion

(A business man from DeKalb offers a very practical suggestion. We trust this will be an effective appeal to many of our readers and that reports of resultant experiences will be furnished the *Bulletin*.)

A few years ago I was a school teacher in the district school and from that experience, I would like to offer a suggestion.

The future of our song birds lies to a great extent in the hands of the boys and girls of the farm and any plan that is aimed to protect them must start with creating a love for the birds in the hearts of the coming generation. The school is the logical place to teach this love for our feathered friends but the teacher is limited in time and often poorly equipped as to knowledge.

My method when teaching was to give bird talks once in a while telling some facts concerning some common bird, and then asking the children to use their eyes and ears during the week. A few days later I would ask for any new information that had been picked up by the pupils about the bird subject. Beginning the first of the year, I would make an offer of a copy of Bird Guide to the one who kept the best record of birds seen. I did not say the most as that sometimes led to the habit of seeing things that were not.

The suggestion in brief would be like this. Any bird lover who feels that he or she is not doing all that should be done to protect the birds, let me appoint as a committee of one to do the following, filling in your own methods as to details:

First: Find some country school that has not had the benefit of a bird enthusiast as a teacher. (The County Superintendent of Schools in any county will gladly give you such information for the asking.)

Second: Form a coöperation with the teacher. If you can not do this personally, the mails will aid you.

Third: Plan your own form of campaign to win some of the boys and girls to a new love for the birds.

Suppose that you use an hour a week for this purpose. I will venture to say that you will find more pleasure for the time and money spent than for any equal amounts that you have spent in some time. Individuality is the thing that makes one person so much more valuable than another. In making the above outline I left plenty of room for each one's individuality; its value and success depend on the effort, and the raw material in the shape of the boys and girls that receive it.

The big idea as I see it at present is to awaken the interest of the children of the rural districts to the value of birds and the necessity for their protection. Your work may not show results at first but flowers do not grow until the seed is sown.

H. A. MAXWELL.

Skokie Memories

Golden throated warbler tell me—
Or you, bittern, croak and tell—
Skokie memories compel me,
With desire ineffable,
To make question if its creatures
Fare as when I spake farewell.

Then, oh, rufous-coated sparrow—
Then, oh, joyous throated wren,
There were watery ways and narrow.
Where the silent water hen
Sought her ancient sanctuary.
Is she hidden now as then?

Does the swallow, like an arrow,
Skim along the Skokie's marge,
Iris-blue and white with yarrow?
Does the bobolink enlarge,
As of old, themes Hedonistic?
Comes Sir Redwing to the charge?

If such Junes as once befell me
Skokie wanderers yet may know,
It were very kind to tell me.
Do the winds of Skokie blow,
Spicy with the smell of flagroot?
Give me answer—I must go!

Birds in Busy Chicago

How much it would add to our joy in the glad springtime if we all knew the birds we have with us — right here in busy Chicago, especially during migration.

In our neighbor's small yard, which boasts of one syringa and a bridal-wreath bush, also a few feet of hedge, and even in the dirt of the alley on the other side of our premises, and within a radius of a block, I have seen 62 different species of birds. We live on a typical Chicago street and only a half block from Ridge Avenue.

Last spring my bird trips were somewhat limited because of my being on crutches, so eyes and ears were keener and constantly on the alert for the birds about us.

A wood thrush sang two evenings in a nearby yard! What was my surprise while lying in the hammock on the porch to see a warbler in the lower branches of a tree close to the porch railing — it proved to be that rare sprite, the Cerulean Warbler! On the 14th of September a yellow rail appeared in the middle of the street in front of our house and walked to the curb where it hid in a border of petunias!

The following is a list of the birds seen:

Evening Grosbeak, Wild Geese, Woodpeckers: Downy, Hairy, Red-headed, Flicker, Sapsucker; Crow, Bluejay, Junco, Bluebird, Robin, Grackle, Brown Creeper, Sparrows: Song, Swamp, White-throated, White-crowned, Fox, Chipping; Flycatchers: Phoebe, Pewee, Least, Yellow-bellied, Alder, Acadian; Purple Martin, Kinglets: Golden-crowned, Ruby-crowned; Catbird, Oriole, House Wren, Ovenbird, Thrushes: Hermit, Gray-cheeked, Olive-backed, Wood, Veery, Northern Water, Louisiana Water; American Bittern, Humming Bird, Night Hawk, Goldfinch, Scarlet Tanager, Black-billed Cuckoo; Vireos; Red-eyed, Philadelphia, Warbling, Warblers: Myrtle, Black and White, Yellow, Cape May, Canadian. Tennessee, Mourning, Ceurulean, Redstart, Nuthatches: White-breasted, Red-breasted; Brown Thrasher, Yellow Rail.

GLADYS FOWLER.

Decatur Lake

Decatur Lake has been created a state wild fowl preserve. A popular movement directed to this end led to an appeal to Chief Game Warden, Wm. J. Stratton of Springfield. He at once instructed the local game warden, T. A. Nolan, to secure the necessary data defining the area authoritatively and fixing the state's control through formal leases, etc. The state will post the area thoroughly and through the cooperation of warden and interested citizens it is hoped to make it a well-protected sanctuary.

Destruction of Lotus Beds

In October last the Waukegan Daily Sun reported that the fad for decorating homes with gilded seed pods was endangering the propagation of the lotus flowers in the Grass Lake area in Lake County. Commercial interests in Chicago were gathering seed pods of the lotus at Grass Lake and carting them away in great motor trucks. A large force of men was employed in placing these pods in crates and many tons of these crates were hauled into Chicago.

It was thought by some that the seeds would fall out of the pods before the pods were gathered but an examination of pods on sale during the past winter months showed that most of the seeds were still in place. The Waukegan Sun makes the grave prediction that because of this onslaught the lotus beds will be greatly depleted. It states that many Lake County residents are aroused over the danger that menaces these beautiful natural flower beds, and are endeavoring to find what can be done to halt the practice.

The Waukegan Sun, by the way, led the opposition in Lake County four years ago to the establishment of Forest Preserves and was influential in securing the defeat of the measure. The conservation program thus defeated specifically included Grass Lake and adjoining areas.

Federal Licenses and Game Refuges

We print with approval the following paragraphs from the latest Bulletin of the Massachusetts Audubon Society.

Passage of the New-Anthony bill to provide for Federal licenses to hunt migratory birds and for the establishment of game refuges and public shooting-grounds for such birds would affect about 5,000,000 American sportsmen, the Bureau of Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, estimates. The bill has been favorably reported by the Senate committee on public lands and surveys. In the House the bill is in the committee on agriculture.

The bill provides that each hunter of migratory birds shall obtain a Federal license, at a cost of \$1 for the season, the licenses to be issued at any post office in the United States. Out of the proceeds not less than 45 per cent is to be spent by the Government, through a proposed Migratory Bird Refuge Commission, in buying or renting land suitable for the establishment of migratory game bird refuges which would serve as breeding and feeding places for birds during the period of their flight north, or the closed season, and as public shooting-grounds during the open season. An additional 45 per cent will be used for the enforcement of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act and the Lacey Act, and the remaining 10 per cent for expenses in issuing licenses and other administrative expenses.

The bill provides that the Secretary of Agriculture shall be chairman of the Commission, and that other members shall be the Attorney General, the Postmaster General, and two members of each House of Congress. Rules and regulations governing the administration of the proposed refuges would be placed in the hands of the Secretary of Agriculture. The proposed measure does not in any way obviate the necessity of procuring a State hunting license. The National Association of Audubon Societies favors this act, believing it will exert a vast influence on the protection of Wild Life. T. Gilbert Pearson, President, has sent out a call for funds to finance the work of the Association in favor of this bill at Washington.

The Check List

The proposed pocket check list of birds of Illinois which this Bulletin has been promising for two years is soon to be an accomplished fact. Final proofs have been revised, page forms have been made up, and we are promised that the completed list will be in the bindery as this issue of the Bulletin reaches the mails.

For the convenience of the greatest number two different lists have been prepared. One is a working list of the more common birds and is similar to the wall list published by this Society. The other is the comprehensive list and is as complete as authoritative data at hand can make it. It represents the original observations and research of Mr. Benjamin T. Gault, the editor of the check list, generously supplemented by those of Mr. Robert Ridgway and other ornithologists for whose services credit appears on the pages of the check list. A key to birds nests prepared by Dr. Arthur A. Allen of Cornell University, is included. Mr. Ridgway furnishes the introduction and Mr. Gault the foreword. A map of Illinois in color is included, this showing the three faunal zones which overlap in Illinois. Blank pages for notes are being bound within the same covers. A circular giving additional information will shortly appear. Advance orders for the list should be sent to the Secretary of the Society.

State Parks Report

The long delayed State Parks Report of the Friends of Our Native Landscape is going through the Press as this number of the Bulletin reaches the mails. It is a bulletin of nearly 100 pages, fully illustrated, and issued from the Alderbrook Press of Chicago. It contains carefully prepared reports upon the possibilities for state park purposes of certain strategic places in the state.

Professor H. C. Cowles writes of southern Illinois including the Ozark Uplift. Miss Caroline McIlwain describes the Monks Mound Area and Jesse L. Smith the Effingham area. The middle

Illinois River valley is treated by Morris Jessup; Professor U. S. Grant writes of a proposed extension of the Starved Rock area; Jens Jensen of the Savannah Headlands of the Mississippi; Dr. H. S. Pepoon of the Apple River Canon, and Frederick H. Pattee of the Rock River Country. A foreword by the President of the society, Jens Jensen, introduces this very interesting and valuable report to the public. Copies of this Bulletin may be obtained of Mr. Jensen by addressing him at Ravinia.

Alone in the Twilight

Alone, alone in the twilight,—alone with my thoughts. Thinking of mother at home, of the bird singing in yonder tree, of a girl I once knew, of many things, and of the setting sun.

Golden rays fleck the slender leaves of the drooping willows. A dead twig falls seemingly without sound into the quietness of the pool before me. All is hushed. Ripples, tiny ripples, grow wider and yet wider as they approach the shore. They, too, are flecked with gold, gold from the glowing sun. Everything is golden,—all is dream-like.

Far in the distance a tiny song sparrow is singing. He seems to twitter, "Peace, peace, peace, peace be unto you."

The sun, like a fiery plate, sinks lower. Little fleecy clouds, rainbow-hued, play hide-and-seek around their bigger brothers.

A faint breeze waves the willow leaves and their shadows move around in the water below.

Lower still sinks the sun until at last it touches the horizon. Shadows darken.

Somewhere near at hand a robin warbles an evening serenade to his brown-eyed mate. A thrasher pleads his cause; and the crickets chorus.

The sun sets; and its rays of rosy light blend into the haze of evening. Darkness is coming.

Out of the encircling shadows comes a plaintive cry, "Whip poor Will-l-l! Whip poor Will-l-l-l! Will-l! Will-l-l!"

From across the pool an owl calls, "Who-o-o? Who-o-o-o?"

A frog gurgles from the water and the crickets renew their chorus.

Night has come.

JOHN H. SUTTER



Photo by John H. Sutter

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WINNETKA

John H. Sutter

Editorial

The Bulletin goes to Press in Lake County, the northeasternmost county in Illinois. It is a pleasant corner, but it is the very last one in the state into which Spring looks as she invades the northland. As her successive isotherms loop their way northward they are retarded along the shore line of Lake Michigan and the bend of each isotherm is well up in Wisconsin before its influence is felt along Lake County's shore line. Thus it happens that our observers in southern Illinois are putting down nesting records and family flights while the Editor is thrilling at so early a stage of migration as the arrival of the Hermit Thrush and the Myrtle Warbler. Hazel catkins and the first hepaticas in northeastern Illinois, shadbush, sassafras and flowering dogwood in southern Illinois. To such climatic diversities does the Bulletin endeavor to minister. So here are Spring greetings of a kind to its readers whether they look out upon elms with swollen brown blossoms or in full leaf, whether they are following the rear guard of the warblers or anticipating the van. May there be good hunting with glass and notebook and camera.

Belvidere

Miss Muriel Lampert writes of winter happenings at Belvidere.

The regular winter residents came as usual to food stations, the Chickadees in particular exhibiting a lively interest in the new stations provided them by new friends. The Chickadees, Downy Woodpeckers, Hairy Woodpeckers, Bluejays and Brown Creepers have been with us all winter. White-breasted Nuthatches appeared to be plentiful until early in January, but since that time I have not observed one. Red-breasted Nuthatches I have not seen or had reported to me this winter.

The White-breasted Nuthatches disappeared a few days after I had a peculiar experience with one, who came to the food shelf and spent an entire day thereon in an apparently dazed condition, allowing me to pick him up at intervals, when disturbed flying only a few feet away from the shelf into a sumach bush and immediately returning to the shelf. Part of the time he slept. I am entirely at a loss to account for his condition. The next few days the Nuthatches acted as usual—they had not been particularly tame—and then disappeared.

The red letter day in my winter was January 12, when a small flock, not numbering more than half a dozen, of Red-poll Linnets came to our yard to feast daintily on the seeds of wild asters and evening primroses, whose stalks were left above the light snow which hardly covered the ground. I had never seen any Red-polls before, and consequently was very much thrilled to have them come to my own dooryard. This small flock made two subsequent visits that I observed.

January 19, while taking a long walk, I saw my first Pine Grosbeaks, a magnificent pair, but I regret to say they were not in Boone county but just across the line in Winnebago. There were a few Red-polls with them also. They were in a small grove of splendid pine trees just getting ready to settle down for the night, as it was late afternoon, and casting about for material for an evening meal. They paid no attention to the two excited observers, and were very deliberate in their movements, keeping close to each other. When one flew to the ground near a patch of snow where we had an excellent view, the other closely followed, and they finally flew together to the top of a large pine, where we left them.

Evening Grosbeaks were reported, but I was not fortunate enough to see them.

Song Sparrows, Meadowlarks, Killdeer, Robins and Blackbirds have come at their usual times. Bluebirds are reported as being more than usually numerous, and I have seen pairs flying over. Juncos, which I saw on my January 19 walk, have been in my yard for the last few days.

Carbondale

Miss Mary M. Steagall writes under date of March 13 as follows:

The winter residents were numerous. There were the usual number of Bluejays, English Sparrows, Meadowlarks, Bobwhites, Slate-colored Juncos, Black-capped Chickadees and Field Sparrows. The Cardinal Grosbeaks averaged about one pair to each city block, as did also the Downy Woodpecker. The female Cardinal has not the reputation for song, yet she was often heard giving her "Tee-hew, tee-hew, tee-hew," back and forth with her mate.

Each mocking bird selected as his feeding ground a laden persimmon tree, and greedily guarded it against all intruders. They, too, were about as numerous as the bearing persimmon trees.

Pairs of Bluebirds seemed busy all winter selecting holes for their homes this spring. In these holes they began building about the first of February.

The Robins, who seemed to disappear with the last of the year, began their return by the first of February. On the fifteenth of February they averaged about six or eight to the city block, and by the last of the month they were building their nests. All early nests are placed in the crotches of the trees. Later when the leaves begin to appear they will build on the branching limbs.

During the winter an occasional Brown Creeper, Hairy Woodpecker, or White-breasted Nuthatch was seen in the trees. The Tufted Titmouse whistled melodiously from the treetops on all pretty days. The American Crossbills twittered daily from the evergreen windbreak south of the town.

The migrations were not followed as carefully as would have been most profitable, but a few facts have been observed.

The Canvas-back, which has scarcely been seen for the last five years, has been a very common visitor. On the twenty-sixth of December the first flock were seen. They were in company with a number of Redheads. By February hundreds of them were seen going north. One large flock seen at this time consisted of Mallards, Canvas-backs, Pintails and American Scaup Ducks. Beginning with the Mallards, their abundance is indicated by the order in which they are mentioned. Just now there are seen every day on the lake nearby hundreds of Mallards, Teals, both Blue- and Green-winged, Canvas-backs,

Pintails and an occasional Merganser. The kinds may sometimes be found separately, but they are usually mixed in the flocks and in their flights. Flocks of Canada Geese and an occasional White Pelican are seen.

About two weeks after the Robins began their return the Red-winged Blackbirds began to come. By the first of March they were flying back and forth to the lake daily by the hundreds. At the same time came also some Black Martins, Song Sparrows, Bronzed Grackles and Rusty Blackbirds. By March 8 were seen Crows, Turtle Doves, Flickers, White-eyed Vireos, Bewick Wrens, Rose-breasted Grosbeaks and on March 10 a Baltimore Oriole was heard.



Photo by Alvin R. Cahn
YOUNG BALTIMORE ORIOLE

Elgin

The Elgin Audubon Society has its program of monthly meetings, which continue through each month of the year as reported by the Secretary, Miss Lillian Smith. For March the program included a paper on Game Laws by Myron T. Foster and one on Sea Gulls by Miss Nellie Bond. Mrs. David C. Cook is to be the hostess for the April meeting and talks on Bird Banding by Fred Meister, on Owls by Mrs. E. J. Botsford, and Housing Birds by Howard Graves will be given. The calendar for the year shows a series of interesting programs concluded by the annual dinner, which occurs in January.

The Society is especially interested in the city of Elgin's new possession, Trout Park, with its arbor vitae and red cedar swamp and other residual vegetation harking back to the days of the receding of the glacier mantle from this area. The Bulletin is to have a special report on this area from Elgin members. It is hoped that the Elgin Society can make a careful nesting census of the Park during the present season for publication in the Bulletin.

Hinsdale

A note from Mrs. C. E. Raymond tells of another conservation project:

A short distance southwest of Hinsdale is a lake and a large area of swamp land which has given bird-lovers a great deal of enjoyment. Spring and fall ducks are quite plentiful, two

or three kinds nesting there, as well as many of the water birds.



Photo by Calvin R. Cahn

A hunting club has had the privilege of shooting during the season for many years. It has been the wish of the bird-lovers that this spot might be saved or protected for the birds and their wish has been granted. A Golf club has been organized, leasing 160 acres from the estate of Mr. Arthur Dixon, the lake lying in the center of the property. The young men organizing the club have named the lake "Ruth Lake" after one of their friends who died in France. The birds are to be protected on the entire property including the lake.

Every such bit of wild landscape protected and made accessible for public enjoyment will be educative in its influence. When the beauty of a marsh and its significant revelation of wild life become generally recognized, their preservation will become a matter of course.

Normal

Miss Alice Jean Patterson writes:

We have had an unusual number of Golden-crowned Kinglets in this locality all winter. They have been feeding around the clumps of shrubs on the campus. Cardinals also have been more numerous than usual. They have been singing continually since the last of January.

The Bohemian Waxwings were seen here the first week in January. A Red-breasted Nuthatch has been feeding in the yard of a neighbor all winter.

The first Robin I saw was on February first. On the same day in Bloomington six were seen together in a yard. My first Bluebird was recorded the twenty-fourth. I have reports of several seen the twenty-fifth. A Song Sparrow was heard the eighteenth.

The fifth and sixth grade children are starting on their bird houses. Some will be put up on the campus, some on home grounds. The seventh grade boys are planning a Martin box to be placed on the campus.

The Boy Scouts of the vicinity of Bloomington and Normal are getting ready for a bird house contest. They hope to have several hundred houses to put up.

We are much concerned about the problem of stray cats. Last spring we went to the mayor of the town to see if an ordinance could not be passed to legalize the killing of all cats found

on private grounds. The mayor said he could do nothing till there was a statute passed by the legislature. I do not know whether his position is warranted or not. However, I am hoping the Audubon Society may be able in time to get the requisite legislation on the question of getting rid of stray cats.

Odin

Mr. C. B. Vandercook writes from Odin as follows:

"While the winter of 1921-22 was a very mild one here in Southern Illinois, bird life was not so plentiful as would be expected. Some species which are usually observed on mild days were not seen at all. January 4 a Mockingbird paid me a visit, and has returned the call nearly every day since. He does not appear to take well to feed put out expressly for him, but prefers to pick up whatever he can from the grass in the garden. I have seen him at various places all over town, and he is apparently getting plenty to live on. Mocking-birds are frequently observed in sheltered quarters, and I think this one has found it comfortable in town.

January 9 I saw one Bluebird flying northeast. January 15 I saw two Robins who were perched in the top of a large shade tree. They finally decided that they were needed back in the South, so they left, and I saw no more until February 1. Since then they have been almost continually seen. January 20 I was in the east part of town and I heard the pleasant note of the Meadowlark, so I walked out into a pasture where the sound came from, and soon flushed fourteen in all. The next morning there were about three inches of snow on the earth, and the thermometer registered ten above zero. I had occasion to pass a piece of land in the west end of town which is grown up with wild blue stem grass and very thick at that. Here the Larks were having a good time singing and feeding. I counted twenty-six in this flock. I have seen or heard them daily ever since.

January 31 I saw my first Killdeer. It was flying north. I also saw three Bluebirds. The first of February was warmer, with a drizzling rain, and Bluebirds were to be heard



Photo by R. S. Churchill
ROBIN AT NEST

any time flying in all directions. February 21 I saw seven Kill-deers and several flocks of Ducks. More were observed on the water but were not identified. I also heard a Grass Frog.

At 5:20 p. m. February 22 I saw a flock of several thousand Blackbirds flying northeast. They were over a quarter of a mile away, but as five of the Bronze species came back in a few minutes from the same direction the large flock took I believe they were Bronzes.

March 3 several flocks of Ducks were seen, also one Bewick Wren, the first one seen or heard since December 5. Usually they may be seen on any mild day during the winter, but they were entirely missing this winter. I have not seen any Mourning Doves, Red-tailed Hawks, or Marsh Hawks at all this winter. Juncos and Tree Sparrows were not nearly so plentiful as usual.

July 13, 1913, J. G. McKee, a farmer living five miles north of Odin, told me some boys were destroying Blackbird nests around a neighbor's orchard in the spring, and they came across one which contained four light blue eggs. I made inquiries, but could learn nothing more. Plain blue Grackle eggs are things I have never heard of. I was of the opinion that it might have been a stray Starling. I have not heard of any other occurrence, and do not wish to record this as a fact.

Rock Island

Miss Genevieve Zimmer tells of some pleasant walks around Rock Island.

Riverside Park and Cemetery in Moline, Illinois, is a veritable bird haven. For ten years I've climbed its hills, roamed its woods, sauntered along its creek, but never have I seen a lovelier sight than on February twenty-second of this year, a warm day with a moist wind blowing. Beyond the entrance gate is a stretch of wide meadow, where Meadowlarks usually congregate. I had passed it by and gone up the hill, with the full expectation of hearing my brave little Song Sparrow—already two weeks behind time—when to my ear came the lilt of spring's first Bluebird. A pair of them dropped down into the bushes in front of me, the beginning of a stream of them.

I thought I was "seein' things," but finally an immense flock flew over to that wide meadow, where they looked like a field of bluebells. I counted hundreds of them, as they flew up and then fluttered back again. The grass had recently been burned off, so no doubt they found plenty of insects that had awakened under the warm smile of the sun.

In all my journeys up there I had never seen so many and at such an early date. Usually a few pairs appear at a time, between the dates February 18-25, and then later small flocks. So perhaps this will be Bluebird year. A few days afterwards

a big snowstorm came and I'm sure they suffered, although I found no frozen ones anywhere about.

February 29, while it was still very cold and the ground was covered with snow, a huge flock of Redwings and Grackles flew over my head, steering their way down towards the marshes on Rock River. That was a little early also, as my records say March 3-10. Spring never seems to be really established, though, until I hear the shrill clarion call of the Meadowlark, heard March tenth, rather late. I also heard a number of Song Sparrows and a few pairs of Bluebirds, giving their little conversational song, always asking, "Do you—love me—truil-ly?" There were few Robins.

I had rather an interesting experience with the Tufted Titmouse that day. I could hear his "Peter! Peter!" on one side of me, and the echo "Beat it! Beat it!" on the other, so I whistled and walked along, and he followed me from tree to tree, answering me each time and finally lighting near me. I was delighted, since he always seems to be a haunter of the highest tree tops and continually fools me with his ventriloquistic powers.

Port Byron

Mr. J. J. Schafer sends in another of his interesting reports from Port Byron in the Mississippi river region.

The weather was very favorable for bird life here this winter. During December there was snow on the ground from the seventeenth to the twenty-ninth. After that the ground was bare until February twenty-sixth. During January there were twenty-four clear days, and January 24 was the coldest day of the winter the thermometer registering eight degrees below zero.

Herring Gulls were numerous on the Mississippi River during December, but there were not as many Mergansers and Golden-eyes as last winter. January 10 a V-shaped flock of about forty Canada Geese flew over our place towards the northwest. Many coveys of Bob-whites were left over from last fall, and on account of the fine weather this winter there will be plenty left for breeding next summer.

One Marsh Hawk was seen January 20, and Cooper's Hawks were here all winter. One succeeded in killing and eating one of our young chickens, but several weeks later it was shot when it was eating at a frozen chicken which was lying in the garden. It proved to be a male and was in very good flesh. Rough-legged Hawks were here until December 11. After that none were seen until February 1.

Screech and Great Horned Owls were not heard very often this winter. On the morning of January 14 a dead Screech Owl was found in the basement of our corn crib, where it evidently had starved to death.

Hairy, Downy and Red-bellied Woodpeckers were not as numerous as last winter, but the Red-headed Woodpeckers stayed here by the hundred. Prairie Horned Larks could be heard singing nearly every day. Bluejays and Crows were not very numerous.

December 11 a Bronzed Grackle was seen sitting on a tree near the house; it probably was crippled, as one of its wings hung down lower than the other. A small flock of Redpolls stayed here all winter; they were first seen December 14. Goldfinches were last seen December 11.

February 5, while taking a bird walk, I flushed a small flock of Longspurs, which I believe were Smith's Longspurs. They did not fly until I was very close to them, and when on the wing they uttered a sharp chirp or whistle, followed by a chatter.

Tree Sparrows and Juncos were scarce. Only one Tree Sparrow and about a dozen Juncos came to my feeding place. The first Tree Sparrow was heard singing February 25, and the first large flock was seen on the twenty-sixth. The Juncos began singing March 5. Cardinals, Brown Creepers, White-breasted Nuthatches and Tufted Titmice were scarce, and Chickadees were common.

February 21 we had the first thunder shower of the year, the temperature rising to forty-three degrees in the afternoon. This was followed by some more thunder showers on the twenty-second, the first warm day of the winter, the temperature rising to sixty-five degrees in the afternoon. This day brought the first bird wave from the south, and the following species were seen and heard: Pintail, Killdeer, Blackbird, Robin and Bluebird. On the following day the weather turned very cold, and the birds were seen fleeing southward. A Sparrow Hawk was seen for the first time on this day. February 25 a Rusty Blackbird was seen sitting on a maple tree beside the house.

On the evening of February twenty-sixth it began to snow and the next day there was about an inch of snow on the ground. On the morning of February twenty-eighth the thermometer registered zero, and March 1 some more snow fell, but by the evening of the fifth it was all gone, and on the sixth the Pintails and Bluebirds were again migrating.

Other spring arrivals were as follows: Mallard, Canada Goose, Meadowlark, March 7; Bronzed Grackle, March 9; Red-tailed Hawk, March 10.

J. J. SCHAFER.

Quincy

Mr. T. E. Musselman reports as follows:

This winter has been one of the quietest that we have ever had in Quincy. The only unusual records were January records

of Winter Wrens and Wilson's Snipes (Jacksnipes). Just yesterday the first flock of Cedar Waxwings made their appearance, and we have had little else that was of interest.

My father-in-law, who lives near Beardstown on the Illinois River, has complained that his farms have been pestered with tremendous numbers of Wild Mallards all winter. A clipping from one of the Rushville papers recently told of one farmer who left a large number of ears of corn which he had shucked in the field over night. The next morning as he approached thousands of Ducks arose from the field and he found most of his corn very badly eaten. I think this speaks well for the Federal Migratory Bird Law. Such conditions as this have not been reported for a great many years.

The following paragraph from the Rushville, (Illinois) Citizen under date of March 9 has just reached me and fits in well with the above:

Ducks are to be seen in almost every field located north and northwest of Rushville, the number in some of the fields being estimated at many thousands. In the Crane Creek and Coal Creek Drainage District, the ducks are said to be more numerous than ever before and countless thousands can be seen in the fields adjacent to the public road between Frederick and the river. Fields seeded to wheat are now their favorite feeding grounds and if this continues, there is a probability that the growing crops may be considerably damaged.

Most of the hunters have observed the spring shooting law very well, although there are about three cliques of professional market hunters who are doing a big business, both in the fall and during the spring, and they are marketing their kill through several saloons. Naturally it does not make the honest hunters of this vicinity very happy to know that these men are breaking the law and getting by with it.

I might also report that the Quincy Whig Journal is carrying on a bird house contest to be finished March 18. The houses are limited to Bluebird boxes, Wren boxes and Martin boxes and a prize is given for the first and second best houses in each class.

Sunday, March 9, I took a hike and recorded the following birds: Hairy Woodpecker, Downy Woodpecker, Bluejay, Red-headed Woodpecker, Red-bellied Woodpecker, Bronzed Grackle, Meadowlark, Purple Finch, Goldfinch, English Sparrow, Tree Sparrow, Junco, Song Sparrow, Swamp Sparrow, Cardinal, Cedar Waxwing, Winter Wren, Little Brown Creeper, Crow,



Photo by T. E. Musselman

Horned Lark, White-breasted Nuthatch, Tufted Titmouse, Black-capped Chickadee, Robin, Bluebird, Herring Gull, Red-tailed Hawk, Pin-tailed Duck, Mallard Duck and Green-winged Teal.

River Forest

Field notes from River Forest are contributed by Professor G. W. C. Eifrig.

The outstanding feature of the past winter for our north-western suburb is the presence of that aristocratic erratic northern visitant, the Bohemian Waxwing. December 29 I saw a flock of about seventy-five flying over, uttering their "beady" note, like the Cedarbird. They then scattered in small flocks to look up the berries found so plentifully on hedges and plantings around the homes and in some of the large, park-like gardens of the village. Soon the berries of the high-bush cranberry (*Viburnum opulus*) and the privet were cleaned up. Flocks of ten or twelve were seen as late as Washington's Birthday and on March twelfth.

Some of our common birds seem to be getting used to our present mild winters. Thus I saw the Meadowlark—ours are mostly the small southern variety, the Florida Meadowlark (*Sturnella magna argutula*)—on January third, seven of them; and again on the twenty-eighth; and in February they were frequently seen and heard. They were common by the first week of the present month (March), a week or two before they normally are. The same holds good for the Robin. The only month in which I did not see any was January. The last one of 1921 I saw December 30, and they came in migratory flocks by February twenty-second. That exceptionally mild Washington's Birthday brought the contingent wintering right south of our area here. Flocks of from fifteen to twenty-five were seen on the twenty-third and soon after. The same day brought the Bluebirds, two being seen; they may be called common since March fourth, two weeks before their normal time to become so.

The Killdeer is even a greater surprise, the first ones coming here February 18, then on the twenty-second. They were common by March fourth, which is extremely unusual.

The Bronzed Grackles and Redwings, however, seem to have stuck more closely to their usual program. They did not turn up here before the end of the first week of March. In fact, the first Redwing, a lonely one, I saw on the twelfth, when also the first Sparrow Hawk was seen. Of course Juncos, Fox Sparrows, and Tree Sparrows are here, but I have so far not seen or heard a Song Sparrow.

The Ring-tailed Pheasant is in our parts becoming as common as the Meadowlark. One day I saw about thirty. The center of abundance for them is in "North Woods," a large piece of park-like real estate, surrounded by a high fence, where

they are unmolested. Thatcher's Woods also harbor a large number.

The mildness of the season will no doubt continue to prove the truth of the old experience that no two migrations are alike, and we can expect all kinds of new developments.

River Forest Bird Notes

A half dozen Short-eared Owls have wintered in the conifers at Vaughan's nursery near Western Springs. The abundance of rabbits in the vicinity made it a desirable place to locate. The same birds were reported to me in the open country north of River Forest where mice were probably abundant. Two or three records of the Barn Owl have been reported from Thatcher's Woods. February 26 a Great Horned Owl frightened some small bird enthusiasts in the same locality.

Most of the winter birds have resorted to the friendly shelter of the Forest Preserve, so few are found in trees and shrubbery about town. A large flock of Bohemian Waxwings have been about the only birds in evidence besides the omnipresent House Sparrow. Their fearlessness and fondness for high bush cranberries have made them delightful visitors.

The open winter has made the birds less dependent on the feeding stations, so observation has been difficult. The absence of Juncos and Tree Sparrows has been offset by the unusual number of Chickadees, Robins, Meadowlarks, and Mourning Doves in unusual numbers wintered here. The almost unprecedented high temperature of February twenty-second was naturally followed by the first wave of migration. Large flocks of Robins, Bronzed Grackles, Red-winged Blackbirds, Crows and Bluejays appeared February twenty-third. Geese, Ducks, Fox Sparrows and Bluebirds followed in smaller numbers.



Photo by Alvin R. Cahn
THE MONKEY-FACED OWL IS AN
EERIE SORT OF FELLOW TO MEET
IN THE WOODS

Junior Audubon Observations

The other day Jack and I were out in the south woods, and we saw a Monkey-faced Owl. When we whistled he would cock his head from one side to the other.

IRVING PORTER

The first week in March Irving Porter and I went over to the woods to see some birds. I was looking up into the trees for them. All of a sudden I saw a big something up in the tree. I said to Irving, "O, look at the Owl." But I thought it was too big for an Owl. I thought it was a cat. Some Bluejays were screaming about it. Then it flew. I knew then it was a Great Horned Owl. We chased it a long way, but finally gave up the chase.

JACK HAMMON

When I was walking to school February twenty-third I saw a whole flock of Robins where the new school is going to be. At first I did not know what they were. I scared a few of them up. I saw that they were Robins. A few of them were singing. Without any exaggeration there were hundreds of them.

CHARLES GOLDER

Rockford

Miss Edith Van Duzer writes from Rockford:

Last spring after the leaves and flowers were out and the birds had all come—April 16 and 17—we had a heavy drifting snow which remained eight and a half inches deep on the level. All winter we had been feeding birds just outside our window in feeding station, trees, and vines. After the storm we cut up meat, apples, bananas and suet, and threw them under the window on top of the snow, together with millet and sunflower seed. During the two days we fed Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers, Sapsuckers and Flickers, Cedar and Bohemian Waxwings, Ruby Crowned Kinglets, Juncos, Robins, Bluebirds, Hermit Thrushes and one Myrtle Warbler. Grackles and Rusty Blackbirds and Bluejays would come swooping down and frighten away the Chickadees and Sparrows, of which the Tree, Song, Chipping and White-throated came as well as the ever present House variety. Even a Crow ventured once within a few feet of the house—an unheard of procedure for this suspicious individual.

Late in the afternoon of the seventeenth a pair of Cardinals which had come all winter for sunflower seed came to add to our number. It was a wonderful experience and one which no one in the house will ever forget. Some of the birds which were not in the habit of coming to our feeding station were so tame that they would not fly when we came within a few feet of them. The top of the snow within a radius of 35 or 40 feet from the feeding station was crossed and recrossed with the prints of large and tiny feet. This happened where the birds had been fed for many years, though many of the birds mentioned had never visited us before. It is not so pleasant to add that, even so, many dead birds were found on the premises when the snow had disappeared.

This winter besides the birds which are always with us, Robins and Grackles have been reported at intervals, and the

Red-headed Woodpecker has fed every day at our foodsticks. A pair of Cardinals have lived in the south town, but neither they nor the Red-bellied Woodpecker, which visited us daily last year, has come this winter. A flock of twenty-five or thirty Bohemian Waxwings came March 3. These beautiful birds, singly or in flocks, visit us each year, I suppose because of the delectable berries hanging in the shrubbery of our neighbors. No Titmouse has been heard of this winter, though they were plentiful in 1921 and have been here for several seasons. March 5 I saw again a little Pigeon Hawk which lived in the south end of Harlem Park last spring.

February 22, which in this locality was a warm spring day, very wet and very soft underfoot, proved to three people, whom weather did not daunt, a most delightful occasion. We tramped many miles with the desire to see Horned Larks, and saw not only the Larks but huge migrating flocks of Bluebirds and Robins and some Grackles. A Killdeer flew over our heads and we watched a Red-tailed Hawk for some time. On returning to the woods late in the afternoon Bluebirds and Robins were all over the ground as we had never seen them before. A Broad-winged Hawk flew up before us as we went deep into the woods. These birds, together with Crows, Chickadees, Red-headed and Downy Woodpeckers, filled out our very successful winter walk. Of course after tramping those many miles and pulling up a smaller or larger portion of Mother Earth with each step we were weary when we reached home, but as the small boy says, "Gee! It was worth it."

Waterloo

H. T. Featherly tells an interesting tale of a Junco's winter bath.

On December twenty-seventh about four o'clock in the afternoon while on a field trip I was greatly surprised to come upon a Slate-colored Junco bathing in a small brook. Standing in water up to his black vest, feathers ruffled and tail spread out, he seemed very much at home as he splashed the water over his body with his wings. The fact that there was a considerable quantity of ice in the brook did not seem to make any difference in the amount of time consumed by his bath, which lasted at least two minutes after he was discovered. He neglected to bathe his head, but was very thorough with the rest of his body. When he had finished his bath he flew into the bushes out of sight.

December 27 I saw three Killdeers, one male Purple Finch, and two Barred Owls. December 25 and 30 I saw House Wrens. December 28 I flushed a flock of Mallard Ducks. January 5 and 6 I heard a House Wren singing.

January 24 I organized a Junior Audubon Society with one hundred sixty-five members.

Notes from Waukegan Bird Banding Station

The most noticeable event of the winter season was the behavior of our Regular Boarder, a Fox Sparrow, who came to our yard on November 12 and came back again on November 13, 14, 15 and 16. Then he was trapped twice and sometimes three times a day until his total was thirty-three at the end of the month, and still he stayed on, making a total of fifty-nine visits in December. During the last of January he skipped a few days but still held his attendance record up to forty-two times. February was warm and he got the spring fever and only came when the snow was on the ground or on stormy days. He made only thirteen visits for the month. In all his times of being trapped and released to March first totaled 149, but this does not count the times that he got his meals from the flat traps when no one was around to pull the string and catch him. We think he must have the record for the most trapped bird in the United States.

Tree Sparrows visited our traps during the past winter season for the first time. The two preceding years the traps were in the same places but for some reason failed to attract them, or they were not in the district to be caught.

Chickadees also made their first visit in numbers. Last year we trapped just one, but this year we trapped twenty-eight, mostly in November. These repeated right along through the winter, so the trapping and banding proved that they remained in one place for the winter.

Early last fall we observed a Nuthatch taking grain from under one of the traps and storing it under the bark of trees, just anywhere it found a place, but a few days later another was observed taking the grain and storing it in a knot hole. It made three trips. Then we pulled the string and trapped it, but a few days later we saw it again storing the grain in the same knot hole. We let it make twelve trips before it was trapped. On three more days the same bird made eight, ten and four trips to the same hole before we trapped it to read the number and release as before, so we are sure that it was the same bird and it was really storing grain in the same place every time.

During the mild weather there seemed to be hardly any birds around, but just as soon as a storm came they would be back to feed at the traps, so most of the trapping went by jumps. This applied to Juncos especially, but we were pleased by having two Juncos return with the old bands and one was back for the third time.

A Downy Woodpecker trapped and banded a year ago returned and was trapped again. Another Downy that was trapped and banded last year was found dead at the high school. We were successful in banding about a dozen more Downies.

W. I. LYON.

Cat Ordinances and State Laws

The President and the Secretary of the Illinois Audubon Society frequently receive letters of inquiry about possible legislation relating to the cat nuisance. Inquiries about the laws of Illinois having to do with the protection of non-game and insectivorous birds are also frequent. For these reasons it seems advisable to reprint a resume of the bird laws of the state as it appeared two years ago, and preface it with suggestions as to working out a possible solution for the cat problem.

Without amending the present laws of the state it does not seem possible to outlaw the stray cat. In several instances cat ordinances have been framed for adoption by city councils but expert legal advice has each time been to the effect that there is no foundation in state law upon which to base such ordinances. It has been pointed out before that the law granting power to municipalities to restrain certain animals from running at large might be amended to include cats. A simple way to bring this about would be to insert four words in the revised statutes as they now are. This would make the eightieth item in paragraph No. 62 of article No. 5 read as follows, the changes being printed in italics: "The city council in cities and the President and board of trustees in villages shall have the following powers:

"Eightieth: To regulate, restrain and prohibit the running at large of horses, cattle, swine, sheep, goats, geese, dogs, *and cats*, and to impose a tax on dogs *and cats*."

Clothed with these powers, municipalities should adopt cat ordinances providing for the extermination of stray and unrestrained cats, and officers should be designated to collect and dispose of such cats in a humane way.

The attention of the State Department of Game and Fish has been called to this matter of amending the state laws and co-operation of the authorities has been promised. Chief Warden Wm. J. Stratton believes that there should be power to restrain hunting dogs during the breeding season of ground nesting birds. This is an important matter and it is hoped that this and the other items mentioned will be included in a bill which Audubonites and sportsmen alike can support at the coming session of the legislature.

In response to frequent inquiries the Illinois laws relating to non-game or insectivorous birds, they are here reprinted as they appeared in the Spring 1920 *Bulletin*, with explanatory comment. No changes were made in the law in the 1921 session of the legislature.

The Illinois Law Relating to Non-Game or Insectivorous Birds.

SECTION 17. NON-GAME BIRDS. *It shall be unlawful:*

(a) *For any person to shoot, kill, destroy or catch, or attempt to shoot, kill, destroy or catch, or have in possession, living or dead, any song, insectivorous or non-game seed-eating bird,*

or part of such bird, other than an English sparrow, crow, black-bird, blue-jay, Cooper's hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, goshawk, duck hawk, pigeon hawk, great horned owl or cormorant.

(b) For any person to take or needlessly destroy the nest or eggs of any song, insectivorous or non-game seed-eating bird, or have in his or her possession the nest or eggs thereof.

Comment on Section 17

It will be noticed that the list of outlawed birds set forth in (a) above includes five of the hawk family, all but one being small hawks and all of deservedly bad reputation. On the other the big hawks, commonly called hen-hawks, conspicuous as targets but very generally useful members of society,—the red-tailed hawk, red-shouldered hawk, broad-winged hawk, marsh hawk, etc., are no longer on the list of outlaws and are entitled to the same protection as the bluebird and the wren. This is also true, now, of all the owls, except the great horned owl which is more or less rare in Illinois anyway. The representatives of the Illinois Audubon Society were not successful in their plea for the blackbirds. The law remains as of old, and red-wings and yellowheads, surely without evil records in Illinois, are left to take their chances with that dignified pirate bird, the grackle, who, it is believed by many observers, is not generally an evil bird but only locally and now and then. Anyway, what is the evidence against any and all of the blackbirds in Illinois? Let us find what there is and examine it and be ready when the legislature meets again to speak with certainty for the yellow-head and the redwing, at least, if not for the grackle.

Who Enforces the Law

SECTION 75. *It shall be the duty of all duly accredited officers and employes of the Department, and all sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables and other police officers to arrest any person detected in violation of any of the provisions of this Act.*

It shall further be the duty of all such officers to make prompt investigation of any violations of the provisions of this Act reported by any other person, and to cause a complaint to be filed before a court having jurisdiction thereof in case there seems just ground for such complaint and evidence procurable to support the same.

Upon the filing of such complaint, it shall be the duty of such officers to render assistance in the prosecution of the party complained against.

Sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables and other police officers making arrests and serving warrants under the provisions hereof shall receive the same fees and mileage as constables are entitled to in similar cases, under the provisions of the statutes of the State, and shall also be entitled to one-half of the fines imposed and collected for violations of the provisions hereof in cases where they have filed complaints.

Comment on Section 75

Notice the various officers of the law whose duty it is to arrest persons detected in violation of any of the provisions of this Act. Note further that it is the duty of these same officers to make prompt investigation of any violations of the provisions of the Act *reported by other persons*, and if there seems just ground for complaint *the officer is to file a complaint* before a court of jurisdiction. Then after filing such a complaint it is the duty of the officer to render assistance in prosecutions. Lastly all such officials including police officers are to receive fees and mileage and one-half of the fines imposed. It is an open secret that the officer who "works" an area frequented by violators of the game laws has an opportunity to swell his normal income perceptibly.

Who Shall Hunt

Only those who have hunting licenses may hunt and that only during the respective periods of the year when hunting shall be lawful.

SECTION 40. *Hunting licenses will be issued to no person under the age of sixteen years, without the written request of the father or mother or legally constituted guardian of such person. Hunting licenses will be issued (a) to residents of the State of Illinois and citizens of the United States; (b) to non-residents of the State of Illinois, but citizens of the United States; (c) to foreign born persons who have procured their final naturalization papers, and to the minor children of such persons.*

Comment on Section 40

It will be seen that aliens may no longer hunt within the State of Illinois. They cannot procure a license and therefore can be arrested on general principles when seen with a hunting weapon of any kind, gun or net. Our laws still permit children to secure hunting licenses but set up a slight safeguard as to issuing licenses to those under sixteen. The contention of the Illinois Audubon Society was that sixteen should be the minimum age requirement for the holders of hunting licenses.

When Not to Hunt

House Bill 312, approved by Gov. Lowden, June 25, 1917, makes unlawful the discharge of firearms upon a public highway by anyone other than an officer of the law and provided a penalty of from five to twenty-five dollars for each and every violation of this act. Section 38 of the Game and Fish Code reads:

It shall be unlawful:

(a) *To hunt, kill, take or destroy, or attempt to hunt, kill, take or destroy game birds, rabbits, squirrels, or fur-bearing animals from any automobile or vehicle of any kind propelled by mechanical power, by the use of the lights thereof or any light used from such vehicle.*

(b) *It shall be unlawful for any person to trap or hunt with a gun or a dog, or allow a dog to hunt within or upon the land of another, or upon waters flowing over or standing on the land of another, without first obtaining permission so to do from the owner, agent or occupant of such land, and it shall be further unlawful for any person to wantonly or carelessly injure or destroy, in any manner whatsoever, any real or personal property on the land of another while engaged in trapping or hunting thereon.*

Further and Final Comment

There is no lawful hunting on highways or roadsides nor may one hunt on private property without permission. These two provisions should be easy to enforce. The penalty for violation of Section 38 is a fine not less than fifteen dollars for each offense. Here it might be stated that the penalty for killing protected birds is ten dollars for each and every offense. All these penalties are coupled with jail sentences where the fines are not paid, so that there is no default because of inability to pay a fine.

It should be noticed finally, that no chance for subterfuge is left to those who violate the rights of birds to life and the pursuit of happiness. Section 17 explicitly states that it is unlawful to shoot, kill, destroy or catch or *attempt* to shoot, kill, destroy or catch, and thereby sling-shot, air rifle, club, stone, or net are outlawed with other weapons when an attempt on birds on the protected list is made. The illicit hunter has sometimes an unarmed companion to carry the bag and to hold the attention of the officer while the weapon bearer may escape. The innocent story of carrying the bag to oblige an unknown person or of having picked up the game along the way is barred out by this same Section 17 which declares it unlawful to have in one's possession, living or dead, birds on the protected list.

On the whole the bird protection laws of Illinois are adequate to a high degree. As to their enforcement, that is up to the final source of authority, the gentle reader and the rest of the people.

JESSE L. SMITH.

THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY recommends the organization of Junior Audubon Societies under one or the other of the following plans:

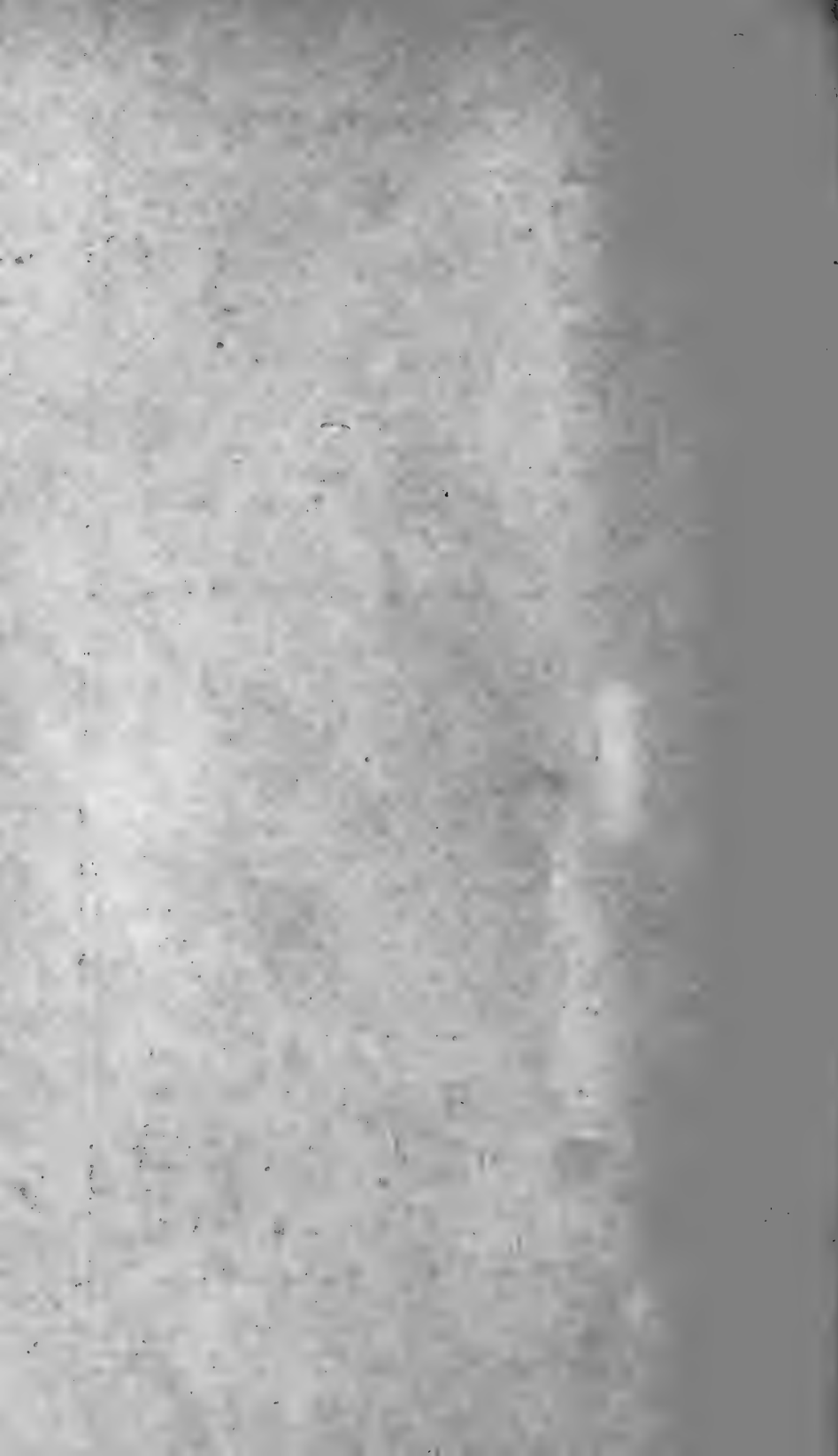
First plan: Organize under the auspices of the National Association of Audubon Societies and take advantage of the special offer for pupils made possible by generous patrons of the Society. Each member paying ten cents will receive a set of six educational leaflets with colored pictures and outline drawings for coloring with crayons. Each member will also receive the Audubon button which represents a badge of membership in a Junior Audubon class. Each teacher who organizes a class of twenty or more receives a year's free subscription to *Bird-Lore*, the official organ of the Association. Address the Secretary, 1794 Broadway, New York City.

Second plan: Organize under the auspices of the Illinois Audubon Society. Each pupil is to pay fifteen cents for a copy of "*Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard*" published by the United States Government, copies to be obtained either from the Secretary of the Illinois Audubon Society or by sending directly to the Superintendent of Documents at Washington, D. C. To each member of a group provided with this beautifully illustrated bulletin the Illinois Audubon Society will give without charge the Audubon button of membership in the Illinois Society and will send to the leader of the group for a period of one year all the publications and special notices of the Society together with an illustrated certificate showing that the group is a member of the Illinois Audubon Society. Teachers wishing to enroll pupils under local plans may obtain Audubon buttons for two cents each.

Address the

Illinois Audubon Society

10 South LaSalle Street
CHICAGO



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no. 12

The
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Fall 1922



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The ILLINOIS
AUDUBON
SOCIETY

Illinois Audubon Society Service

The Society has two collections of hand-colored lantern slides of bird life, each with an accompanying printed lecture. These are lent free of charge to any school or organization in the state but borrower pays express charges both ways.

The Society has travelling libraries of bird books which are lent to schools or organizations for a reasonable length of time, the borrower paying express charges both ways.

The Society publishes wall charts listing 200 typical Illinois birds and providing suitable spaces for recording migration and nesting data. Schools, Boy Scout organizations, and individuals as well find these of great service. Price ten cents each.

The Society publishes a Pocket Check List of Birds with a colored zonal map. This list records every known species of birds that visits Illinois or nests within its borders. Included with this is a very useful key for the identification of nests. The Check List sells for fifty cents.

The Society publishes the Langdon Cat Circular which is invaluable in arousing interest in the question of protecting birds from marauding cats. Price five cents each.

The Society issues an illustrated postal in the Italian language warning against violation of laws for bird protection. Price two cents each.

Address The Illinois Audubon Society,

10 South La Salle Street, Chicago

President

Mr. Orpheus M. Schantz

10 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago

Secretary-Treasurer

Miss Catherine Mitchell

Riverside

Mr. Jesse Lowe Smith

Vice-President

Highland Park

The Aims and Principles of the
Illinois Audubon Society are:

1. To encourage the study of birds, particularly in the school, and to disseminate literature relating to them.
2. To work for the betterment and enforcement of State and Federal laws relating to birds.
3. To discourage the wearing of any feathers except those of the ostrich and domestic fowls.
4. To discourage in every possible way, the wanton destruction of wild birds and their eggs.
5. To restore to our wild birds, wherever practicable, the natural environment of forest and shrubbery which gave them food, protection and seclusion.

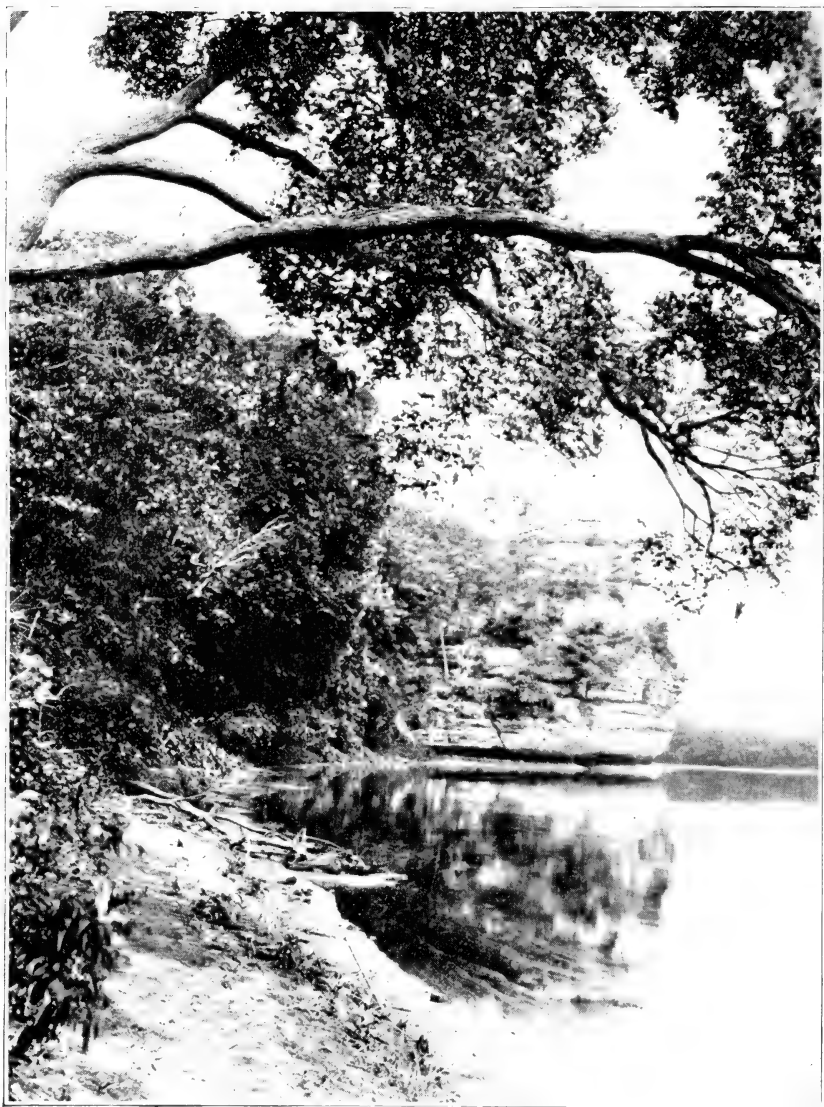


Photo by Orpheus M. Schantz

LOVERS LEAP
Starved Rock State Park

THE AUDUBON BULLETIN

FALL 1922

Published by the
ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY

(For the protection of wild birds)

The President of the Illinois Audubon Society writes:

This number of the *Bulletin* gives publicity to one of the outstanding events of our year, the issue from the press of our long-delayed *Check List of the Birds of Illinois*. The immediate favor with which it was received, the approval of our enterprise by the President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, and items of interest relating to the preparation and publication of the Check List are told in the following pages. This number also records another event of special significance to the Illinois Audubon Society during the past year which was the A. O. U. meeting in Chicago at which time our Society assisted the authorities of the Field Museum and the Chicago Ornithological Club in the entertainment of the distinguished visitors. The notable collection of photographs, drawings and paintings of bird life brought together for this occasion and left on exhibition for some weeks after the close of the meeting has been significant in inspiring interest in no small portion of the area which the Illinois Audubon Society serves.

As is its wont, the *Bulletin* offers a variety of fresh and original material. One of the earliest of Illinois ornithologists is appropriately memorialized. One of our members permits the advance publication of a portion of a chapter of his forthcoming book on Mississippi Valley Birds at Home. The Morton Arboretum which is steadily taking shape is given space. This will be a notable refuge for bird life in the future. Among other good things in this number the valuable collection of notes from the field which follows the Editorial Page must not be left unmentioned. It is from such collections as these that students of bird life in Illinois will find rich material. The next step in field ornithology now that we have our scholarly and all-embracing *Check List of the Birds of Illinois*, is a check list of each county or groups of counties making a unit of bird fauna. To these lists the field notes of past issues of the *Bulletin* as well as those of the current issue will be valuable contributions.

To the Editor in his appropriate space is left the important task of reminding us of the forth-coming session of the Legislature and of what we may all have a chance to do in the way of enhancing the living conditions of our co-workers and faithful allies, the birds.

ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ

Major Robert Kennicott



MAJOR ROBERT KENNICOTT

The American Ornithologists Union a few years ago organized a committee on biography and bibliography which is to make official note of the homes and last resting places of well-known ornithologists. This has involved considerable investigations but the work of the committee has been meeting with a good measure of success. This committee took the occasion of the recent meeting of the Union in Chicago to look up the home and last resting place of Major Robert Kennicott, the well-known pioneer in Illinois ornithology and Arctic explorer under the auspices of the National Government. A party consisting of Doctor and Mrs. T.S. Palmer, John H. Sage,

and Ruthven Deane went to Des Plaines where they were met by Ransom S. Kennicott, Chief Forester of the Cook County Forest Preserve, a nephew of the late Major Kennicott. They made a pilgrimage to Arlington Cemetery and then they proceeded to "The Grove," the original home of the Kennicotts. The house, which appears in our illustration, was built in 1845 and it was here that Major Kennicott spent much of his early life and wrote many of his reports. The death of this brilliant naturalist and explorer at the comparatively early age of thirty-one, cut short a career full of promise which had been signalized by numerous activities in laying the foundation of scientific surveys.

Robert Kennicott was born in New Orleans, November 13, 1838, and passed his boyhood at "The Grove." He acquired a taste for natural history at an early age, and while still little more than a youth his writing attracted the attention of some of the leading naturalists of the day. As a result he became for a while a guest and pupil of Doctor J. P. Kirtland of Cleveland, Ohio. In 1854 he accepted an invitation from Dr. P. R. Hoy of Racine, Wisconsin, where he pursued his studies in zoology. In 1855 the Illinois Central Railroad Company and the Illinois State Agricultural Society formed a combination for the purpose of making a Natural History survey of the state. Kennicott received the appointment for the work and the Smithsonian Institute furnished the outfit and the results of this expedition were worked up at "The Grove." In 1855-6 he rendered assist-

ance to Professor Agassiz in obtaining collections and information for his "Natural History of the United States." About this time he concluded to take up the study of medicine as a more lucrative practice but after two terms at the Rush Medical School, ill-health showed that he could not stand the close confinement. In 1856 he was again active in building up a Chicago Museum of Natural History. The same year he accepted a proposition from the United States Commissioner of Patents to write an account of the mammals of the northwest injurious to farming interests. This was published in the report for 1856. In 1857 he made collections to start a Museum of Natural History for Northwestern University and collected from Cairo, Illinois to the Red River of the North. In 1859 he collected in the region north of Lake Superior and from Hudson Bay to Behring Straits. In 1862 he explored the valley of the McKenzie River from its mouth to Fort Simpson. In 1865 he was selected to head an expedition organized by the Western Union Telegraph Company to Alaska and to collect objects of natural history for the Chicago Academy.

The party sailed from San Francisco March 21, 1865, and, later, was divided into two expeditions, Kennicott and his party going up the Yukon River. He arrived at St. Michael's, Morton's Sound, in September, and this spot was destined to be the base of his future operations in the Yukon Valley. In this country he had many disappointments and delays, and was weakened by extreme hardships and exposures which undermined his none too rugged constitution. Death overtook him when he reached



"THE GROVE", DESPLAINES

the post of Nulato, May 13, 1866, and his body was brought back to Chicago for burial.

The names of Kennicott's colleagues in his last expedition should be recorded here: Dr. Henry M. Bannister (1844-1920) of Evanston, Illinois; Charles Pease (1835-1875) Lakewood, Ohio; Henry W. Elliott, Lakewood, Ohio; and William H. Dall of Washington. Some of these records of Major Kennicott's career have been obtained from "The U. S. Biographical Dictionary and Portrait Gallery of Eminent Self-Made Men," published in 1876.

Ruthven Deane.

The 1922 A. O. U. Meeting

On October 24-26 inclusive occurred the fortieth stated meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, the place of meeting being the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago.

This was the great event of the year in ornithological circles. It is always a great privilege to attend a convention of this most influential ornithological association, and those of the members of the Illinois Audubon Society living in or near Chicago who availed themselves of the privileges of the meeting were to be congratulated. It was the first meeting of the organization to be held in the middle west. The Illinois Audubon Society was honored in having the opportunity to meet and assist in the entertainment of the Union.

The Union was organized in 1883 and its ultimate aim was to make of ornithology an exact science in all its branches. It has held its meetings in rotation at Cambridge, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. This year at the invitation of the Field Museum of Natural History, the Illinois Audubon Society, and the Chicago Ornithological Society, it came to Chicago. The local committee on arrangements consisting of Wilfred H. Osgood, of the Field Museum; Ruthven Deane, and Orpheus M. Schantz of the Illinois Audubon Society; and Percival B. Coffin, and Reuben M. Strong, of the Chicago Ornithological Club was most fortunate in the successful carrying out of the plans they had matured. The middle west members of the "A. O. U.", as it is called, were more than delighted with the attendance records of the meeting. 275 new associates were elected to membership—a record number. 167 members were in attendance—which was a record number. 131 were present at the annual dinner, which is looked forward to as one of the great events of the meeting. More papers were presented than could well be handled and more than forty of the members remained over the next day after the close of the session in order to take part in a field trip to the sand dunes of Indiana.

Dr. T. S. Palmer, the secretary, managed the details of the program with great success. The programs of the different sessions were so varied and interesting that it is not easy to single out members for particular emphasis. Reference might be made, however, to the bird banding program which occupied

the entire session on Wednesday morning, October 25th. Mr. W. I. Lyon, of Waukegan, Illinois, a prominent member of the Illinois Audubon Society, had one of the most interesting papers of the session on the subject of methods of trapping and general practice of bird banding. Another valuable paper was presented by Professor T. G. Ahrens, of Berlin, who read a paper on bird banding and bird migration at Rossitten on the Baltic Sea. This was illustrated by lantern slides. The presence of Professor Ahrens, who made the trip from Berlin expressly to attend the A. O. U. meeting, was an evidence of the spirit of friendly co-operation on the part of German ornithologists.

Professor Francis H. Herrick, of Cleveland, Ohio, gave a very interesting illustrated talk at one of the sessions on an eagle observatory. Unusually interesting material was presented by G. Finlay Simmons, of Austin, Texas, in his paper on the "Sea Bird Sanctuaries of Texas," and by Robert Cushman Murphy, of New York, on "The Whitney South Sea Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History."

The final program on Thursday afternoon included a very interesting talk on "A Summer in Ecuador" by Frank M. Chapman and an exhibit of unusually attractive and valuable motion picture films. Dr. Thomas S. Roberts, of Minneapolis, presented the subject of "Familiar Birds and Mammals in Motion Pictures." Louis Agassiz Fuertes, of Ithaca, New York, showed a film of "Flamingos of the Bahamas;" and Donald R. Dickey, of Pasadena, California, some exceptional pictures of wild life in New Brunswick.

Not the least important feature of the A. O. U. meeting was the special exhibit of pictures of bird life, which was set up in an unusually attractive form in one of the display galleries of the Museum. Practically all of the well-known illustrators of bird life were represented in a comprehensive way, and many bird photographers and amateur artists brought important contributions to the exhibit. This exhibit was left in place after the close of the meeting and during the past month has been a center of interest for visitors to the Museum. Members of the A. O. U. declared it was the finest collection of pictures of bird life that has been assembled in the history of American ornithology. The list of more widely known artists whose works were on exhibit included Louis Agassiz Fuertes, R. Bruce Horsfall, E. J. Sawyer, Ernest Seton Thompson, Allan Brooks, F. W. Benson, L. B. Hunt, and Courtenay Brandreth. Carl F. Grönemann, a member of the Illinois Audubon Society, prominent in the Elgin Nature Study Club, was represented by several very carefully executed paintings of individual birds. W. D. Richardson, also a member of the Illinois Audubon Society, had a fine collection of photographs of bird life. Other notable collections of photographs were contributed by Professor Francis Herrick, Arthur Allen of Ithaca, Doctor A. H. Cordier of Kansas City, and Donald R. Dickey, of Pasadena.

The Morton Arboretum

In recent years the movement to conserve the wooded lands of the country from destruction, has resulted in many public and private efforts which are noteworthy in their success in preventing the further denuding of timbered lands. The finest example of public conservation is that of the forest preserves of Cook county. Already more than twenty thousand acres of magnificent woodland have been taken over and are being administered for the people of the county. Along the north shore of Lake Michigan are many fine tracts belonging to private estates, which are not free to the public. These timbered areas vary greatly both in their topography and the character of the tree growth, owing to varied natural causes.



Photo by Orpheus M. Schantz

APPROACH TO THE ARBORETUM

so much effect on the shaping of land contours in Illinois, had a tremendous influence in furnishing suitable soil for forest growth. North and west of Chicago the results of glacial action are clearly evident to the geologist, who will tell you that the eskers, kames and moraines with their varied gravel formations have made possible some of the finest forests in Cook, Dupage, Kane and Will counties. When, therefore, the gravelly glacial soils are watered by streams, even though small, conditions are ideal for the growth of luxuriant forests.

In nearly all prairie regions the best forested areas are found bordering streams or contiguous to bodies of water. There are, however other natural causes which may from their effect on the soil conditions, result in great timber tracts away from waterways. The former glacial epochs which had

In the valley of the east branch of the Little Dupage river, in Dupage county, between the villages of Lisle on the Burlington Ry. and Glen Ellyn on the Northwestern Ry., the above described combination of glacial drift and stream has made a location ideal for the carrying out of a plan for an Arboretum on so large a scale that it will be, when completed, the greatest botanical garden in America. Joy Morton has set aside 400 acres of the finest land on his estate for this purpose, which occupies the center and both slopes of the Little Dupage valley,



Photo by Orpheus M. Schantz
SUGAR MAPLE GROWING IN THE OPEN

of the forest the road enters into a magnificent first growth of ancient and dignified trees. Oaks, maples, ash, elm, walnut, basswood, black cherry and many other varieties, with a lower growth of hawthorns, wild crab and viburnum. At one low spot is a colony of red elm (slippery elm) festooned with great lianas of poison ivy, dangerous to touch but magnificent in its autumn coloring; farther on a dry north slope is carpeted with a dense growth of hepaticas, and everywhere the many varieties of hawthorn are loaded with their striking red fruit.

Passing from the eastern timbered higher ground down the slope to the roadway and across to the western boundary of the arboretum, one is impressed by the numbers of magnificent individual trees that have grown in entirely different manner from those crowded in the deep forest. One sugar maple, shapely and dense, stands alone among its neighbors, having a spread of almost 50 feet. Nearby is a wonderful elm, with a spread of 80 feet and a trunk diameter of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. In a hollow not far distant is a group of tall, straight-bolled walnuts, whose trunks if felled would furnish timber for furniture and veneer.

The study of plant life in its relation to our economic life has only begun. Although there are on many private estates collections of trees and other plant life of great interest, and

merging on the east side into a wonderful primeval forest. The entire Arboretum tract will be landscaped so as to provide not only ideal conditions for plant growth, but with it scenic effects that will add greatly to the attractions of the project. During the spring of this year 138,000 plants and cuttings were set out and during the summer preparations for 100,000 more were made.

The main entrance to the Arboretum will be from the southeast by a winding road joining the new Chicago-Aurora highway via Ogden Avenue. Skirting the sharply defined eastern edge

the greenhouses of many city parks contain notable collections of tropical and exotic plants, the Arnold Arboretum at Jamaica Plain, Mass., is the only ambitious out-of-door botanical garden in America. Kew Garden in England and its arboretum contain 253 acres of land. This is one of the most famous gardens in Europe and it is about 175 years old. The Arnold Arboretum is about 50 years old and contains nearly 270 acres. It is already famous for its wonderful collections of American and introduced plant life.



Photo by Orpheus M. Schantz

ENTRANCE TO PRIMEVAL FOREST

The best talent in the country is being enlisted to make of the Morton Arboretum as perfect a botanical garden as money and expert experience can make it and already an expedition jointly financed by the Morton and Arnold arboretums is on its way to explore the forests of the Canadian northwest for rare plants. The arboretum will be open to students of botany and plant economics, and the growth of this very great project will be fascinating to follow.

The inception of the arboretum no doubt has some connection with the success of Arbor Lodge, founded by Mr. Morton's father, the late J. Sterling Morton, at the Morton Home in Nebraska City, Nebraska. Joy Morton has had a vision which is now bearing fruit, in the founding of a great out-of-door garden in the midst of the fertile prairie lands of Northern Illinois. Within a few years it will be possible to see plants from all parts of the temperate world growing under ideal conditions, in close proximity to their North American relatives. In con-

nection with the Arboretum there will be a fine reference library, in which plant lore will be the predominating objective.

On the wall of the history room in a great school, in Northern New York, built by another Chicago man for the purpose of furnishing a rural community proper education, there hangs a tablet on which is inscribed the following sentiment:

"Constantly search your mind for its best thoughts, cultivate your highest ideals, for without vision the people perish."

The vision of such men as Joy Morton, W. H. Miner, and the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, when accompanied by the ability to carry out their ideals, puts the people of the United States under a lasting obligation of grateful appreciation.

The Morton estate is a favorite breeding ground for Vesper Sparrows, Bobolinks, Dickcissels and in a secluded field a pair of the rather rare Lark Sparrow was found in July. Killdeer and Sandpipers found the shores of the artificial lake very much to their liking, and showed their appreciation of the protection afforded by being very tame, only flying a short distance when flushed.

ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ

The Sport of the Superior Being

We print, without comment, a copy of the letter which was sent to the *Chicago Evening Post*, on September 10, 1921.

The Editor of The *Chicago Evening Post*,

Dear Sir:-

A great many good people are joyous these days to have another shot at the partridge, the American pheasant, and the noblest bird of our Northern woods—perhaps the last one. The bird is reported plentiful in the woods of Wisconsin, but this is not true everywhere.

On our way home, the other day, a business man, who delighted to shoot partridges, said to me, "Judging by the hundreds that are going to hunt the partridge, there won't be a single bird left to tell the tale."

A week before we left our cabin in the Northern woods we had the pleasure of a visit from a foreigner. One day after tramping through the forest, he was touched by the silence of them. "Your woods are beautiful, but dead!" he exclaimed, "there is not a living thing in them." I told him that years ago these woods were very much alive, but just as our noble forests, so their denizens were ruthlessly destroyed.

The tiger kills when he is hungry; the Indian killed for food; but white man, who thinks himself a superior being, kills for lust and pleasure.

JENS JENSEN

Our Check List

The first copies of our new Check List of the Birds of Illinois came from the bindery the second morning of the A. O. U. meeting in Chicago, October 25, and the first copies to be distributed went to ornithologists such as Frank Chapman, T. S. Palmer, Lynds Jones, Harry Oberholzer, Arthur A. Allen, and others. Everywhere comment of the most flattering nature occurred. It was admired for its compactness of form, its authoritativeness, its unique contributions to bird study in Illinois and adjoining states, etc. A few days later a friendly reference in the Chicago Tribune by Bob Becker brought in mail orders for the List from every direction. From Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies came a message of approval and congratulation.

The Illinois Audubon Society has reason to be proud of its accomplishment. The Check List is well-printed and attractively bound and its convenient size ($4\frac{1}{2}$ by $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches), its broad margins inviting pencil notes, its symbols of range, nesting habits and occurrence, make it an extremely useful handbook. The zonal map prepared by Mr. Gault and Mr. Ridgway is a valuable contribution to the geography of the bird fauna of the Mississippi Valley. The long delay in the final issue of the Check List from the press after the first announcement of its preparation has been due to the desire to make all of its details as accurate as possible. All of this has involved no little expense and the Society has been obliged to fix the price of the List at fifty cents, post paid. The distribution of the Check List is sure to stimulate the intelligent observation of bird migration and nesting occurrence in Illinois and our members can perform a most useful service by purchasing a copy and soliciting orders for copies from friends and acquaintances.

From the Preface to the Check List the following paragraphs are reprinted:

A tentative "Check List" of Illinois birds appeared in the Spring 1917 Bulletin of the Illinois Audubon Society and again with certain revisions in the succeeding number. The value of efforts of this sort was so evident that it was decided to undertake the preparation of a check list which would recognize as far as possible all authenticated data relating to the occurrence of birds in Illinois, and serve as a standard for the recording of bird notes in every section of the state. The so-called "Comprehensive Check List of the Birds of Illinois," which occupies the greater portion of this booklet, is the outcome. It is the work of Benjamin T. Gault, a member of the Board of Directors of the Illinois Audubon Society, and an ornithologist whose peculiar fitness for this task is known to all students of bird migration in the Illinois area. For many years an accurate and discriminating observer, he had accumulated private records which have

been of the greatest value in the preparation of the List. The project has involved an almost endless amount of work and a great deal of painstaking research. Mr. Gault's sole compensation for this is to be in the assistance which the Check List will render to observers and students of bird life everywhere in Illinois.

Elsewhere Mr. Gault acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Robert Ridgway and others whose contributions to the Check List have been of the highest importance, and who have co-operated in every possible way. To all these and to Mr. Gault likewise, the Illinois Audubon Society wishes to extend its thanks and the assurance of deepest appreciation of service rendered. The Society is honored in being permitted to put its imprint on this composite effort.

For some years the Illinois Audubon Society has furnished schools with a wall chart containing a list of two hundred of the more common birds of Illinois. It is purely arbitrary in its nature and represents a sort of compromise on the part of those who were asked to state their opinion as to the two hundred birds which are "more common" in Illinois. This list is included in this booklet with the hope that it will be of value for ready reference and that the beginner may look upon it as a satisfactory working list.

The key to birds' nests which is also included in this booklet is the work of Dr. Arthur A. Allen of Ithaca, New York, and has appeared in a recent issue of *Bird-Lore*. Doctor Allen has waived the copyright privileges for its use in this Check List and the Illinois Audubon Society is greatly indebted to him for this favor. The key should prove to be of great service to observers in the field.

Park Areas in Illinois

The Report on Proposed Park Areas in the State of Illinois which has been under preparation for some time by the publication committee of the Friends of Our Native Landscape has recently issued from the Alderbrink Press in Chicago. It is in every respect a splendid piece of work. It contains 120 pages with 13 maps and 53 halftone illustrations. No one can read this report without being thrilled at the possibility of dotting Illinois with spiritual possessions of this sort. The report has been prepared by nature lovers expert at appraising the natural beauty of the landscape and it should prove an inspiring appeal for the conservation of the primitive scenery of Illinois. Copies of this Report can be obtained at one dollar each postpaid upon application to the Secretary, Mr. E. L. Wheeler, 215 West Huron Street, Chicago.

A Feathered Caruso

(From a chapter on the Carolina Wren in Hess' forthcoming book entitled—*Mississippi Valley Birds at Home*.)

Carolina is the giant of the eastern branch of the Trogloditae or Wren family and a wonderful vocalist. Caruso-like in volume and melody, he also exhibits the nervous erratic temperament usually stamped so indelibly upon the stars of the stage world. Unlike the operatic stellars, however, our Carolina objects to the close scrutiny of his admirers.

Nothing suits him quite so well as to be heard at a distance. Even a glimpse of a bird spy stalking him for a nearer approach and he is gone with the sauciest flirt of his abbreviated tail. Just neough of his neat brown coat is seen to prove aggravating to the observer. For a brief period he darts out into the open but before the focus of the field glasses may be properly adjusted he is back in the brush pile or eclipsed by the old stump.

Perhaps none but the Chat provokes so many impatient exclamations from the bird lover so intent upon observing his many charms. One characteristic he cannot conceal however, his wonderful melodious song. It has never occurred to me that Carolina desires to hide this God-given talent under a bushel. Did he not thoroughly enjoy sounding out these perfect tones to reverberate through the woodlands, he would scarcely be so incessantly engaged in the pleasing pastime. Privately I think the gifted bird realizes his superiority over his feathered neighbors and takes a secret delight in silencing the feebler efforts offered in his vicinity.

Again I believe his exceptional modesty is only a bluff. I have very good reasons for thinking so. You may test it yourself the next time you meet Carolina in the woodlands. I have learned to take my share in the game of hide and seek when a Carolina Wren gives me the cold shoulder and disappears in the underbrush. I have found him saturated with that human weakness known as curiosity. It is rare fun to beat him at his own game when he offers this challenge. When he shows by his evident contempt, that the intruder of his domain is so far beneath his notice as to be ignored, stop suddenly and conceal your presence. Not many moments will elapse until is heard the quick flutter of nervous wings and soon the sharp eyes of the little feathered flirt will spy you out. Then again he disappears, but you understand him now and may laugh at his pretense.

As early as February you may hear him trying his vocal chords. Carolina does not hurry away to the gulf states at the approach of winter. He is another of the hardier birds that "pooh-pooh" at applying the term "north" to central Illinois. The mooted question as to whether the fortieth parallel of latitude lies in "Dixie" or north of that land of winter sunshine has never been settled by the members of the Wren family. The House Wren and Bewick's insist that the sunny south lies a day

and a night journey away, while the Winter Wren and Carolina argue by his presence that heaven is right in central Illinois.

Those acquainted with the warblings of his smaller cousins are surprised at the full toned whistle of the Carolina Wren. There are no bird notes of purer quality. His melodious trios may easily be set to the music staff. Three notes—starting with high “Do” and rapidly falling to “Sol” and then to lower “Do,” exactly duplicate his most common offering. Seldom have I heard even in his variations, other than a full true octave of eight notes in limit. Observing with such method so fine a rule in the laws of music, we must admit that the Carolina Wren is a remarkable bird. He is so enthused with his whistling talent that our Illinois days are not long enough for his rehearsals. At three in the morn before the eastern skies even hint of the approach of a new day, this sweet toned whistle rings out in the darkness.

The great secret of the ages is recognized by Carolina. Life is all too short to waste any of it in idleness and when this strenuous Wren is not singing for his own delectation he is busily attacking the hordes of bugs and worms—inimical agents of the Creator’s plan.

The erratic taste of the Wren family in the choice of nesting sites also prevails as characteristic in the Carolina. Any kind of cavity in stump, fallen log or box is good enough for him providing, of course, that the site is near unto his beloved woodlands. The first nest I remember seeing was stowed away upon the upper joists of a cabin in the woods. Another was in a fallen log while a most interesting home was in a deep cavity in the midst of a standing stump. I found this little female ensconced at the end of a tunnel in the center of the big stump which measured full nine feet in circumference. She felt so secure in this retreat that she would not leave when I peered into the entrance. She merely eyed me as though used to such proceedings.

The song of Carolina is variously interpreted. To some ears his ejaculations sound like “Jupiter-Jupiter-Jupiter.” Some one long years ago translated his song into “Te-kettle-Te-kettle-Te-kettle” and to my mind this version is about as nearly Anglicized as possible.

Food to his liking is plentiful, so Carolina follows literally the scriptural injunction to increase and multiply. He begins the arduous task of rearing families early in March and by the time the third family of six or seven youngsters appears in July, his particular part of the woodland might well resemble a Brigham Young estate when school was out. Dwellers near a small patch of woods and particularly when near a small running stream may be assured of a pair of these tenants if a can or small box or empty jug is wisely placed. Save that little patch of grove you had almost decided to raze and turn over to corn rows. Dollars are not the only needful blessings in this modern practical day.

ISAAC E. HESS

Characters and Dispositions II

The Owl and the Flicker

A pair of Flickers made a hole in a dead tree close to our house, and on June 20, 1920, the three young Flickers that were raised there were banded.

During the following winter the squirrels enlarged the hole and filled it with leaves.

The next spring a pair of Flickers came to the same hole and scolded for a while, then started a new hole about five feet lower down the tree. By making a folding perch just below the hole, they were trapped and banded as a mated pair, and on June 2, 1921 their four young were also banded.

In 1922 the Flickers came there about the middle of April and scolded as before, but finally started a new hole a little to one side of the tree, and about equal distance from each of the old holes.

On May 2nd a Blue Jay was observed making considerable fuss about the lower hole, which aroused suspicions, and with the aid of a ladder we reached the hole, and found a Screech Owl there. On removal we discovered she was sitting on five eggs which were all pipped ready to hatch, but fearing she would interfere with our Flicker family, we robbed the nest, banded the Owl and took her quite a distance from the tree before releasing her.

We had to be absent from home for about four weeks, and soon after our return we were ready to band the Flickers. We had observed that the old female wore a band but could not capture her to get the number, but the male kept his legs so well covered we were unable to see if he was banded.

On June 11th we started to band the young Flickers. Before we got our ladder, we watched the old Flickers feeding the young, and observed that the young were so old that the old birds did not enter the nest, just going to the hole and calling the young up for food, so there was no chance of capturing the old birds to see their numbers, so we climbed the ladder, and as we passed the lower hole, noticed four owl eggs of a second setting, were in the hole, but all broken.

It was necessary to saw out a piece of the tree to get our hand into the hole, and as we opened the hole, out came an owl. We were surprised and annoyed, and took out the four young Flickers and examined them very carefully, but they were not harmed in any way, so they were banded and replaced in the nest.

Our curiosity was aroused about the owl. The next morning, the 12th, we watched the old Flickers feeding same as ever, but finally decided to see if the owl was around. On reaching in the hole there was the owl, and we promptly threw her out. On examining the young Flickers, found they were unharmed.

On the 13th, everything happened just the same as on the 12th.

On the 14th the same thing was repeated, but on examining the young Flickers we found about half of some small bird which apparently the old owl had attempted to feed the young Flickers, and after putting the young back in the nest they were so far advanced that two objected to such treatment, and left the nest.

On the 15th the old Flickers were feeding same as ever, and investigation showed the old owl still brooding the young Flickers, but the remaining two also objected to the irregularities, and left.

For the next ten days we looked into all the holes, but the owl and the Flickers had all left. We have examined the holes occasionally since then, but have not found a trace of the owl.

In our experience with animals we have known cats and dogs taking other young when their own had been taken away from them, and have known chickens to hover most anything they could find, but this was the first experience with wild birds.

Grackles of Bad Repute

On Nov. 22, there were about two hundred Bronze Grackles that stopped for rest in their migration, in our yard while we were doing our morning trapping. A Junco had been trapped in one of the flat traps, and was hopping about trying to find an opening, when suddenly a Grackle made a dive from a nearby tree and tried his best to catch the Junco, then more followed until there were about twenty-five on the trap, all trying hard to catch the one poor little Junco, and one of the Grackles was successful in pulling out some of its feathers just as reinforcements arrived in the shape of a club thrown at the flock.

We believe if they had not been noticed they would have killed the Junco, as it was becoming tired from the constant dodging and surely the Grackles tried hard enough.

During the nesting season this year the Grackles spoiled nearly all the eggs of the Robins in our yard.

White Throats and Robins

In the spring 1922 issue of this Bulletin you were told about the Whitethroat Sparrows of 1921. This fall has brought some additional facts that are worth mentioning.

Number 17042 has shown an unusual disposition for tameness, and simply squats down and lets you pick it up to read its number, and is very quiet all the time it is held in the hand. Recently, when released from the trap she flew to a bush within six feet of the trap and stayed there quietly and watched while four new birds were taken out of the trap and banded, then, with a few twittering notes, flew to the ground in search of more food.

Number 17070 is a fighter of unusual ability and proclaims it in a very loud voice. As soon as the hand is put into the trap he starts his challenging, and when the hand gets near he advances to attack and springs on the hand, pecking with all his might, and never gives up a single instant while in the hand being examined, and after release flies to the nearest branch to sulk and scold.

The Whitethroats are acting just the same as last year; about a dozen staying around like regular boarders, and we expect we will have to feed them until a good storm comes and moves them southward.

The Audubon Bulletin for Fall 1921 contained an article on "Securing Life Stories by Bird Banding", which described how a male Robin that was trapped, banded and released in 1920 returned to be trapped again in 1921, and how a good looking Mother Robin was trapped and banded the same day, as 18030; later they were both trapped in a trap Robin Shelter, and proved to be a mated pair, and their family was also banded. The story ended with our hopes running high in expectation for returns in 1922.

Well, we were pleased of course when the good looking Mother Robin 18030 was again trapped in 1922, and we kept a constant watch for the Father Robin No. 57617, but we could not find him, or just where the Mother had her nest, but later the sad reason was discovered by the Park Policeman when he found a cat with a Robin, and discovered the band that proved the end of Mother Robin 18030. Now our work of proving Robin history must begin all over again, but some day we hope to be able to tell you if Robins keep the same mates through life.

WM. I. LYON

The Cahokia Mounds

A recent bulletin of the Illinois State Museum by A. R. Crook, Director, contains a noteworthy discussion of the theories relating to the origin of the Cahokia mounds and a summary of the most recent conclusions of investigators. Six years ago Professor Crook made some studies of Monks' Mound and was disposed to regard all of these mounds as of natural origin. More recent studies made in collaboration with Dr. M. M. Leighton, professor of pleistocene geology at the University of Illinois, who favored the theory that the mounds are artificial, have brought Professor Crook to support that theory. The discussion is accompanied by some very interesting photographs of the area made by aeroplane photography, the work of Lieutenant G. W. Goddard, of the Army Service. The bulletin is a valuable contribution to the study of primitive man in the Illinois area. Copies of this bulletin may be obtained upon application to the Illinois State Museum, Springfield, Illinois.

The Chickadee

A puff of snow-dust from the twig
And then appears the periwig
 Of shining black of chickadee.
He puts faint-heartedness to rout
Because he is himself so stout
Of heart—nay, were he twice as big,
 'T would pass belief of one so wee.
I've seen him oft—and so have you—
Pierce the dead mullein through and through
 To find some fat cold-storage grub.
He puts all daintiness to shame—
For daintier than that feathered frame
 There nothing is. Rub-dub-a-dub!
The feast is spread at his tattoo.
Most tender are the brave—ah, me!
When alder and witch hazel bloom,
 In all the woods is any room
For other wandering lover's plea
Save his who makes such sweet complaint
 That, were she twenty times a saint,
At last must melt his chickadee.

EDWARD R. FORD

Robin Snowball

During the last week of May, 1922, a lady living in Henry, seven miles from my home in Lacon, Illinois, hearing a commotion in her yard, glanced out of the window and saw a white baby robin on the lawn, fluttering its little wings and opening its mouth at every bird that went near it.



Photo by R. M. Barnes

The little fellow was too young to be able to fly, apparently very hungry, and seemingly deserted by its parents, for an observation extending over a considerable time disclosed no bird paying attention to this ghost-like robin. Being of kind heart, and fearing the conspicuous plumage of the helpless youngster would result in his destruction by boys or cats, she took him into the house and put him in a cage. The little fellow responded to kindness and feed, becoming very tame, taking most of his sustenance from her hand and when big enough flying over the house, following her from room to room, perched on her shoulder frequently. Later he was moved into a larger out door cage and on July 22nd was given to me and brought to my home in Lacon. Here a cage three feet wide and four feet long and four feet high was built for him, and placed under a tree on the lawn. During the summer he was an object of much interest and curiosity to visitors and grew to be a normal robin in every respect except color, though for some reason he always maintained a dirty appearance.

During my absence in August, the little rascal slipped out of the door of his cage as it was opened to put in the feed and, quick as a flash, he was gone. He remained at large until the afternoon of the next day, about thirty-six hours, when he quietly permitted one of the family to pick him up and transfer him again to his cage quarters in which he appeared thoroughly satisfied and glad to get back.

About the 1st of October I moved the now adult bird into the house and turned him loose in a conservatory with glass sides and top 9 by 18 feet in which there are many dozen plants of all kind, and began feeding him prepared bird food such as is found in the bird stores for soft billed birds. The result was magical. Robin Snowball, immediately took to bathing once or twice a day, something he had declined to do while out in the yard except in very rare instances, which without doubt, accounted

for his dirty ill-kept appearance. His feathers at once cleared up and the entire bird except the bill, legs and feet, is of absolutely snowy whiteness. The eyes are a perfect bright pink, rather large for a robin. The bill, a very light ivory, and the feet and legs pinkish white with light yellow claws. Apparently this bird is perfectly normal in every way and well satisfied with his quarters. It is very tame, eats from the hand, will come at call, and seldom, almost never, ventures out of the conservatory, though large double doors continually open lead into the dining room. He is very active in his movements, cheery in his disposition. The first thing in the morning he greets the first riser with a continuous and lengthy volume of robin conversation. He does not appear to be quite as strong or vigorous as a normally colored bird, otherwise I can see no difference whatever except his color.

I have referred to this bird as "he", but I am not certain whether Robin Snowball is he or she.

Lacon, November 27, 1922.

R. M. BARNES

Complimenting the Check List

Miss Catharine Mitchell, Secretary of the Illinois Audubon Society, has recently received a letter from the President of the National Association of Audubon Societies from which the following paragraph is quoted:

"Your Check List is excellently prepared and should be a source of delight to the field bird students throughout the state and elsewhere. I prophesy you will have to have another edition prepared before a great while, for as soon as the publication becomes known undoubtedly there will be a great demand for it. It is very much along the line of something I have had in mind for a long time for the various states in the Union, and a year ago at the annual meeting of our Board of Directors, the minutes show that I spoke of the advisability of getting out just such a publication if we could take care of the matter financially. You have forestalled this for Illinois in a most splendid fashion. My heartiest congratulations.

Yours sincerely,

T. GILBERT PEARSON, *President*

Nature Studies in the Great West

Gulls were everywhere. They hung over us in great clouds; they swarmed about the rigging, fighting for position on the wireless aerial; they trailed the ship and circled about her, their raucous cries sounding even above the hoarse scream of the whistle as the S. S. Avalon left Los Angeles harbor bound for Catalina, the "Magic Isle." These Western Gulls certainly had ear-splitting abilities. However they were protected by law in the harbor because of their value as scavengers, and I, for one, enjoyed their humorous antics and graceful flight.

Although I live in Evanston, this bright June day found me 2000 miles from home with the blue, blue waters of the Pacific about me and the ship's engines throbbing underfoot. I was first impressed by the mountains on the island. They were low for the most part, the altitude ranging from 100 to 2400 feet. The mountainous character of the land is explained by the fact that Catalina is a volcanic isle, in fact the different layers of lava can still be seen on some of the bare cliffs facing the sea.

These steep precipices are also of interest in that they are the chosen eyries of the island's largest birds, the Bald Eagles. On the tops of these precipices one could usually descry the huge pile of sticks and rubbish in which, safe from the pillaging hands of man, the young had been raised to eaglehood. Well do I remember watching the spectacular dive of an old bird from the top of a 300 foot cliff to the water not ten feet behind our boat where he seized a fish and winged his way slowly upward again to devour it.

Many of the land birds are peculiar to Catalina and the surrounding islands. One of the strangest of these is the Catalina Raven who makes the lonely canyons echo with his hoarse, weird cries. I shall never forget the evening in a wild canyon when I first heard these ghoulish sounds. At that time I was not aware that they came from the throat of a bird and will have to admit of being thoroughly frightened.

In the eaves of a summer-house, part of an unfrequented park on the mountain top, many House Finches or Linnets as they are popularly called had their nests. These were compactly woven structures composed largely of dried grasses. One of them contained five bluish eggs spotted with black; the others were occupied by young birds in all stages of development. I spent some exciting half-hours in trying to photograph these bantlings but without success.

The sweet voiced Linnet in the West replaces our brawling street gamin, the English Sparrow. How much better to see the cheery Linnet about our doorsteps than the bullying *passer domesticus*, for the former's scarlet head and breast are much more beautiful I am sure than the latter's dull plumage.

The House Finch was the commonest bird on Catalina Island, with the exception, perhaps, of the Western Mockingbird who was ever present with his remarkable repertoire, singing as jubilantly during the night as in day-time. We found the nest of one of these birds in a small tree at a height of about six feet. The bulky pile of rocks contained four greenish-blue eggs spotted with reddish-brown.

Numerous other birds were observed including the Canyon Wren, Cliff Swallow, Mourning Dove, Valley Partridge, Allen Hummingbirds, San Clemente Towhee, Man-o-war Bird. A trip to the isthmus of Santa Catalina afforded an opportunity to add two water birds to my list, namely the California Brown Pelican and the Brandt Cormorant.

On July 17 in Hollywood we picked up a tiny baby hummingbird which had evidently fallen from its nest in the Bougainvillea vine. The wee bunch of feathers regarded me doubtfully with his beady black eyes but finally deciding that I would do him no harm he settled down contentedly in the palm of my hand. The little creature was as yet unable to fly, so fearing that prowling pussies might here find a toothsome morsel we adopted him as our own. A small cage of fine wire with board bottom was immediately constructed. This we lined with cotton waste, placed our charge inside, and suspended it from the vines.

The baby seemed nearly starved so when I offered him a solution of sugar and water his needle like tongue was soon busily darting in and out licking the sweet liquid from my finger. However, when I offered this food a second time although he sipped a few drops he showed no further enthusiasm and began to cry loudly. Then as I seated myself to consider, the problem was suddenly and effectively solved. I heard a loud buzzing of wings a few shrill squeaks of delight from the youngster, and who should appear but mother hummingbird. She darted about the cage



SHE FED HER BABY IN MY HAND

and seemed very nervous. The entire top had been left open but she could not understand that there was an easy way of access. Finally, however, she alighted clinging to the side wires.

The young bird, fluttering his wings came as close to his mother as the wire would allow. Then the old bird poked her long bill into the little fellow's widely opened one and shook him vigorously. After repeating this performance several times she darted away and the baby seemed thoroughly satisfied.

But it was growing dark and the nights were chilly so I removed the cage into the house, wrapped a piece of flannel about it and said good-night to my little charge. Next morning I found him shivering and very weak, in fact it seemed that he was about to die. However the sunlight and his mother's food soon revived him. Yes, we found her perched on the telephone wire anxiously awaiting the arrival of her child.

The task of identifying the youngster now confronted me. At the museum in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, we saw mounted over three hundred species of hummingbirds ranging in size from an inch to six inches and the state of California itself contains no mean number. But after a long process of elimination I came to the conclusion that this must be the Anna Hummingbird (*Calypte anna*) a plain species averaging about three and one half inches in length. From that time on my new pet's name was "Anna". I judged him to be about three weeks old for he showed signs of restlessness and seemed eager to try his wings. Deciding that these members might need exercise I removed him from the cage to the lawn swing to allow him to try his aerial powers. Although these proved to be quite weak Anna was no coward about trying and he attempted several short flights.

During the course of the day the mother made many trips to the cage, however, she was always nervous and always on the offensive. Many other hummers hung over the Bougainvillea, which seemed to be a favorite food vine, but she allowed these intruders no peace. In fact she had more tolerance for the human race than for others of her kind for she allowed us to approach her baby without protest whereas had any bird gone near the cage I am sure that he would have regretted it. In order to test her I seated myself on the lawn near the cage with little Anna in my hand wondering if his mother would come and feed him. After an hour and a half of almost motionless waiting during which mother hummer flew about anxiously I felt her feet clasp my finger. It was a wonderful sensation to feel the grip of those tiny toes and when I slowly turned my head and out of the corner of my eye saw her feeding her eager little one my joy was supreme. Time after time I held the baby in my hand and time after time she fed it there. On the fifth day she showed little or no fear coming promptly to my hand but starting nervously at the click of the camera.

During this time the baby's wings had been growing stronger and on the seventh day he took flight from my hand to a near by fig tree, where mounting higher and higher he finally reached

the top. There he was soon joined by his astounded mother and my last glimpse of the two showed them perched contentedly in the tree top and although Anna was certainly getting a thorough shaking the unpleasantness of this was doubtless offset by the good meal which he was receiving.

MARY ELIZABETH OSBORNE, Evanston

To a Butcher Bird

Come closer, let me see your glossy coat—
You needn't fear a farmer boy like me,
For truly I enjoy your company—
Come, let me hear the song that's in your throat.
Pick up the fattest grubs my plow throws out,
And carry to that hungry brood I found
In yonder nest, high off the ground,
With feathers lined within, and twigs without.
Your acts of cruelty I long have known;
I've seen the meadow-mice, and sparrows too,
Which you impale on barb or thorny snag.
And yet, that hunter with the blood-stained bag
Who passed a while ago—he's worse than you.
You kill to live—he kills for sport alone.

WAYNE GARD

The Chicago Evening Post—Pillar to Post

A Humming Bird's Nest

From the *Decatur Junior Herald*, under the date of July 17th, we copy a letter concerning a humming bird:

I read a few weeks ago in The Herald of some of the Decatur people going out to see mocking birds. I wonder how many of the bird lovers have seen a humming bird's nest. I was lucky enough to find one this week. While digging bait as a lure for some of our finny friends in Kaskaskia river, I heard the peculiar whir of the humming bird's wings and stopped to watch.

She was just building, carrying tiny bits of cottonwood "cotton" and placing it to form a small round nest. She would fairly hammer it in place with her slender beak. This was on a Monday. On Saturday the nest was completed and the tiny mother was sitting on two eggs about the size of a hat pin head. The completed nest is about the size of the cup of a bur acorn, and it is so cleverly camouflaged with bits of green leaves as to be nearly invisible, even though it is placed on an almost bare portion of a maple limb. There the mother bird sits, perched on top of the tiny nest swaying with every breath of air, a sight that is worth going to see. Though I am 54 years old and a life long lover of birds this is my first view of a humming bird's home.

WILLIAM BULLOCK, Route 2

Natural Bird Haven Near Shawneetown

North of the quaint and interesting old town of Shawneetown, now the oldest town in the state of Illinois, lies a string of small lakes. It was my pleasure while camping there this Summer to discover a natural bird haven, in fact we found more different kinds of birds in this small area than in any other place of which we know. We camped at "Big Lake" which is the largest of these lakes and is just two and one half miles north of Shawneetown. About one hundred yards west of a row of cottages built here this summer, lies a thickly wooded area of not more than twenty acres through which runs a slough, and it was here that I spent the whole of my last afternoon, enjoying the bird life. Several varieties of warblers flitted along the slough and filled the air with their music. To a nearby bush came a Cardinal and trilled his beautiful song, some Purple Grackles came and quarrelled their way on. High in a tree the



Veery sang his song in queer conversational style. Bright patches of blue, (the Indigo Bunting,) flitted here and there. From under a brush pile hopped the Yellow-breasted Chat, and a tiny Ruby-throated Humming-bird perched himself saucily on a limb near by. We were able to identify eighteen different birds and there were several more which baffled us.

How long the conditions so favorable to the extensive bird life found here will remain undisturbed we do not know. A company bought the lake and adjoining land this Summer and have erected a hotel and cottages and have cut quite a lot of the fine cypress tree for building purposes. We took occasion to

plead with the management of the place for the protection of the birds, pointing out their value as protection for the trees and their added beauty and attractiveness to the resort.

R. V. RATHBONE

A Joke on an Ornithologist

The July 11th-17th issue of the *Rockford Republican*, tells an amusing story at the expense of some "professor-naturalist." This is the story:

Early this spring a woodpecker drilled a big, deep hole in a telephone pole which stands near Rock River, south of Rockford. A few weeks ago a lineman for the Central Union Telephone company came along and nailed a strip of tin over the entrance to the woodpecker's home.

A few days later Louis Stewart, who lives on North Second street, while fishing, heard a great commotion. Two woodpeckers were fluttering about the entrance to their home from which they had been evicted by the telephone lineman. Stewart believing in fair play for the birds, climbed the telephone pole and with a rock and a small nail managed to perforate the tin around the hole and removed it, leaving the portion of the tin about the hole nailed to the pole.

When the tin was removed the pair of woodpeckers moved into their home and again took possession. A few days later, the lineman who had evicted the birds, happened that way and saw that the tin had been removed. He thought the woodpeckers had done the job and he told his friends about it. A Rockford professor-naturalist heard of it and sought out the lineman.

The lineman guided the professor-naturalist to the woodpecker's home. The professor took a number of pictures of the nest and the pair of woodpeckers. Then he wrote a story about the unusual performance of the birds which he sold to a naturalist's magazine. The naturalist's friends are now waiting anxiously the publication of the story of how a pair of woodpeckers pecked through tin and beat a cruel landlord who evicted them from their home.

The Address is 1649-10 So. La Salle St., Chicago

Members and friends of the Illinois Audubon Society are reminded to send in orders for copies of the newly published Check List of Birds of Illinois. It sells for fifty cents a copy, postpaid. Why not buy several copies to sell to interested persons in your community? Every time you sell a copy you are doing a favor to the purchaser and helping to increase the number of intelligent observers of bird life.

Preservation of Natural Beauty

Miss Lena McCauley in the *Chicago Evening Post* for October 26th writes appreciatively of certain organizations which are working for the preservation of natural beauty. In reference to the autumn meeting of the Wild Flower Preservation Society of America, (Chicago Chapter) which took place at the Art Institute Saturday afternoon, October 28th, she observes that this society works tirelessly spring, summer and autumn, to save the wild flowers of the prairie and of the ravines of the Chicago region from destruction.

In the October sunshine the slave of the city, walled in by sky scrapers, kept from nature by the distances to the country, forgets that Illinois beyond the city limits, is a beautiful world with clear skies, handsome trees decked in crimson and golden foliage, and that even today wild asters and closed gentians are blossoming by the roadsides. Freedom, fresh air and liberty abide in the country.

The Wild Flower Preservation Society, Chicago Chapter, exists like a persistent band of missionaries in the heart of Chicago. Every little while it reminds citizens that the Lake Michigan region is one of the richest in wild flowers of the north temperate zone, of all the United States. Many of the plants of early spring, blood root, trilliums, spring beauties, mertensia, columbine and lady slipper are killed easily. If annuals are plucked there are no seeds for next year; if tender plants are up-rooted that land knows them no more.

Less than a quarter of a century ago the lovely sky-blue fringed gentian, grew by the thousands between the sand hills near Edgewater Beach and Loyola, and near the South Shore Country club. South, west and north of the city, the shooting stars, Virginia cowslips, marsh marigolds, gerardias, spring beauties, trilliums, columbines, anemones and all the early flowers listed in books, made gay the spring on the prairies, while the wild crabapples and hawthorns blossomed in May, to be followed by the flowering shrubs and field flowers of midsummer and autumn.

Today, few come with the signs of spring. The city covers the land. Automobilists pluck those that are left, or tear them out by the roots. More and more city dwellers are born who know nothing of the beauty or inspiration of the country, and who are cheated of their birthright by artificial pleasures. If the devastation of roadside flowers continues, the next generation of children will hear of wild flowers only as things of the past, and their inspiration will be lost to them.

The Wild Flower Preservation society, Chicago chapter, has a junior membership, and instructs its children in friendship of the wild flowers by means of stereopticon pictures, exhibitions and pageants.

The fifth annual mid-winter exhibit will be held at the Art Institute of Chicago, Dec. 28 to Jan. 13. The program will include Saturday afternoon lectures in Fullerton hall by speakers of note, daily presentations of motion films of plant and animal life by the Society for Visual Education, and exhibits installed by the Chicago Aquarium society. It will offer interesting object lessons in the natural sciences.

The Wild Flower Preservation Society of America is very active in Massachusetts. Like the Chicago chapter, it endeavors to secure state legislation, making it a penalty to pluck the precious annuals, such as the columbine and fringed gentian, the tender orchids and plants, such as the bloodroot and trilliums, which are easily exterminated.

The Chicago chapter, Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson, president, has supported a movement to save the wild flowers by colonizing them in suburban grounds and country estates. Some wild flowers thrive under protection and the right care. Nearly every suburb has its loyal wild flower friend, and River Forest has put up a decided fight to protect the forest preserves.

The Friends of Our Native Landscape, the Prairie club and Nature Study clubs co-operate with the Wild Flower society in hanging signs to "Spare the Wild Flowers" and endeavoring to educate the public to enjoy and not to destroy. Interested persons desiring to help in this national crusade to keep the earth as lovely as we find it, should join the Wild Flower Preservation society.

Seward School, Room 201,
4600 South Hermitage ave.

To the Illinois Audubon Society,

June 1, 1922

Dear Friends:

I am glad to belong to the Audubon Society. We put our pennies in a box and when we had a dollar, we sent it to the Illinois Audubon Society. The Membership card is hanging up in our room. We thank you for it.

We know sixteen trees. We have learned about trees by seeing the leaves and pictures. We know the shapes of the leaves and the different edges.

We have learned about wild flowers too. Our teacher, Miss Kelly, brings leaves and flowers to school. We love the song birds. We know 32 song birds from bird pictures. We love them for their beautiful songs. We love them for their beautiful colors. The birds contribute to our "Daily Bread" by eating bugs, worms and insects, and by eating weed seeds, too.

All the people must be very kind to birds. No boy in our room will ever harm a song bird.

Your little friend,
OLGA VRABLIK
Aged 9 years

THE AUDUBON BULLETIN

FALL, 1922

Published by

ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY

For the Conservation of Bird-Life

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WINNETKA

John H. Sutter

Editorial

Three weeks after this number of the Bulletin appears we are to have another session of the state legislature. That may mean something in the way of increased bird protection and more favorable conditions for the propagation of wild life. So our legislative program should be made ready. First for a brief catechism. Gentle, reader, answer the following questions:

1. In what senatorial district do you live?
2. Give name and address of your state senator.
3. Give names and addresses of the three representatives from your district.

Answer from memory. No fair looking them up just now. The Editor offers a prize of one year's subscription to Bird-Lore to the first one to send in the correct answers to the three questions. Accompany your answers with the statement that you wrote them down from memory immediately upon reading this paragraph and without any assistance whatever.

Well, what shall we ask our senator and the three representatives to support? The law granting municipalities power to restrain certain animals from running at large should be amended to include cats. Inserting the words, "and cats", in two appropriate places in the 80th item in paragraph 62 of Article 5 of the revised statutes would do it. Ask your political friends to see to that.

The Illinois Game and Fish Division, William J. Stratton, Chief Game and Fish Warden, turned in receipts in excess of expenditures last year to the amount of nearly \$28,000. In the last five years there has been a net profit to the state from this source of over \$94,000. These profits have been used for other purposes than the conservation of game and fish. This should not be. They should be used to improve the service and to invest in areas where game and fish may thrive. Tell your political friends that.

Proposed Park Area for Illinois. Two years ago a bill was introduced by Representative Harlan B. Kauffman to provide for a state park board to formulate a comprehensive system of state parks, forests, etc., and an annual appropriation of \$250,000 was to be made available for the carrying out by the department of public works of this program. The bill failed of support in the House. A similar bill will doubtless be brought up at this coming session. Your political friends should be interested in that.

Other matters of moment to all lovers of wild life may come up. The pollution of the water courses in our state and destruction of potential food resources therein continue in spite of protest. The Urbana Gas and Electric Company has been indicted on the charge of permitting chemicals from their plant to enter the waters of Salt Creek. A corporation at Aurora is charged with polluting the waters of Fox River and killing the fish. Chicago continues to wash its filth down the Illinois Valley. Perhaps there is a legislative way to checkmate this.

There is a possibility that the friends of the Quail will propose a five year closed season at this time. Now that a Federal Court has ruled that the Mourning Dove is a migratory bird, there may be an effort to remove this bird from the list of game birds of Illinois. For sentimental reasons alone the Audubonites will wish to speak a word for these birds. The Quail is coming to be regarded as an economic necessity. Let us try to persuade sportsmen to join with us in protecting the Quail. Tell your political friends how you feel about that.

A New Edition

It is gratifying to be able to announce the appearance of the second edition of *The Birds of New York* by Elon Howard Eaton, and published and issued as a memorial of the New York State Museum. It is in two large quarto volumes, beautifully printed, and illustrated by excellent drawings and half tones and by 106 large color plates of birds after original paintings by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. The first edition has been out of print for some years and the appearance of the second edition is peculiarly welcome for that reason. This exceedingly valuable work is distributed by the state of New York at cost, this being six dollars for the two volumes plus the postage. The work can be obtained by addressing the New York State Museum, Albany, New York. It might be added that the colored plates can be obtained separately in a portfolio at the nominal cost of one dollar for the entire portfolio. The plates thus issued in separate form are not printed on as heavy paper as in the bound volumes and lose somewhat in value because of that, but even as it is, a portfolio of such valuable colored plates at the price mentioned is an exceptional bargain.

Belvidere

Mrs. Clara Lampert, Deputy Clerk of the Circuit Court, sent in an article which appeared in the *Belvidere Daily Republican* in early May, and together with some notes made in May by Alfred Engstrom, a young and enthusiastic observer whose reports are carefully made. Mrs. Lampert adds some September notes of her own. The newspaper article was by Mrs. Cleland and is as follows:

This is the list of birds seen by a Boone County, Illinois farmer's wife, who has never gone on a bird-hunt, but has seen these birds at her home or along the roads. Between January 1 and April 25, she has identified 35 species of birds, a few new ones, but mostly old friends:

All winter the crows flew past—east in the morning, west at night; the marsh hawk, easily identified by its ring tail, floated over the fields, the horned larks ran along the roads; the red headed woodpecker lived well on grains or corn from the silage wagon carrying them to an oak tree; downy and hairy woodpeckers ate suet from a maple tree near the kitchen door; the prairie chickens and blue jays stay the year around; a brown creeper was seen in Belvidere.

The first migrants seen were the wild geese, wild ducks, juncoes and killdeer. Song sparrows, robins, grackles, red winged blackbirds and bluebirds were seen in March, and the hermit thrush picked up crumbs with the robin and song sparrow during the sleet storm. The "new" birds were the redpoll, which was seen twice, and the ruby crowned kinglet, seen several times during first week in April. The winter wren made his third annual visit, appearing at 5 a. m. under the bedroom window.

The house wrens are here, and the other two woodpeckers—the yellow bellied sapsucker and the flickers. The belted kingfisher, the solitary sandpiper and the great blue heron have come back to the stream. The loggerhead shrike is following the disc, getting worms. Vesper sparrow, white throat sparrow, brown thrasher, rusty blackbird and mourning dove complete the list to April 25, 1922.

Alfred Engstrom's notes were made on the ninth of May and consist of the birds he saw that day:

Magnolia, Chestnut-sided, Redstart, Yellow, Golden-winged, Canada, Nashville, Black-and-white Creeping, Cape May, Tennessee, Black-throated Green, Black-throated Blue, Oven Bird, Catbird, Red-headed Woodpecker, Robin, Bronzed Grackle, Cowbird, Baltimore Oriole, Blue Jay, Ruby-crowned Kinglet, Screech Owl, Purple Martin, Chimney Swift, Ruby-throated Humming Bird, Phoebe, White-throated Sparrow, Red-breasted Nuthatch, Wood Thrush, Mourning Dove, Killdeer Plover, Brown Thrasher, Field Sparrow, Green Heron, Flicker, Bank Swallow, Belted

Kingfisher, Black-crowned Night Heron, Spotted Sandpiper, Kingbird.

Mrs. Lampert's list represents her observations in one day from a window looking out on a small city lot on a principal street:

Black-and-white Creeping, Black-throated Blue, Canadian, Cape May, Connecticut, Kentucky, Louisiana Water-Thrush Magnolia, Myrtle, Ovenbird, Palm, Prairie, Redstart, Tennessee, Yellow.

Other birds seen same day.

Carolina Wren, Catbird, Robins, Blue Jays, Olive-back Thrush, Hermit Thrush, Wood Thrush, Veery, Red-eyed Vireo.

Decatur

The Decatur Bird and Tree Club is entering enthusiastically upon the new year in the consciousness that the Decatur Lake is an accredited bird preserve by the action of the State of Illinois. The water impounding project just completed has thrown the old Sangamon river into a broad expanse of water ten miles long which promises much to the lover of bird life. Already Decatur people are seeing that ducks and wild geese arriving here are conscious of their protection.

The membership of the club last year numbered 262 Senior members and 517 Junior members, and the effort has been made to interest the public in the protection of bird life through the various activities of the organizations, lectures, hikes and junior organizations as well as through the study classes.

Mr. Henry Oldys of Silver Spring, Maryland, gave two interesting lectures, beautifully illustrated, afternoon and evening of May 16, 1921. In the fall Mr. Orpheus M. Schantz, President of the Illinois Audubon Society, gave an interesting and instructive talk to the club.

Mr. H. D. Spencer of our own organization gave an illustrated lecture on the growing of nut trees, specializing on the budding and grafting.

The Junior Department has organized clubs in eight of the Decatur schools in which birds are studied, the children taking great delight in the trips to the woods where the wild birds may be seen to best advantage. Drills from the chart are given the children by the teacher in recognition of the birds, one teacher allowing those who could name all the birds to act as hike leader, taking a group of children out for study. The Bird and Tree Club furnished each Junior Club a bird chart and literature.

The Decatur Club has the coöperation of the Decatur City Planning Commission and of the "School Beautiful" committee of the Parent-Teachers Association, which is shown in the planting, shrubbery for the school grounds being chosen which gives protection and food for the birds.

The Protection department of the club has had sparrow traps made which have been passed around over the city and are doing active service in getting rid of the English sparrow, one man having disposed of about 500 of these birds. An effort was made to get a city cat ordinance, but the city attorney reported that a cat law cannot be successful until there is a state law upon which to base enforcement.

The Club hikes have been an important feature in the club's bird study. Two hikes were taken each Sunday, morning and afternoon, from March 13 to May 20, all of the common birds having been seen and more rare ones were seen passing through our locality. It was learned that one member of the club has seen a pair of mocking birds every month in the year on his farm one mile north of Decatur. Few in our vicinity knew that the mocking bird nested in our locality, to say nothing of looking upon it as a permanent resident. The nest of a blue grey gnat catcher was found by two members of the club, the only ones of that variety reported in this vicinity.

The Decatur club has had a rare advantage in the bird song study that has proved fascinating. The President of the club, Mr. W. B. Olds, Professor of singing in the Millikin Conservatory of Music, has made a special study of bird songs, composing charming studies based on bird song themes. Mr. Old's recital of his songs was a much enjoyed program. These songs are sung effectively by several of the young women students and are used in Millikin kindergarten. The study of the bird song has given an added charm to the study of our feathered friends.

That the interest in birds is growing in Decatur is evidenced by the fact that many homes have become veritable bird sanctuaries, the drinking and bathing pan being always supplied with water and shrubbery is planted that gives the needful food and protection.

Report of the Committee on Trees of the Decatur Bird Club

This committee has concentrated its efforts along two lines, in addition to efforts to advance a general knowledge of trees among its members.

In the fall of 1920, The Bureau of Plant Industry, at Washington, sent forty-five slides for an illustrated address on the "Value of Nut Trees for Food and Shade." The address was delivered before the Macon County Farm Bureau. It was intended to show how the farm homes could be made more attractive by planting nut trees about the home, such as the Almond, Walnut, Filbert, Hazelnut, Chestnut, Pecan, Chinquapin, Hickory, Butternut and Persimmon, instead of the Box Elder, Soft Maple and the Poplars.

It was also shown that rough pasture land which is not capable of cultivation, could be made more profitable if planted to nut trees, than choice land planted to corn or wheat.

As a result of that campaign, one hundred fourteen (114) nut trees of various kinds were planted by citizens of Decatur,

In the fall of 1921, the same committee undertook the task of making planting plans for bird sanctuaries on small lots. Many city lots can be made attractive to birds in two ways. One is to have a group of food bearing shrubs and trees, so the birds may be supplied with the fruits and foods they enjoy. The other way of attracting the birds, is to have a group of thickly growing shrubs and trees so the nests of the birds may be concealed, the brooding mothers having a sense of safety and protection for their young.

A plan for a "Birds' Berried Corner", also a "Birds' Nesting Corner" was presented by the committee with diagrams and list of shrubs and trees suitable for that purpose.

In February, the Bureau of Plant Industry of Washington sent more than forty slides illustrating various methods of budding and grafting, also some typical plantings of trees for public highways.

Through the courtesy of Macmillan & Company, of New York, publishers of Dr. Morris' book on "Nut Culture", the committee was allowed to use the illustrations in that book, explaining new and important discoveries in budding and grafting, made by Dr. Morris.

Through the hearty co-operation of the Art Department of the James Millikin University, slides were made of some of the engravings in that book.

By this means the members of the Club had fully explained the latest methods of propagation of trees of various kinds.

The Committee on Trees feels much encouraged. So far this year, fifty different trees have been ordered for members. Four different landscape plans applied for and three different owners of farm lands are arranging to plant nut orchards on their holdings.

H. D. SPENCER, Chairman

Glencoe

Frederick W. Hill sends in the following note from Glencoe under date of August 9.

I took my little girl out this morning, to show her a Goldfinch's nest, which is on the outer end of the lowest limb (about head high), of a large hawthorn tree near my house. The tree is really in the back yard of a neighbor's place, but it is a large place and the nest is not near the house. The tree must be at least 30 feet in diameter, so the nest is 15 or 20 feet from the trunk. There are 4 young in it still in the hairy-downy stage.

The nest is the usual compact affair, perfectly round at the top and built of fine grasses of different kinds and lined with the usual thistle-down. The exterior is decorated with dabs of cotton from the cotton wood trees.

I did not go to the nest immediately, wishing to watch the mother bird. She was in a nearby tree, not particularly perturbed, but calling to her young in a very sweet, high note, that sounded rather ventriloquistic, a constant call that one could easily imagine was "baby, baby, baby, sweet baby, babe, baby." When I finally looked into the nest she stopped her call entirely and was silent, probably was more perturbed, but did not show it outwardly by sound or motion of any kind. The male was not in evidence. Perhaps it was a widow's home.

In the same tree, not ten feet distant was the nest of a cedar waxwing, about 15 feet from the ground. The bird was setting or at least covering her young. I could not see in. This nest also had the same cotton-wood cotton dabs on its exterior. In an adjoining hawthorn, about 20 feet up, is a robin's nest with the usual white rag in its make up. One parent bird was feeding angle worms to its young and the other was going to a nearby wild grape vine and gathering grapes, several at a time which it apparently swallowed, but perhaps it fed them to the young later, merely "half swallowing" them for the purpose of carrying them. I picked up a robin on the ground, not yet able to fly, as its feathers were not yet large enough, and I am sure it was one from the same nest, which had escaped a little earlier than its brothers.

On my way out I observed that the young from a cedar waxwing's nest in my back yard were just out of the nest. One of the young was sitting on a wire fence trying to balance itself. Its feathers were still too short for much flying. Its wings looked dark, its back was grayish, it had the black line through the eye, and the tip of its little tail (it was not a quarter of an inch long) showed golden. The mother was much worried at our presence and was hovering in front of it with a red berry in her mouth, (either one of my very ripe currants or a wild cherry not yet ripe) trying to induce it to fly to a safer place. I watched the construction of this nest which was started July second. It took a week to build, the birds being very leisurely about it, doing a little work every morning, and both assisting. Waxwings are real helpmates to each other, in all their married activities, always being close together, and one adult often feeding the other. There are no brawls or rolling pins in their home life and no back talk, unless it is in the sign language, for there is never a note out of them except the familiar beady one that is hardly audible. This nest also had the cottonwood dabs on its outside.

I noticed last Sunday, August fifth, that the first assembling of martins was being held on a telegraph wire in my back yard. Each year this occurs about this time and the number is about 32, I presume it is the adults and their families that live in the nearest martin house, say about five pairs and their newly raised young of about four or five per family. A little later

this group "on the wire" will be augmented to 60, being joined by the proceeds from another martin house a little further off. Later, over near the Skokie Club, there will be a group of several hundred on the wires, then I believe the grand gathering for all the martins in the towns adjacent to Winnetka is the roof of "Billie" Ott's house, on the edge of the seventh hole at Indian Hill Golf course, for there are literally thousands there. Then the final rendezvous for all the martins of the North side is a small woods on the west of Sheridan Road about one block south of Central street. This occurs about August 28th. There are literally tens of thousands there. The mere murmuring of their voices, (not their song) is a roar, as they get ready for the night's roosting. If you have not seen this flocking you ought to make it a point to take it in. It probably is the meeting of all the martins of Northern Illinois along the Lake, and they may all be there from all the way to the North Pole, for all I know.

FREDERICK W. HILL

Meeting of Indiana Audubon Society and Nature Study Club



SECRETARY EVANS IN ACTION

On May 12-13 a joint meeting of the Indiana Audubon Society and Nature Study Club was held in the City of Indianapolis, which proved that Hoosiers live up to their reputation for hospitality, talent and versatility. The reports brought back from previous meetings were so enthusiastic, that this year the writer decided to see for himself, and attended the second days meeting, at which time the program announced field trips, a pageant, and a chicken dinner to wind up the days entertainment.

The first day was devoted to business meetings followed by a lecture by our good friend Norman McClintock, who made his first appearance in Indianapolis. As in Chicago, Mr. McClintock's pictures captivated his audience, and the reception given him delighted him for he reported one of the pleasantest experiences of his lecture work. An informal reception was held following the lecture, when Mr. McClintock was given an opportunity to meet more than 200 of Indiana's ardent nature lovers.

The entire forenoon of the second day—Saturday—was devoted to field trips along the several waterways skirting the city, and through a beautiful private estate. After lunch all adjourned to a fine woodland outside the city limits to attend the

pageant. The walk to the scene of the pageant was along a picturesque old canal, lined on either side with very interesting forest growth which made ideal cover for many birds. The pageant was given by handsome maidens large and small, the



THE PAGEANT

“little ones” being dressed to represent different birds. “Johnny Appleseed” appeared later leading an old farm horse and scattering seed among the spectators and dancers. After the pageant, adjournment by another wooded path brought the hungry spectators to the place of the Chicken Dinner. This was a spacious farm house with a roomy porch across the front and on one

side. 75 members and guests sat down “and ate, and ate, and ate, until they couldn’t stuff another mouthful.” For an hour after dinner, Mr. Evans, Secy. of the Indiana Audubon Society, acted as toastmaster. All of the responses were spontaneous, no subjects having been announced, and most of the speakers being unaware that they were to be called upon. A very delightful talk was given by Dr. Frank B. Wynn, of the Nature Study Club, who less than three months later lost his life while mountain climbing in Glacier Park. Dr. Wynn’s death is a great loss to Indiana as he was an enthusiastic and outspoken champion of all the things out-of-doors that needed protection.

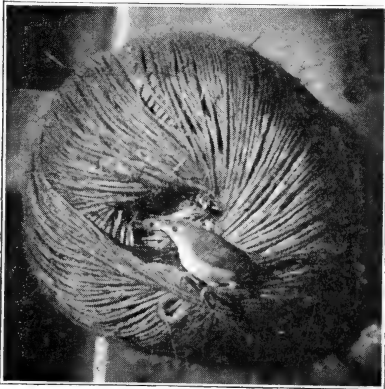
The writer was much impressed by the efficiency and enthusiasm of the joint meeting, and strongly recommends that next year’s Indiana meeting be attended by a goodly delegation
O. M. S.

Some Notes from Jo Daviess County

Last year at the close of the harvest season, a partly used ball of binder twine was hung upon a nail in a machine shed on the Cramer farm in Jo Daviess county. This spring a pair of wrens made it their home. Nesting material was brought until the hollow space in the ball was full enough to suit them. One long twig which was left to protrude from the doorway was used as a perch. The young were hatched when we attempted to photograph the nest, and both parents were making frequent visits with food. We tried several days before we succeeded in getting the accompanying picture. We were using only an ordinary 4x5 camera, and our problem was to take a snap shot in a rather darkly shadowed part of the shed. We procured

a large mirror, and one of us took up the task of trying to keep a patch of sunlight reflected on the nest, while the other stayed by the camera. After a time the parent birds ceased to have much fear of the queer looking object set up so near to their home, and we finally succeeded in getting this picture of a very alert, rather suspicious parent bird just ready to enter with a fat green worm.

After the nestlings had left the nest the twine ball was emptied, and we were much surprised at the coarseness of the lining. The material had evidently been gathered from a nearby plum thicket and consisted mostly of stout knotty twigs. Even the lining was scarcely any finer and it seemed a very rude home for such tiny baby birds.



July sixteenth an albino robin appeared in a bur oak grove remained for nearly a week feeding about. We saw it frequently, but saw no color excepting the pink of the eyes, beak and feet. It had a queer habit of standing on one leg, altho the leg appeared to be normal. It seemed to be continually tagging the other robins about rather than being a member of any flock. We had difficulty at first in identifying it as a robin, altho we were sure it was a thrush from its

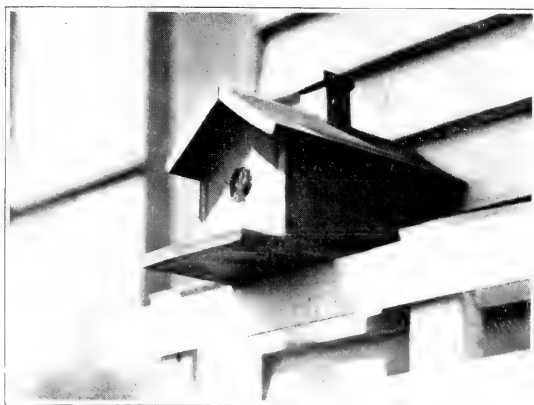
shape. We identified it of a surety by its voice and later we saw it frequently with other robins.

A neighbor found a gold-finch's nest in a tall common thistle. The nest was exquisitely made of fibres and lined with thistle down. There were five eggs and later five baby birds. The thistle plant stood alone in an open pasture field, but the nest, built into the heart of the bushy plant was quite well hidden.

EDGAR EISENSTADT
BERTHA CRAMER

Moline

The fall migration brings to mind the interesting visit we had during the entire past winter with a red-headed woodpecker, unusual, too, in that these birds are seldom seen in our parts during the cold winter months. Early last fall this brightly colored fellow was busy about two wren houses I had placed over the rose trellis just outside the sun room windows and which had been without tenants, the echo of his tapping reverberating through the house. Thinking he was hammering at the house entrance to enlarge it that he might enter I went out one Sunday afternoon to investigate and found that not the



least tap had been made on the house itself. My curiosity becoming further aroused I secured a ladder and found on investigation bits of oak bark and acorns pushed through the small entrance. From this time on we gave the feathered beauty considerable attention and found he was filling both houses and had the openings sealed with grass and mud. He stayed with us the entire winter coming often to sit upon the porch of the wren houses bathed in the winter's sun, but made no attempt to disturb his treasure, probably due to the fact that the winter was an open one and very little snow and to the fact that we provided a feeding place for such as desired to partake. This spring when Mr. Woodpecker seemed to have forgotten his treasure house and it was time to prepare for possible tenants I took down both houses, after photographing them in position, and found store or food provided by the bird. The contents of each house weighed a trifle over 12³/₄ ounces and contained 201 and 203 pieces of bark and acorns respectively, the acorns being quite dry due to the bark. Many folks to whom we related the incidents said it was the work of a squirrel but eye witnesses of several of the family easily disproved this as we would from time to time see Mr. Woodpecker bring some of his treasure and put it into the house then perched there continue pecking and hammering away until he had by repeated trips completely filled the houses as I discovered upon opening them in the spring.



I gave one of the houses to the Boy Scouts Headquarters of this city for its bird exhibit and still retain the other although it has made several trips to various school rooms as an interesting lesson to the children of the provision the bird makes for an emergency (its thrift being in the

fact that he wasted no room in storing the crowns or caps which would have little food value but brought only the nut part, there being but one cap in one house and four in the other. The enclosed picture show how completely he had filled the houses and with what skill and cunning he had sealed them. We looked in vain for him to repeat his store gathering in two new houses placed in the trellis but he has already gone south.

Port Byron

Another interesting report from the Mississippi region in the vicinity of Port Byron is sent in by Mr. J. J. Schafer. Mr. Schafer writes:

With the exception of one bad storm on July 9th, the weather was very favorable for the breeding birds in this vicinity during June and July. Traill's Flycatcher and the Yellow-breasted Chat again failed to come, and only one Bell's Vireo was heard singing on May 27th. Killdeers were here all spring and summer but we never found any nests. Mourning Doves were common; three pairs nested in our garden, and two or three pairs in the orchard. One pair in the garden laid three sets of eggs, and were successful in raising several young. One nest in the orchard for some time contained one young and one egg and when the young was about half-grown, the remaining egg hatched.

Most of the early Bob-white nests were destroyed by mowers. One nest was found in the grass beside a fence post, but for some reason was abandoned. One nest with 16 eggs was found in the hay field after the mower had passed over it, but it probably was already abandoned, as the eggs were discolored by rain. They always have better success with their second nests. I noticed several large coveys during August and September, most of them being young birds.

In the spring a pair of Sparrow Hawks took possession of a Flicker house, but we took it down and scared them away; we did not want them here during the breeding season because they kill nestlings and other small birds.

A pair of Crested Flycatchers built a nest in an old willow limb which had been set up besides a fence post, but they soon disappeared, and some time thereafter I found where a cat had eaten one of them, nothing being left but the wings and some feathers.

A pair of Yellow Warblers—the first ones since 1917, built a nest in a peach tree in our garden and were successful in raising a brood of young; a pair of Cedar Waxings raised a brood of three young in a crab tree in front of the house.

Dickcissels were common this year. There were about six pairs in a 13 acre field of clover and timothy, but all of their nests were destroyed by the mower. Three nests were found

on June 14th along the public highway in front of our place; one nest was destroyed by the mower, the second nest was built in some poison ivy on a fence post and contained some shells of Dickcissels' eggs and one cowbird egg, and another cowbird egg was lying on the ground. The third nest was also built in poison ivy on a fence post; it was very well concealed and contained four Dickcissel eggs. Most of them built nests again and raised



Photo by Richard Churchill

marked the location, and were careful not to drive over it with the haying tools.

There were not so many Cliff Swallows here as last year; only about 75 nests were built, last year there were over 90. On June 23rd, many of the young Swallows were out of their nests and sitting on the telephone wires. On the night of July 7th, something broke and enlarged the entrances of about one third of the nests. It probably was a pair of Great Horned Owls that broke the nests, as they were heard hooting on a spruce tree in front of the house during the night, and they also sometimes sit on the top of the barn. The owls were probably attracted to the nests by the squeaking noise which the young Swallows made during the night. The next day no Swallows were about, and no young could be heard in the nests. Several days afterwards some of the Swallows returned and occupied some of the nests, and later on raised their second brood of young.

Our Martins raised many young this year, the first ones came out of their house on June 30th, and the last ones August 3rd. They began to flock and sit on our windmill on July 23rd and were all gone by the middle of August.

The weather was very hot and dry during August and September. The first half of October was also very dry, with a few days of cool weather. The first migrant to come from the North was a Solitary Sandpiper on July 17th, and on the evening of July 19th a Heron was heard squeaking as it was flying southward. On August 15th and 16th a Little Blue Heron stayed in the slough back of our barn. It was very tame, and came into the barnyard several times and alighted on the buildings.

some young. On August 3rd, a nest built in a weed under a barbed wire fence was found in which there were three large young, and another pair had built in the top of an apple tree in front of our house.

A pair of Grasshopper Sparrows raised a brood of three young after the mower had passed over their nest; the nest was built in a depression, and on a level with the surface of the ground. After we saw one of the birds fly from the nest, we

Following is my list of birds "first seen" this fall: Night-hawk, August 22; Tennessee Warbler, September 3; Marsh, September 8; Red-tailed Hawk, September 9; Red-shouldered Hawk, September 16; White-throated Sparrow, September 17; Myrtle Warbler, September 18; Rusty Blackbird, September 18; Western Meadowlark, September 21; Winter Wren, September 24; Ruby-crowned Kinglet, September 28; Fox Sparrow, October 1; Rough-legged Hawk, October 3; Brown Creeper, October 6; Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, October 7; Slate-colored Junco, October 10; Hermit Thrush, October 15.

I never saw so many Bluebirds migrating, as there are this fall. Every day during September and the first part of October they could be heard calling as they flew over. The Red-headed Woodpeckers left early and were nearly all gone by the first of September. Teals were reported to be numerous on the Mississippi River about the middle of September. One party said there were thousands. The coldest weather we had this fall was on the morning of October 12th, when the thermometer registered 32 degrees, and at the time of writing this, the leaves on the trees in the woods are nearly all green yet.

J. J. Schafer

River Forest

A Tiny Patient

September twenty-seventh a small lad rushed breathlessly into my room with a beating heart in a fluff of green feathers carefully treasured in his hand.

"This humming bird flew against the electric wires in front of our house and hurt one of its wings! I was so glad he was not killed," he exclaimed.

I took the tiny bird in my hand and directed the lad to purchase some sugar from the nearest grocery. When he returned I had placed the patient in a fish bowl on a bed of cotton, with a twig, in case it should be able to perch. It was pitiful to see the fright of the little thing. I quickly made a solution of sugar and water in a dainty white shell and dipped the slender bill

into it. The delicate, needle-like tongue shot back and forth cleaning off the bill each time. I repeated the process several times during the morning but the creature was too frightened to feed naturally. By noon all fear had gone and when the bill touched the liquid, it voluntarily remained taking a generous portion. The tiny tongue darted in and out and it swallowed

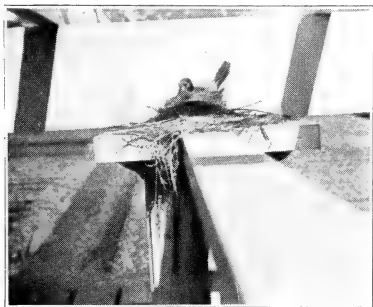


Photo by Richard Churchill

eagerly. Several times during the afternoon it fed but with no movement of the wings.

Charles Hopkins, a twelve year old boy, took the bird home that night and I was unexpectedly called out of town for four days. Charles tells what treatment was given to the humming bird for the next six days.

"The first day of captivity the little bird had a second fright in the journey home in the fish bowl. Soon he gathered strength and flew out of the uncovered bowl to a height of two feet from the table on which it was placed, then fell heavily to the floor his strength being spent.

"For two days after this little incident, the bird was fed regularly about seven times a day with the sugar and water mixture, sticking out his long tongue but never perceptibly opening his bill. He seemed to enjoy feeding from the depths of a petunia, or gently sucking the end of a cloth-covered toothpick dipped in home-made nectar. Soon another article of food was added to his diet, some of the little aphids often found on the stems of asters.

"From the first he improved rapidly, particularly in the regaining of his equilibrium. Before many days had passed he was able to perch on a toothpick with perfect ease. His wings also increased in strength. The interior of the bowl was a splendid place for him to try wing practice. Often our entire family was startled by a hollow humming noise, better heard than described. Upon inspection he proved to be but moving his wings so rapidly through the air that a humming sound was produced, and made much greater by the shape of the bowl in which he was confined.

"One afternoon he opened his sharp beak for the first time to a width of half an inch. He seemed to want something to eat which we were unable to give him. His strength increased daily and he made repeated short flights about the room. Perching on a tiny twig after its bath, it hummed continually in its efforts to dry its silky green wings. I took him out among the salvia plants where he was very fond of sipping honey from them with his long beak. The tiny twig which was tightly held by his feet suddenly became very buoyant as his wing movements continued. Suddenly I let go of the stick intending to let the humming bird fly to the ground. The twig alone reached the ground for the little bird rose slowly and steadily through the air, looking precisely like a giant green and white bumble bee, with its tail turned straight down to the ground. Presently he rested on a twig about twenty feet high where the pleasant humming of his wings could plainly be heard. Here he rested for about five minutes, then suddenly flew like a streak, so fast I lost sight of him. I lingered about the spot for nearly half an

hour hoping to see him again but I did not. As October third was followed by three days of mild weather I trust the little fellow reached the sunny south without further accident."

ESTHER A. CRAIGMILE

Rockford

Five hundred bird homes were added to the public parks of Rockford, Ill., this year through the co-operation of Rockford Park District, manual training department of the city's public schools and Edgar E. Bartlett. Mr. Bartlett, who is a great lover of birds, conducts a public campaign each spring in the interest of bird life through his daily newspaper, *The Register-Gazette*. The campaign this year was the most successful yet held in point of practical bird homes obtained and interest aroused.

Details of the campaign were arranged at a conference early in March of the eleven manual training instructors, Thomas Bjorge, supervisor of Manual Arts; E. E. Lewis, superintendent of city schools; Paul B. Riis, superintendent of the park district, and Mr. Bartlett. The latter offered nineteen prizes, four for each manual training grade and three special ones, with use of the news columns of the *Register-Gazette* for stimulating publicity. Students receiving bird houses were to receive credit for the work.

Owing to a large number of the houses built in former contests being impractical bird homes and useless after the contest, it was decided to have all houses this year built according to plans and specifications prepared by Superintendent Riis of the park district. Each class of students was furnished with a set of plans and specifications for the houses to be built. Copies of Bird Lore were furnished each student to further aid him in his work.

In addition to the cash prizes awarded builders of the best entries in the campaign all boys building houses were the guests of the *Register-Gazette* and park commission on a boat ride on Rick river and wiener roast at Dr. Warren M. Miller's "Idlewild" farm on Memorial Day.

In order to establish a real competitive basis, restrictive classes were provided, confining the pupil to build wren, blue bird, flicker nesting box, or robin shelving box. Those who desired, could build martin houses. Several very fine types of these were built.

The plans furnished were not arbitrary, excepting as to dimensions of boxes, location and size of entrance holes, and such other items of construction necessary to the building of successful bird houses. In fact, every encouragement was held



TWO OF THE PRIZE WINNERS

constructive work for our feathered friends.

Furthermore, where it was to be expected that there would be little choice between the various exhibits, where all houses are built from the same stereotyped plans, a surprisingly large amount, in fact the greater percentage were artistic and tasty boxes, built according to the builders own perception of art, to be sure, plus the fundamentals of good bird house essentials fully incorporated.

The manual training instructors entered into the work in a fine spirit of enthusiasm, with the result that when the campaign closed on May 27 almost 500 neat little "Bird Bungalows" had been completed. Previous to their delivery to the park district the houses were placed on exhibition in the display windows of the Charles V. Weise dry goods store to further interest the public in the bird life movement and give an idea of the work being accomplished by the manual training department of the schools.

PAUL B. RIIS

A good library for the winter months: Baynes' Wild Bird Guests; Chapman's Our Winter Birds; Pearson's The Bird Study Book; The Check List of Birds of Illinois. Write to the Illinois Audubon Society, 10 South LaSalle St., Chicago.

Rock Island

A Home Made Bird Bath

Much has been said and written on the subject of attracting birds to our homes through supplying bird baths and drinking fountains, but because there is still room for more of them, I would like to describe the bath shown in the accompanying photographs.

We had observed so many interesting incidents when only small basins had been supplied, that we concluded a larger bath would multiply the pleasure of both birds and observers, but as the fountains offered on the market seemed too expensive, be-

out to the pupil, to give full rein to his imagination. The result exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Of the 500 boxes built, there were less than ten, which would prove impractical and only two of these, which were entirely useless. Thus every effort went into good con-

sides the cost of installing pipes for running water, we decided to build a pool ourselves.

This particular bath did not even require a man to build it, but was made by the feminine members of the family. The pool measures five feet across, is about five inches deep in the center, and gradually slopes out toward the edge, as the birds will not jump at once into deep water. The fountain shown in one of the illustrations, is a small brass garden sprinkler, attached to a short length of hose, and was used only during extremely hot weather, to keep the water in the pool fresh and cool. The cost of the pool was \$2.25 for cement and sand, and \$.75 for the spray. The cost of the labor was fully compensated for when the first visitor arrived—a male Baltimore oriole.

The pool is just outside a screened porch, but our presence on the porch did not in the least disturb or frighten the birds, and being so close, we spent many delightful hours watching them.

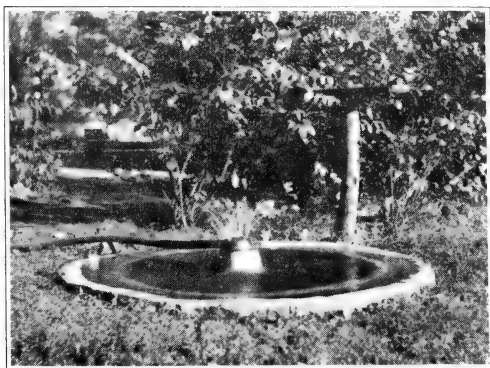
While not nearly all of the many species observed in our yard, visited the pool, still, during the season the bath was visited by Flickers, Downy and Redheaded Woodpeckers, Chebecs, Blue Jays, Baltimore Orioles, Grackles, Goldfinches, Chewinks, Juncos, Cardinals, Rose-breasted Grosbeaks, Red-eyed and Yellow-throated Vireos, Redstarts, Chestnut-sided, Bay-breasted and Blackburnian Warblers, Catbirds, Brown Thrashers, House Wrens, Chickadees, Kinglets, Veerys, Olive-backed and Hermit Thrushes, Robins, and even a pair of Screech Owls. Probably there were more that we did not happen to see.

Directly back of the pool, we erected a food shelf which rivals the bath in popularity. The pictures were taken too late in the season (October 21) to show anything but English Sparrows although a Hermit Thrush had been observed the last three evenings bathing, at 5:15, too late in the day to take a picture. Nor do the illustrations show the beauty of the foliage, since the frost has already destroyed the flowers, but this is a field where each can carry out his own ideas making the fountain an extremely attractive

as well as useful feature of any garden.

I am sure if more people knew the amount of enjoyment they would derive in return for the much needed water they would supply our feathered friends, the number of bird baths in a community would be greatly increased.

Nellie E. Peetz



In Memoriam--Edgar Lindgren



On August 12 last, United States game warden, Edgar A. Lindgren, while patrolling some woods north of Council Bluffs, Iowa, was shot down at close range by two Italians whom he had found with wild ducks in their possession in direct violation of state and federal game laws. These same Italians shot and seriously wounded their unarmed companion in an effort to prevent his giving evidence against them. The warden lived long enough to tell his story and the wounded Italian eventually recovered. The criminals were arrested and one has been given a long penitentiary sentence.

No report from the trial of the other two has been received.

Edgar A. Lindgren was a graduate of Bowen High School in Chicago. While at that school he had joined the bird club known as the Bowen Bird Boosters which has been in active existence for nearly ten years. This Club has affiliated with the Illinois Audubon Society and in that way young Lindgren was a member of our Society. It is said that in his earlier school years he had regarded birds as very useful targets for his marksmanship, but under the influences surrounding him at Bowen High School he became an enthusiastic protector of birds. He furnished his yard as a bird preserve and fed birds during the winter.

After his graduation from Bowen High School he joined the navy where he served for about a year. He returned to civil life with his old ambition to do something for the birds and began his work as a Federal Game Warden where his advancement was rapid. He was married about this time to Miss Leona Marble. His untimely death in the performance of duty brings forcibly home to all of us the realization of how much educational work remains to be done to secure co-operation to protect the best things in life.

Mr. Raymond Lussenhop, President of the Bowen Bird Boosters, informs us that it is the plan of his associates to have a framed picture of Edgar Lindgren in the zoology laboratory of the school. It has been suggested that the bird fountain to be placed in the school yard by the Club on its tenth anniversary be named the Lindgren Memorial Fountain.

THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY recommends the organization of Junior Audubon Societies under one or the other of the following plans:

First plan: Organize under the auspices of the National Association of Audubon Societies and take advantage of the special offer to pupils made possible by generous patrons of the Society. Each member paying ten cents will receive a set of six educational leaflets with colored pictures and outline drawings for coloring with crayons. Each member will also receive the Audubon button which represents a badge of membership in a Junior Audubon class. Each teacher who organizes a class of twenty or more receives a year's free subscription to *Bird-Lore*, the official organ of the Association. Address the Secretary, 1749 Broadway, New York City.

Second plan: Organize under the auspices of the Illinois Audubon Society. Each pupil is to pay fifteen cents for a copy of "*Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard*" published by the United States Government, copies to be obtained either from the Secretary of the Illinois Audubon Society or by sending directly to the Superintendent of Documents at Washington, D. C. To each member of a group provided with this beautifully illustrated bulletin the Illinois Audubon Society will give without charge the Audubon button of membership in the Illinois Society and will send to the leader of the group for a period of one year all the publications and special notices of the Society together with an illustrated certificate showing that the group is a member of the Illinois Audubon Society. Teachers wishing to enroll pupils under local plans may obtain Audubon buttons for two cents.

Address the

Illinois Audubon Society

10 South La Salle Street
CHICAGO



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The
Audubon Bulletin
Spring 1923



Published by
The ILLINOIS
AUDUBON
SOCIETY

Illinois Audubon Society Service

The Society has two collections of hand-colored lantern slides of bird life, each with an accompanying printed lecture. These are lent free of charge to any school or organization in the state but borrower pays express charges both ways.

The Society has travelling libraries of bird books which are lent to schools or organizations for a reasonable length of time, the borrower paying express charges both ways.

The Society publishes wall charts listing 200 typical Illinois birds and providing suitable spaces for recording migration and nesting data. Schools, Boy Scout organizations, and individuals as well find these of great service. Price ten cents each.

The Society publishes a Pocket Check List of Birds with a colored zonal map. This list records every known species of birds that visits Illinois or nests within its borders. Included with this is a very useful key for the identification of nests. The Check List sells for fifty cents.

The Society publishes the Langdon Cat Circular which is invaluable in arousing interest in the question of protecting birds from marauding cats. Price five cents each.

The Society issues an illustrated postal in the Italian language warning against violation of laws for bird protection. Price two cents each.

Address The Illinois Audubon Society,

10 South La Salle Street, Chicago

President

Mr. Orpheus M. Schantz
10 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago

Secretary-Treasurer

Miss Catherine Mitchell
Riverside

Mr. Jesse Lowe Smith

Vice-President
Highland Park

***The Aims and Principles of the
Illinois Audubon Society are:***

1. To encourage the study of birds, particularly in the school, and to disseminate literature relating to them.
2. To work for the betterment and enforcement of State and Federal laws relating to birds.
3. To discourage the wearing of any feathers except those of the ostrich and domestic fowls.
4. To discourage in every possible way, the wanton destruction of wild birds and their eggs.
5. To restore to our wild birds, wherever practicable, the natural environment of forest and shrubbery which gave them food, protection and seclusion.



Photo by Jesse L. Smith

A SHAGBARK IN LOOSE GREAT-COAT AND A HOST OF MANDRAKES—A COMPANY
WELL-MET IN APRIL WOODS

THE AUDUBON BULLETIN

SPRING 1923

Published by the
ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
(*For the protection of wild birds*)

The President of the Illinois Audubon Society writes:

In the Chicago area where the Bulletin is put to press Spring is officially reported to be sixteen days late thus far. This Spring Bulletin is also late, more than sixteen days at that, but it is hoped that the season's untimeliness will mitigate a little the tardiness of the appearance of the Bulletin. The birds in their migration did not disappoint us greatly and the notes from the field arrived promptly enough, but "local conditions" have delayed an April issue until June.

This number of the Bulletin calls attention once more to the possibilities of bird-study which bird-banding reveals. An invitation to enlist in this work is extended by the secretary of the Inland Bird-Banding Association and interesting reports of progress in the work are furnished by our correspondents. The story is told of the thrilling success which has attended the efforts of lovers of wild life to attract the migrating hosts of waterfowl to the new bird haven of Decatur Lake. The enlarging of the park district areas of Joliet to include notable woodland areas still in a primitive state is also told. Note is made of the setting aside of a wild-life preserve for Carthage College.

Field notes show how comparatively uneventful was the chronicle for bird life during the past winter. From several places come unusually rich reports of experiences in attracting birds and providing adequate shelter and nesting opportunities. Those who have not had the sport of nest-hunting with mirrors will find instructions on how to prepare for it.

In due place brief mention is made of pending legislation and the final pages contain an amusing symposium on the quail, the contributions all being "lifted" from the columns of an influential agricultural weekly.

ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ

A Protected Waterway



Photo by C. A. Waite

In the summer of 1920 the city of Decatur began work on the construction of a water impounding project, the object of which was to secure an ample supply of water for the growing city. After careful surveys had been made it was decided to construct a concrete and earth dam just above the present pumping station in the Sangamon river and to flood the valley of that river above this dam for a distance of about thirteen miles, creating a lake of that length varying in width from the width of the river itself at the upper end to a width of about a mile and a half at the widest part.

For this purpose nearly 4,000 acres of land were bought, the dam built, the land cleared, bridges and roads raised or rebuilt, with one handsome new bridge constructed outright, the total cost of the whole project running to about \$2,250,000.

By the fall of 1922 the dam had been finished, the basin cleared of timber, six bridges and the approaches to them raised, one bridge abandoned and a new one built, and with the advent of the spring rains in January 1923 the long visualized lake became an actual fact, the water running over the spillway of the new dam and the sheet of water above covering the basin.

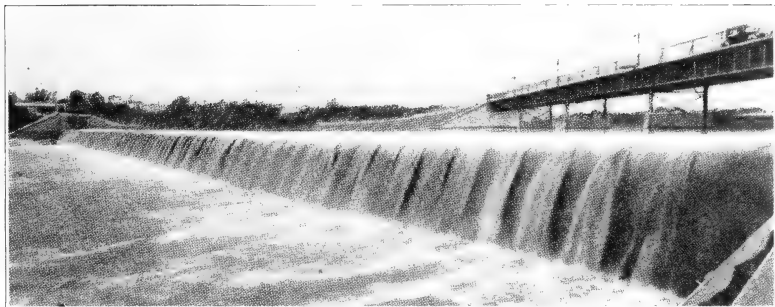
About a year ago lovers of birds and others who were interested in the saving of the waterfowl took up the project of making Lake Decatur a refuge for these birds and a campaign of education was started to create sentiment in favor of such a plan.

This met with considerable opposition, the old frontier theory that wild birds are everybody's property and live only to be shot

being deeply imbedded in a community where the conservation policy had, up to this time, been a rather hazy sentimental idea applicable to others but not to ourselves—as many conservation theories seem to be held.

But through a steady campaign through the newspapers and by talks by those interested at dinners, clubs and other places, sentiment was gradually changed and the state was induced to make the lake a refuge for the migratory waterfowl.

For a time much adverse criticism was heard about this action but that too has died away being assisted quite materially



by the cordial co-operation of the state game officials and the local game wardens who do not hesitate to impose the penalties on anyone caught violating the law in regard to the shooting of the birds.

With the creation of the actual lake late this winter the flight of the water fowl soon demonstrated that they would sight this large body of water in this otherwise prairie and dry land territory and would come here.

At first the birds were timid, and rightly so, as they had had no protection, but as they continued to come and were not disturbed they remained on the lake in increasing numbers.

The necessity of providing some feed for the birds was soon realized by those most interested in having them stay with us as long as possible and Chauncey M. Powers took the lead in this matter, raising within a few hours one day, a fund for the purchase of feed. Fortunately for us, however unfortunate it may have been for the elevator concern, a large elevator had been burned here just a few days before this time and many bushels of grain had been watersoaked but not wholly destroyed.

Several tons of this grain was bought at a low price—a ton and a half was given by J. M. Allen, head of the elevator concern—and under the supervision of Mr. Powers was placed in the shallow water, from time to time, near the county bridge from which the citizens interested in seeing the birds could easily do so.

In an amazingly short time the Ducks found where the grain was located and, finding that they were not disturbed immedi-

ately made that place their feeding ground—as the pictures will show.

Within fifty to 150 feet of the bridge and its approaches these wild water fowl feed and play about in the water and thousands of Decatur citizens, as well as the outsiders who come to town, go to the bridge to watch these guests so friendly and unafraid.

It is a source of never ending wonder to visitors who see them. Only recently the famous naturalist, Dallas Lore Sharp, lectured in Decatur and learning of the interesting spectacle on the lake asked to be taken out there. A few days later in Chicago he was talking about the extraordinary spectacle on an inland lake. To Decatur citizens it is becoming accepted as a matter of fact—the interesting thing being the complete reversal of feeling of a year ago. Just one sight of those thousands of birds playing there in safety and friendliness does the work.

Because of the interest in the birds traffic rules have been made to prevent congestion on the bridge and approaches because of the number of cars and pedestrians who make it a point, particularly on Sundays, to travel that way. Without exception all stop to watch the birds—with the result that traffic jams became so numerous that the police department was compelled to take a hand.

What we will do next fall when the birds come this way again we have not yet decided but that we will find some method of feeding and planting feed in certain parts of the lake for them is almost a certainty.

Now that the making of friends of the wild water fowl has been demonstrated as a possibility our worst obstacles have been overcome.

It is no exaggeration to say that everybody—almost without any exception—is now with us. The hunters now realize that hunting away from the lake will be good as the birds will go out into the corn and wheat fields to feed next fall. Those who do not care for the hunting but do like to have the birds here now know that they can be induced to come here with a little showing of hospitality and friendliness.

From being a smiled-at theory the question has become an accepted settled subject and the man who would do anything to cause the birds to stay away would be even more unpopular than the man who started the plan a year ago.

The assistance of the newspapers in helping to create the right feeling was invaluable, of course. The swinging into line of the state game department and the active support of the local game wardens was the finishing touch.

The whole community is greatly pleased.

The photos tell the story. They were taken from the approaches to the county bridge, the camera actually being in a car when some of the photos were taken.

C. A. WAITE

The New Method of Bird Study

Do you know the fascination of trapping and banding wild birds? Have you held a bird in your hands, examined him carefully, released him, and then found that instead of being frightened away he comes back to your traps again and again; sometimes the same day, the same week; perhaps he reports to you nearly every day all summer; yes, and some of them year after year.

Professional or amateur ornithologist, you may by these methods handle hundreds of birds in a year, study the bird, his habits, his mates, and even keep a record of his children, or grandchildren. By these methods you may secure new kinds of facts, that were formerly so difficult to obtain.

"A trapping and banding station benefits and increases the number of birds as success requires that the locality be freed of the enemies; that food and shelter be provided, and the locality becomes in fact a bird sanctuary."

This method of bird study has been adopted by the U. S. Biological Survey (Washington, D. C.) and Special Permits for Bird-banding are issued to those who will volunteer to place the bands which are furnished by the Survey.

"Permits for bird banding are issued only to persons over eighteen years of age who have sufficient experience and knowledge of birds to carry on the work with scientific accuracy."

Within two years permits have been issued to six hundred persons in North America. In New England, some hundreds of bird students have formed a Bird-banding Association to co-operate with and assist the Survey in that region.

At Chicago, at the time of the meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, on Tuesday, October 24, 1922, a bird banders' dinner and meeting was held; it was a large and enthusiastic meeting attended by many ornithologists, from many parts of the United States and Canada. At this meeting the Inland Bird-banding Association was formed, for the purpose of assisting and co-operating with the Biological Survey in organizing this work in Canada, and the Central States and the States of the Mississippi Valley, from the Appalachian Mountains to the Rocky Mountains and south to the Gulf of Mexico.

The purpose of this association is to bring together those who are interested in the study and protection of birds along the great migration routes in this area, and to assist in organizing trapping stations, to encourage local meetings of those who are interested, and provide a central office of exchange of information and ideas; members will be expected, when they file reports with the Biological Survey, as required by the Survey, to furnish quarterly a general report to this Association.

The scientific results of this method of bird study are many times multiplied by establishing permanent trapping stations;

for that reason institutional trapping stations are especially desirable. Bird Clubs, departments of Colleges, Audubon Societies, State and National Parks, Natural History Societies all should operate trapping stations, as well as individuals.

The memberships are: Active, composed of those interested in the work, and those who will trap and place bands, dues \$1.00; Sustaining, those wishing to help with the expense and promotion, \$5.00 or more.

If you are interested send in your application to the Treasurer.

HERBERT L. STODDARD

The Public Museum, Milwaukee, Wis.

Bird Banding Activities at Thomasville, Georgia

It was my pleasure to be selected as the middle west representative to take charge of the Bird Banding at the famous Inwood Plantation, where yearly Mr. C. Prentiss Balwin carries on his Bird Banding experiments. The plantation is a beautiful southern estate with occasional open fields and a great deal of tall, native pine protected by a keeper so that both migrant song birds and game birds are very numerous.

In forty days I was fortunate enough to trap more than four thousand birds. Of course, many of these were birds which had been captured in previous years, while the rest of them were new or repeats. On the legs of every new bird was placed an identification band of aluminum, while every bird which had been banded in former years was recorded and the 1923 life of the bird was forwarded to the Biological Survey at Washington to complete the bird's history which is kept on a card numbered to correspond with the number on the bird's band.

The smallest bird captured was a Ruby-crowned Kinglet which I captured twice. I have always understood this bird to be an insect eating bird and I caught it both times at trap "A" where only small grain and bread crumbs were distributed. This tiny bird escaped from one of my collecting traps, the mesh of which is three-fourths of an inch in size, which shows how very tiny it must be.

Most numerous of all birds were the Chipping Sparrows. In front of my house I had a drop trap made of a square frame, five feet across, covered with a string netting. On one side was a stick to which was attached a string. In the early morning the Chipping Sparrows would gather under this trap literally by the dozens. When the string was pulled the trap would descend, capturing a large number of these tiny birds. None was killed because the trap in descending did not fall to the ground. The distance between the board and the ground was covered by a heavy, brown, canvas cloth. My greatest catch with this trap was fifty-one birds, another trap similar to the common rat trap type of Sparrow trap was used to good

advantage and my catch covered such birds as: Redbird, Mourning Dove, Brown Thrasher, Song Sparrow, Mocking Birds, Towhee, Quail, Blue Jay, Red-bellied Woodpecker and others.

Many people asked what the advantage of Bird Banding is. The close study which the observer can make of individual birds, allows him to get an absolute knowledge of the colors of live birds. Eventually, when Bird Banding stations are maintained over the entire country, we shall be able to tell absolutely the course of their yearly migration. Many diseases of birds will be identified, the length of life can be determined; whether birds mate for life or change partners each year has in a great many cases already been discovered; and the speed with which they fly can be easily estimated.

This last year a hunter in Georgia killed a Mourning Dove. The bird was kept by the United States Game Warden, who arrested the hunter for shooting migratory birds. The lawyer for the defendant nearly cleared the culprit by saying that Mourning Doves do not migrate, that they are born, raised, and remain twelve months of the year in Georgia. Luckily the Game Warden had in his possession the band, taken from a Mourning Dove, killed in Georgia which had been originally banded in Canada. The little strip of metal secured a conviction.

The work is very new and many people ask me, "Do you ever catch the same bird twice? Do the birds get badly scared?" In answer to this I might say that the Towhee which is one of the most retiring of our bush birds, enters the traps freely and eats the food greedily. I caught one such bird eight times in one day. This bird sang while I held it in my hand and I believe I could have captured it dozens of times had I run my trap that often. I placed a Chipping Sparrow in the hands of one of the guests, who had come to witness the banding experiment, and much to her surprise the bird lay there for nearly three minutes before flying, and then she had to toss it out into the air to make it fly.

When we continue to capture birds in trap D less than one block away, imagine everybody's surprise, except mine, at finding the same bird waiting for us in the next trap. As this is a regular occurrence it shows very conclusively that what fear the birds have is quickly forgotten when handled properly and scientifically by the observer.

It is hoped that this great study and sport will be taken up by a large number of Illinois State Bird enthusiasts. In prosecuting this work, you will not only increase your own knowledge of birds, but your efforts will be of great value to science and consequently we should all do our best to be of service.

T. E. Musselman, Quincy, Illinois.

Hawthorns as Bird Sanctuaries

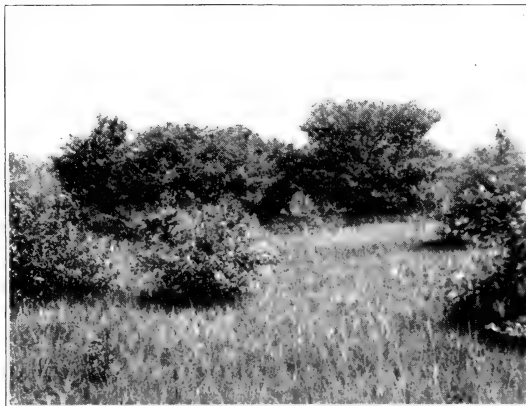


Photo by Orpheus M. Schantz
HAWTHORNS IN THE PORTAGE TRACT OF THE
FOREST PRESERVE

No tree family of the northeastern United States is more interesting, and at the same time more confusing to botanists than the many species of hawthorn. By reason of its varied forms of foliage, fruits, and growth its presence is always a picturesque addition to the landscape.

Extremely hardy, tolerant of many soils, it survives under conditions that are fatal to less hardy trees.

Because of the fondness of cattle for the leaves and tender twigs the young hawthorns in pasture lands have a hard time growing up as they should. The continuous browsing forces them to thicken into dense masses of twigs and thorns. These "beehives" eventually widen out at their bases so that cattle can no longer reach the tops, then a leader or perhaps several leaders shoot up and soon form a symmetrical top changing the beehive into the hour glass or sheaf form. The trees then begin to blossom and fruit. In the region around Chicago there are many hawthorn orchards sometimes containing a number of species. When the trees have not been molested in their youth by cattle, they form the typical broad-topped, sturdy tree that is characteristic of the larger members of this interesting group. Where they have been retarded in their growth by cattle, the dense masses of interlaced branches with their abundant thorns are ideal nesting sites for Catbirds, Sparrows and Thrashers. During the summer time the dense foliage completely hides the nests from view, but after the leaves fall a visit to a hawthorn orchard or thicket reveals a remarkable number of nests proving conclusively their value to the birds. The botanical name for the family—*Crataegus*—comes from a Greek word, *kratos*, meaning strength; the English name from the Anglo-Saxon *haegthorn*, meaning hedgethorn. There have been almost or quite one thousand variations discovered by botanists among the hawthorns, a very great number of which are hybrids and not distinct varieties. There are a few members of the family in other portions of the temperate world, but eastern North America is its typical home. The region about Chicago apparently is ideal for its growth and development, as it is found in profusion in all our woodlands, sometimes forming orchards of mature trees, in other localities it is the dominant

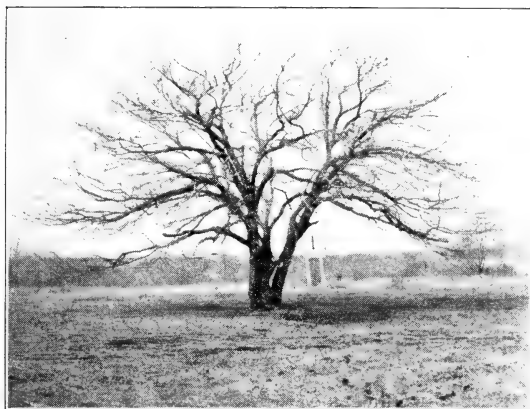


Photo by Orpheus M. Schantz

THE HAWTHORN AS A WINTER ASSET

pear shaped, others spherical, while still others are angled showing distinctly the number of nutlets contained. The seeds or nutlets are of extreme hardness, and being indigestible do not lose their germinating power when eaten by birds and animals. This accounts for their wide distribution and for their being found in unaccountable locations.

Because of the hawthorn's ability to recover and thicken up after being browsed by cattle, it is frequently used for a hedge growth. One prominent nurseryman predicted to the writer that the time would come when it would be the most widely used tree for that purpose in America. While ordinarily the hawthorn does not grow to great size, individual trees are known with trunks of the diameter of two feet. Such trees have dense canopy tops and are wonderfully beautiful in spring, summer, autumn, and winter. In the denser forests among the taller trees, the form of growth is slender and irregular.

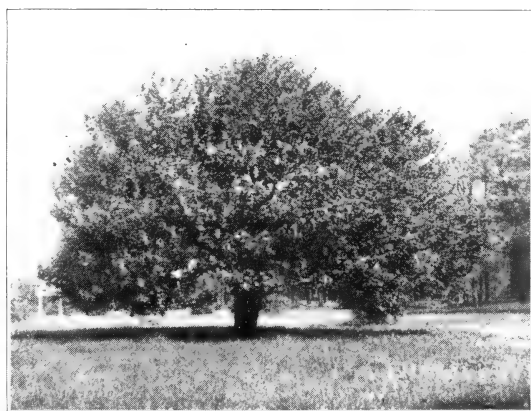


Photo by Orpheus M. Schantz

THE HAWTHORN AS A SUMMER ASSET

growth at the forest edges. Where the soil is to its liking it frequently becomes a nuisance as from its remarkably prolific fruiting it springs up wherever there is an opening, often forming almost impenetrable thickets.

The coloring of the fruits runs from bright scarlet to dark red and from green to yellow, the shapes and size, too, vary greatly. Some

At all times, however, one is impressed by the appearance of strength, vitality, and ability to thrive under hard conditions.

Occasionally trees are almost entirely free from thorns, and at times the thorns are so numerous and "pugnacious" looking that the tree is carefully avoided except by birds and squirrels. The long polished thorns of the cockspur thorn made convenient awls and needles for the Indians. The fragrant fruits of the mollis branch of the family are pleasantly edible and from them may be made a most delicious jelly which rivals the famous guava jelly of the tropics. Unfortunately the fruits are attractive to many insects and at times are very generally inhabited by a small white worm which though probably not injurious to the jelly making value, does not appeal to the taste of the average housewife.

The limestone formation of Cook, Dupage and Will counties seems peculiarly adapted to the growth of hawthorns, and they vie with the wild crabapple in occupying great areas. In Lincoln Park is a fine grouping of the lower growing varieties whose persistent fruits make them conspicuous and attractive far into the winter.

ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ

To a Goldfinch

"Gold-finch, swinging in the silver birches
Truly would I know just what you are
Your wary flight, your golden song
I think is dust from lonely far off star.

Gold-finch, feeding on the dandelion
Does golden plumage come from petals bright?
You are a gem or bloom a-wing
You care free golden bird or happy sprite.

Gold-finch, singing sweetest song of love
Your call is sad, altho your life's a smile.
To me you are a poem, bird,
Poem of God to brighten earth awhile."

SOPHIE TUNNELL

Coincidence or Habit?

What does it mean to one who has stalked through the woods of New Hampshire in the summer time hoping to see a Hermit Thrush to be able to hold one of these rare songsters in the hand? If the latter is a privilege unusual, is not the repetition of the opportunity more than doubly such?



Photo by E. W. Burch

In September 1919, on driving into the garage in my garden, I was surprised at the sight of a bird flying against the window. Noting that it was a Hermit Thrush I closed the doors and called Mrs. Burch, thinking it a fine opportunity to study the migrant at close range. As the bird settled down upon the bench, however, the slowly approaching hand did not startle the bird, even when the hand closed about its little body. It was the obvious conclusion that some injury had occurred to wing or

limb, but inspection showed otherwise. When the camera was brought and the Thrush held loosely he seemed to accept the pitiless publicity with nonchalance, at length flying to and alighting upon the camera. So contented was our Hermit in our possession that we wondered whether the projected trip for that day must be abandoned in order to keep watch over the visitor. But just when that seemed inevitable, a sudden impulse expressed itself in a flight which took our little friend into the nearby oak.

The next September, when the incident had been almost forgotten, a Hermit Thrush was encountered in almost exactly the same way, but in my attempt to emulate the example set me by my fellow-bird-enthusiast I found that I was not such a bird-charmer and the Thrush fled the garage leaving me the only witness to his visit of 1920.

In September 1921, while the Fall migration was at its height, I found again, just alongside the wheel of my car, as I stepped out of it, a Hermit Thrush. Even then I did not dare say the Hermit Thrush, for one would need to have a leg band for evidence. But it was just such a Hermit Thrush as before. The picture submitted is the evidence of the repetition of the privilege of holding the rare deep-wood songster in the hand, for

this time I did not try my own powers of charm upon the Thrush.

The title question will be justified when I add that in September 1922 a Hermit Thrush was found lying in the garage, that we two bird-lovers looked at it as it perched upon a high ledge, but as this bird seemed already startled by the entrance of the car, we did not make an effort to handle it. But in September, 1923 I shall have a few leg bands in my possession, at least one of which will be designed to fit a Hermit Thrush.

ERNEST W. BURCH
Evanston Bird Club

Nest-hunting With a Mirror

Many times when out on bird trips, one has a great desire to look into certain birds' nests that are tantalizingly just out of reach. Not only to satisfy our curiosity but to stimulate interest in bird study and out-door observation, we use a simple device that has added much to our pleasure and our knowledge.

This device is a mirror 6x8 inches set in a light wooden frame which has a screw at the middle of each side. The end of a stiff wire about 12 inches long, is bent around each screw so that they will turn easily. They are then bent around the lower end of the frame and brought together at the middle, where they are fastened securely into the top of a light curtain pole about six feet long. Your mirror will now swing like the mirror of a dressing table and will remain at any desired angle. An extension is provided by having a tin sleeve added to a second pole, and, armed with this device, you may stand on the ground and look into nests from six to sixteen feet high, seeing the eggs or young birds perfectly without in any way injuring the nest or disturbing its occupants.

Try it this spring and see how much it will add to the interest and value of your bird study.

JESSIE R. MANN.
N. I. S. T. C. DeKalb, Ill.

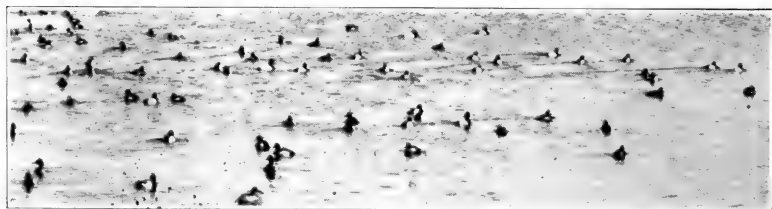


Photo by C. A. Waite

AFLOAT ON DECATUR LAKE

The Joliet Arboretum

Photo by L. H. Hyde

Between park and school authorities the City of Joliet controls about 840 acres of park land, all a game and bird preserve, well policed. In nearly every instance a school building has at least a city block for a playground. One has 25 acres, another sixteen, another ten, another seven.

The Joliet park district covering more acreage than the city itself beginning with small playgrounds from three to seven acres each, has in the West Park forty acres in the hills well covered with native timber, a restful place for the weary. It has much natural beauty and is a favorite with the children. Here is the beginning of a greenhouse system with about 300 species of cacti and other attractive desert plants. The collections of native violets and ferns are also in this park. There is some good planting here in shrubbery but no formal decorative features—not enough to speak of.

The pride of Joliet lies along Hickory Creek east of the city, paralleled by the main line of the Rock Island railway. The stream in early days was called a river and still is so large and clean that the name should be continued. In the beginning forty acres were purchased in the hills nearest the city and decorated with formal planting and playground features. The late Harlow N. Higinbotham while director of the World's Columbian Fair, inspired by the native shrubs and plants so generously used for the Wooded Island and border planting of that enterprise, perhaps was inspired too, to collect the native trees and plants for his own birth place, the early Hig-

inbotham home at Joliet. This collection was named The Forest of Arden. It contained 327 acres of heavy forested land, a grist mill and dam.

With O. C. Simonds, the widely known landscape artist, and Homer C. Skeels, botanist, seed expert for the U. S. department at Washington, in charge, roads, dams, driveways and bridges were constructed and a vigorous collection of plants made and planted. After five years of this building and planting the land lay idle. Following the death of Mr. Higinbotham, one of our many "Joliet boosting merchants," Robert Pilcher, purchased the Forest of Arden one day and turned it over to Joliet the next day. To be maintained as an arboretum. "Nothing to pay," were the terms to the city.

The children of Mr. Higinbotham, Harlow D., Mrs. Joseph Medill Patterson and Mrs. Richard T. Crane, followed with the presentation for arboretum purposes of 240 acres of cut-over land containing rich soil and many springs. Thus "park-wise," Joliet is gloriously provided for and Joliet citizens are grateful and happy.

All of these lands are a game and bird preserve controlled by a park board governed by rigid ordinances of the Lincoln Park Board. The arboretum ambitions of Mr. Higinbotham will be carried on as fast as enthusiasm and cash will permit. A state fish-hatchery is promised for a secluded, yet accessible site on the edge of the forest; water and fish food are plentiful, the landscape pleasing. A little more land to square up these tracts and quiet the prevailing golf clamor is promised. Then we will have a real park system with hopes of making every resident of Joliet exceedingly proud and joyful.

Another secret: The outlying border of the Hickory Creek system is within four miles of that "world-beating forest preserve of Cook County." The landscape along Hickory Creek well up into Cook County is delightful, the atmosphere pure and all conditions restful and soothing, very appropriate for picnic and boulevard purposes. At an early date no doubt the people from the north side and all other sides of Chicago will visit our arboreta in their own machines without a break in boulevard or park shade and we shall be delighted to become better acquainted and return the visit.

The beginning of the Hickory Creek system from the Joliet side is at the Highland Park and the Red Mill boating and bathing entrance. Then in turn eastward, a driveway is platted to be bordered by bright colored mallows, iris, lilies, and lotus ponds. Next in order is an introduction to our greatest attraction, the deep and darksome forest of giant oaks, hickories, walnuts and maples of the Pilcher Arboretum.

Next eastward, up the creek, the valley boulevard will pass through collections of smaller trees, shrubs and small



Photo by W. N. Clute

WHITE OAKS AND SPRING BEAUTIES IN THE JOLIET AREA

plants, and perhaps collections of mosses and grasses, into the Higinbotham Arboretum, something more in the experimental and exotic lines, for here too, is an abundance of water and all sorts and conditions of soil. Here too is our prehistoric ruin, a fort unknown to history. The golf course is a secret but alive.

Now for the boulevard into Cook County. We are ever pleased with the bird and bug sort of citizens who come rambling into our woods, thus this sketch of our belongings and hopefulness. They are an interesting and an interested people. In our day dreams, always filled with pleasant memories, we see the woods and a straggling multitude with luncheons. At the Cherry Hill entrance to the Pilcher Arboretum the Rock Island railway has a milk station. Perhaps the "Cherry" name will be changed and more trains scheduled for stopping.

As a bird preserve these woods are somewhat noted. A grove of fifteen hundred sugar maples, as a canopy, covers one flat completely. Giant trees, dense shrubbery, hills, ponds, running streams and a little prairie are attractive to all tastes in birdland. A covey of Woodcock, two of Quail and seventy-five wild Mallard were included in our crop of 1922. The rabbits, however, are altogether too numerous for the welfare of young trees, and the annual drive is the program, with a hundred or more "bunnies" for the orphans and hospital unfortunates.

I am not an authority in the bird line, but from a list made by Messrs. Swarth, Dewey, Meenke and Skeels for the Field

Museum in 1908 and from the observations of Prof. Spicer, Everret Shaw and others of our city since, it is probable that our parks are visited by two hundred species. I found one rarity in my own door yard, the Florida Meadow Lark. It came here about thirty years ago, returning every spring, and sang from a tall tree top again yesterday. It is so dark in color that it is nearly black. In music perhaps this bird is an imitator. A rival of the Thrasher it has tones of its own. In the morning or evening concert we hear notes of the Wren, the Red Wing and our own Meadow Lark, with many others I do not recognize. The western Meadow Lark pours out a joyous, exultant greeting, but the Floridian is more modest, more refined, a violinist, not a horn blower. Come and hear him.

JAMES H. FERRISS

A Silly Wren, A True Story

A few years ago I spent the spring with a brother who lived on a farm. At that time I was doing transcribing for one of the large libraries for the Blind. I had put up two shelves on which to keep my books, writing materials and other things.

One morning I went to take down my writing case, and to my surprise, I found a bird's nest lying on top of it. I tossed it out of the window. Later on that morning I told my sister-in-law of it. She laughed and said it must be the work of a Wren she had seen in my room.

The next day I received a letter from a friend residing in a nearby town informing me that several families had mattress-making (my work) which they wished done at once.

I was away from home a week. The morning following my return, when I went to put on a pair of pants which I had hung under the shelves, I felt some dry leaves and twigs lying in the seat. I shook them up well. While I was doing so I felt two sharp blows on the side of my head. A moment later the family rushed into my room. They had heard a cry and thought it was one of the children. On the floor lay a torn bird's nest, while on a branch of a peach tree which grew near the open window was perched a Wren. She had built her nest in my pants during my absence. After breakfast I re-arranged my books being careful to leave a dark recess behind a small box in which I kept a few things which I could easily take out without making any noise.

A few days later I was told that the Wren was building another nest in my room. But this time she had selected a more suitable place. It was not disturbed and she hatched and raised her offspring in peace.

This contribution from Mr. W. F. Brown, of New Orleans, is sent in by Mrs. E. G. Trowbridge of Winnetka. This experience of Mr. Brown's is the more interesting because he has neither sight nor hearing, and therefore had to borrow the ears and eyes of others to supplement his sense of touch.

The Mourning Dove

A Mourning Dove in dress of modest gray,
Had helped to save the crops in every way.
She ate the worms and bugs and larva too,
Carried an insect every time she flew
Up to her nest to feed her hungry brood.
Did no one harm, but surely lots of good.
Now in return she only asks that she
Shall not be shot, but may protected be.
Protected, even though the laws proclaim
That for a while she shall be legal game.
She helped mankind and more than did her part.
So spare her, hunter, please just have a heart.

Robin Redbreast

Robin, dear old Robin redbreast,
Of all the birds I think I love you best;
You come while yet the ground is white with snow,
And in your happy notes you seem to say
"Cheer up, cheer up, for spring is on the way."

Robin, dear old Robin redbreast,
Who seeks for shelter and for food and rest,
Beside the door or in the leafless bough,
Though dreary be the day, you seem somehow
To scatter beams of sunshine and to bring
The joyous tidings "It is almost spring."

Robin, dear old Robin redbreast,
I hope that you will come and build your nest
Close to my door, and rear your brood so shy,
Where I can watch you teach them how to fly,
And hear you sing in notes so loud and clear,
"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, the spring is here."

MRS. NELSON J. CHILDS

Advertising *The Illinois Audubon Society*

Doesn't it do your heart good! Not several girls with fancy complexions standing with coveting eyes on a window perhaps of hats which they could never have, but several men just as interested in a window full of information about our birds—pictures of our birds that they may have themselves, the first early morning they get out to take the picture! This is what you may see any minute of any day down in one of the busiest blocks of the loop in Chicago.

On the east side of La Salle Street south of Washington Street, the Harris Trust and Savings Bank have a window here in this busy world that may give every one on every day a few minutes of rest and pleasure. There are about a dozen bird nests of varied construction principles that have been loaned by the Chicago Academy of Sciences—Bobolink, Chimney Swift, Field Sparrow, Pin-tail Duck, Golden-crowned Kinglet; Grebe, Meadow Lark, Wood Pewee. There is a series of nine photographs of the nest, eggs and young at different ages of the Red-Tailed Hawk, also loaned by the Chicago Academy of Sciences, making a very interesting window altogether. Then there are copies of the Illinois Audubon Bulletin and of the Check List, as well as a copy of the statement of the purposes and principles of the Audubon Society.

Around the corner on Washington Street in the same building is another window calling attention to the work of the Wild Flower Preservation Society. All best wishes to these business houses with their windows so welcome to our eyes!

The Cardinal's Etiquette

From my observations I imagine that the male Kentucky Cardinal is an autocrat during all seasons except the mating time in early May, desiring to eat his lunch alone and consequently in peace. I have seen him drive Mrs. Cardinal away from the feed tray many times during the summer and fall months. Today the female came to the feeding tray and commenced to eat. In a few minutes the male joined her, both eating peacefully for a few moments. Then Mrs. Cardinal went out to the edge of the tray and looked longingly at the male who soon brought her a sunflower seed. He repeated the dose when she flew to an adjoining tree. He fed her three times there. She then flew to another tree where he fed her twice. Both birds then departed.

W. C. EGAN

The Izaak Walton League

The Izaak Walton League of America, incorporated as a national federation of angling clubs, held its second annual banquet at the Morrison Hotel on April the 21st, and over a thousand members heard most inspiring speeches by Henry Van Dyke and other well-known nature lovers. This new organization has started on a splendid work in a splendid way! They are working not only for the fish but for the forests and birds and every phase of the conservation of Nature.

The offices of the League, of which Will H. Dilg of Chicago is president, are at Suite 528-530, 326 West Madison St., Chicago. All success to its work!

A Simple But Effective Bird Feeding Station

A number of the members of the Evanston Bird Club have enjoyed the presence of winter visitors upon their window sills and porches through the use of the feeding tray herewith illustrated.

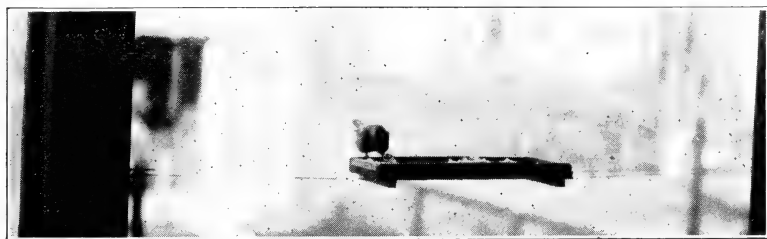
Its advantage lies in the slight degree of spring given to it by the supporting wires, making it seem not unlike the bough of a tree. In addition, the open nature of its construction enables the amateur photographer to get in his work while the bird is feeding. By selecting a sheltered window or porch the need of a wind screen is obviated.

There is much latitude possible in its design. The rim may be made of alder twigs, nailed with slender brads upon a narrow rim of wood, or the perch of alder (or other straight twig) may be nailed so as to divide the tray longitudinally. One tray that proved attractive had a long piece of alder that projected several inches from either end.

If screw eyes are used to hold the ends of the wires, it is best to tighten these wires before screwing the eyes in tight. This gives the desirable tension to the wires.

Chickadees and Nuthatches are fondest of these trays when furnished with sunflower seed, peanuts and suet, chopped fine, but Sammy Jay did not hesitate to drop in when passing our way. The Downy and Hairy Woodpeckers prefer the lump of suet tied to an oak branch or contained in a suet basket.

ERNEST W. BURCH



Bird Notes From Elgin

The Evening Grosbeak is an occasional visitor in this vicinity. Several years ago I discovered five feeding upon the ground among some underbrush near a wild black cherry tree in Lord's Park. I discovered them through the repeated, faint, cracking

noise which attracted my attention as I approached their feeding ground. I saw they were busily engaged picking something from the ground and cracking it with their stout bills. This proved later to be the seeds of the black cherry which they broke to get the kernels they contained.

In May, 1920, when my cherry trees were in bloom, I found a large number of the blossoms on the ground. Upon close examination I discovered that they had been nipped from the twigs. Numerous marks, apparently from the bill of some bird were found upon the calyx and in some cases the calyx had been removed entirely. I had noticed Orioles and Warblers, birds with slender bills probing the blossoms, apparently for nectar and insects and therefore con-



AFTER A WATER COLOR BY C. F. GRONEMANN

cluded that birds with a stout bill were the offenders. Later I heard a Rose-breasted Grosbeak singing in the cherry trees. Immediately my suspicion was directed toward him. Upon coming closer I discovered both male and female Grosbeaks picking the cherry blossoms; eating the calyx and letting the sepals and petals fall to the ground.



Photo by F. G. Paulus

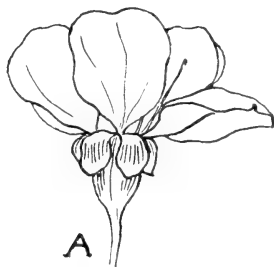
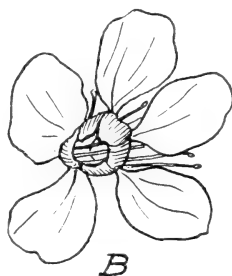
YOUNG ROSE-BREADED GROSBEAK

away and flew to their nest with them.

The writer is anxious to know if this habit has been observed by other bird students.

CARL F. GRONEMANN

The Purple Martins returning in the spring to the house I have erected for them have adopted a curious nest-building habit. Besides collecting the usual material I have seen them fly to the nearest cherry and pear trees; tear the green leaves from the uppermost branches and carry them to their nest. In northern Wisconsin, in the spring of 1921, a pair of Martins occupying a nail barrel which had been erected for them, possessed the same curious habit. Here, however, they chose the leaves of the Balm of Gilead (*Populus balsamifera*) which they also picked from the topmost branches of a tree about 100 yards



Below—A—A perfect cherry blossom. Above—B—cherry blossom with calyx removed by Rose-breasted Grosbeak.

Bloomington

From Mr. Harold B. Wood, Health Director, of Bloomington, Illinois, come these notes under date of March 14th:

Your call for a list of wintering birds noted in today's paper.

The following have been common at Bloomington during the past winter: Blue Jay, Downy and Hairy Woodpecker, Cardinal, Chickadee, Tree Sparrow and Yellow-shafted Flicker. In December a Tufted Titmouse was occasionally in our yard. To the feeding box made by my son, Merrill Wood, and to the suet in the trees have come numerous Jays, as many as five Cardinals at a time, Downy and Hairy Woodpeckers and a Brown Creeper.

We have seen an occasional Marsh Hawk, and on Christmas three Evening Grosbeaks (undoubted).

I have heard three distinct and different calls of Owls but cannot identify the species.

Robins first appeared here the morning of March 2nd; we heard the first Meadowlark March 8th (we live near the edge of the city); Blackbirds first arrived March 9th; and on March 14th a Song Sparrow was heard.

Elgin

Mrs. N. I. Childs sends under date of March 5th the following:

I have been fortunate in having Downy and Hairy Woodpeckers, Creepers, Nuthatches and Chickadees come to my suet basket all winter.

Last summer the Downy had her nest in my yard and hatched two young ones. I think one of them was not normal for the mother took it when it was about a week old and flying high above the drinking fountain dropped it. I went to it immediately and found it still alive, but it died soon after.

For years I have had Wrens in my boxes, but last summer the Downy would not let them even stay in the yard. I love the Wrens very much and hope the Downy will not be quite so selfish this year.

Miss Gertrude Higinbotham writes:

We are enjoying your "Check List of the Birds of Illinois." Everyone interested in the study of our bird friends should certainly have a copy.

We first began the study of the birds in 1914, and have certainly considered our time well spent. By always keeping water and food (suet and seeds) where the birds can obtain them, we always see between sixty and seventy different kinds of birds in our yard, which is an ordinary city lot.

On October 26, 1922, we had the treat of seeing our first Red-bellied Woodpecker. (Notice the "Check List" says they are rare in this section) December 29, 1922, we saw him again and the Red-headed Woodpecker at the same time. Both were on our bathing pan. On a visit to Trout Park on January 19,

1923, we saw a Rough-legged Hawk twice, so we felt sure we could not be mistaken. The same day we saw the Chickadees, Tree Sparrows and a Hairy Woodpecker.

December 24, 1922, I saw a large flock of Geese going north. I succeeded in counting seventy-three. Last winter we had a number of White-breasted Nuthatches, but this year they did not return. This spring we have seen from our own yard, Hairy Red-headed and Downy Woodpeckers, Blue Jays, Juncos, Meadowlarks, Cedar Waxwings, Song Sparrow, Bluebirds, Hermit Thrush, Tree Sparrows, Robins, Grackles, flocks of Geese, Golden-crowned Kinglet, Red-winged Blackbirds, and Killdeer Plovers. We can hardly wait until our Warblers return as we usually have most of them right here at home.

Blue Island

Mr. Otto Bueter, an ardent devotee of out-of-doors, reports the following episode:

For several years our small "home made" birdhouse has been the home of Martins. The house is situated in the center of the back yard about eighteen feet above ground on a small post. Close by are telephone wires and electric light wires, affording very convenient perches.

The bird-house being on the hill gives it a prominence of about forty feet above buildings at the foot of the hill, with an open space to the south approximating one hundred feet, trees and shrubbery surrounding its base. As the capacity of the house seemed taken, from year to year upon storing it for the winter to avoid the sparrows filling it up, I added a story until it now contains three stories, totaling eighteen compartments. Last year I counted fifteen pairs of Martins nesting in it.

I put the house up on the tenth of April, taking it down on the tenth day of August, painting the house each year and making sure that all compartments are tight. The openings are placed to one corner on a level with the floor landing.

One Saturday morning a sudden strong wind blew down the house which fortunately landed on a tree, only a few landing shelves being broken. My neighbor phoned me what had happened, he having a seven compartment bird-house in his yard about seventy-five feet to the north, now containing two pairs of Martins.

Arriving home about noon, we hurriedly replaced the broken landing shelves and supplying a new post, started to put up the bird-house again. It had been raised no more than forty-five degrees when two Martins alighted on the house and remained until it was upright, and before we could put in the lag bolts a dozen or more Martins were back on the house, all lustily telling the world that "ALL WAS WELL". There are now eight pairs nesting in the house.

We are located about a block from the Blue Island Sag channel of the Sanitary District which of course supplies plenty of water and insect life. It is surely quite a pleasure to hear the pleasant chatter of the birds. It is noticeable that they seem to be a little nervous since the accident but are otherwise rather contented.

Carthage

Carthage College Will Conserve Wild Life.

Within the past few months a definite effort to conserve the local fauna and flora has been undertaken by the Biology Department of Carthage College. Lying within a mile from Carthage, and extending between the C. B. and Q tracks and a county road for a length of 1250 feet, is the tract of land which has recently been purchased for that purpose. Unlike the surrounding prairies, it combines an unusual range of soil with a very irregular topography, making possible the satisfactory growing of a wide range of trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants. Two artificial ponds of many years' duration, together with the long, flat-bottomed ravine through which the ponds are fed during heavy rains, will provide for a highly varied water and lowland flora. The ponds furnish also a wide range of aquatic animal species for laboratory study.

The boys in the local high school are competing for prizes offered for the best houses made by them, such houses to be placed in the Wild Life Preserve. Hemp, broomcorn, and wild berry bushes are being introduced abundantly, to entice birds. Thickets are being established to lure them to their shelter.

A card catalogue of plant species of the county has been worked up during the past three years, by the head of the department, and a consistent and persistent effort will be made to introduce practically every species in the county into the Preserve. A similar list of trees and shrubs from elsewhere, suited to this climate, has been prepared. College and city clubs as well as faculty members, classes and private individuals have been urged to provide planting materials of species desired by the department. The response has on the whole been excellent, and a wide range of native and non-native material has been provided. Many further donations are expected.

An effort of this sort can not be the task of a single season. Only sturdy plants not requiring cultivation are being introduced. Young trees and shrubs are necessarily chosen. A benefit given by the department has supplied a small sum for the purchase of desired planting materials. Between two and three hundred evergreens will be planted as soon as the season is suitable. It will take many years to accomplish all the improving and beautifying desired. The tract has every qualification necessary to make it an ideal biological station, wild life preserve, and haunt for nature lovers, but its promoters are not impatient of the years required to bring up the plan to the plane of excellence which their ideals for it demand as a goal.

Carthage College Wild Life Preserve includes about seven and one-half acres of college land, to which has been added the adjacent right of way along the C. B. and Q. tracks, by free lease from that company. Students of the department have labored faithfully to help put the place into suitable condition. The old garbage dump of many years' standing has been graded, understanding trees and shrubs are being pruned, as time permits. Walks will be arranged throughout the tract. A neat fence is being put about it. Outdoor brick "stoves," or cooking devices, on beds of sand, will protect from fires set by picnic parties. Every tree and shrub group will be labelled with scientific and common names, and the names of the givers. Much has been begun, much must be done, to insure success. May the Preserve prosper.

ALICE L. KIBBE

Decatur

Under date of March twenty-ninth, Mrs. Benjamin Bachrach sends the following report:

Decatur bird lovers report that less birds were seen in these parts than in former years. The Cardinal seems to stay with us throughout the year. In my own garden we see the male and female together as early as February. Have observed this for the past three years.

Mr. Aiken, who has a farm near the city, has a Mocking Bird that spends the year near the house.

Birds observed during the winter are: Blue Jay, Downy, Hairy, and Red-bellied Woodpecker, Brown Creeper, Junco, and Tree Sparrow. The birds that have arrived from the south in the order of their coming are the Robin, Meadow Lark, Bluebird, and the Red-headed Woodpecker, Bewick Wren. A flock of Cedar Waxwings, twenty-five in number remained for a few days feeding on the berries of the High Bush Cranberry.

The interest in birds and food shelter and protection for them rapidly grows a more prominent movement in Decatur every season. All of the schools either study birds, make houses, posters, books, poems, or erect houses on the school grounds. Great numbers of Martin houses are erected every year. On our new lake wild Ducks have rested for a week at a time, and we have Sea Gulls and Sandpipers. Quantities of food was emptied in the lake for our interesting tourists. Our bridges were lined with cars and people who came out in delight to view these flocks who so quickly accepted as their own this fourteen mile of water that the vision and finances of Decatur, and the feat of engineering made possible.

Our enemy the cat still prowls fearlessly round the city. Do let us help the State Society to restrict this enemy of our feathered creatures. The sparrows we are rapidly trying to exterminate, as there must be at least two dozen sparrow traps working in the various sections of the city. The Decatur Bird

and Tree Club had a splendid exhibit which lasted a week, with lectures and slides and much educational propaganda. The Durfee school came off with the first prize for a school exhibit. It was quite a comprehensive exhibit, including fountain, feeding shelves, one with a protection that swings with the wind, a receptacle for nesting material, one for suet, a seed box, books, poetry, original, posters, Martin, Bluebird, Wren and other houses. Miss Lucia Mysch, teacher, and Mr. Piggot, principal of the school, deserve great credit for their effort in this direction.

Thomas Hart, one of our most active club members, reports that he kept a close watch for nesting birds last year, to find the earliest nest, and in 1922 it was a Robins' nest, April 12, a Cardinal, April 14. This year he has been observing, and so far reports no nest.

Evanston

I took a "Christmas Bird Census" on December 26th but the number of species seen was very discouraging. Herring Gulls were quite numerous; a dozen were seen during the course of the day. A flock of about a hundred Lesser Scaup Ducks was observed feeding off shore in the morning. At Skokie in the afternoon Crows were plentiful. A Hairy and a Downy Woodpecker were obliging enough to perch on the same limb offering an excellent opportunity for comparing their size.

On March 3rd in the Skokie Marsh we heard what I believe to have been a Brown Creeper. A flock of Chickadees were making the dreary day cheerful with their friendly notes.

February 25th was a red-letter day for my mother and myself. We were strolling past a neighbor's yard about a block from home when we heard a Cardinal's loud clear whistle and a splendid brilliant male flashed out of the tree whence the song had issued. Our friend told us that the bird had been in her vicinity all winter. The day after this he disappeared and we saw nothing more of him until March 21st when I am quite certain that I heard his call.

Another friend reports that a pair of very small Owls, one gray and the other rufous, visited her yard during the first week of January. From her description I feel sure that they were Screech Owls.

Still another friend says that one day last summer her cook came to her in great excitement complaining that an Owl had chased her. The lady, incredulous, went out into the yard to investigate. The Owl, she said, attacked her, actually alighting on her head and when she ran breathless into the house the wounds which the bird's claws had made in her head were bleeding profusely.

On March 11th, we took our field glasses in hand and went to a wooded spot on the outskirts of the town. The air fairly

rang with the songs of Meadowlarks, the low twitterings of Bluebirds, and the calls of Robins. Only one incident marred the morning but by its very ridiculousness it added a bit of fun to our sojourn. As I stood motionless, intently regarding a Meadowlark perched on a fence post some distance away I felt something rubbing against my legs. I glanced down and to my chagrin beheld two cats at my feet. These members of the feline family proved very friendly and very adhesive; in fact they stuck to me all morning. So you can picture me eagerly scrutinizing every bush and tree with two hungry and playful cats trailing along in my wake.

MARY E. OSBORN.

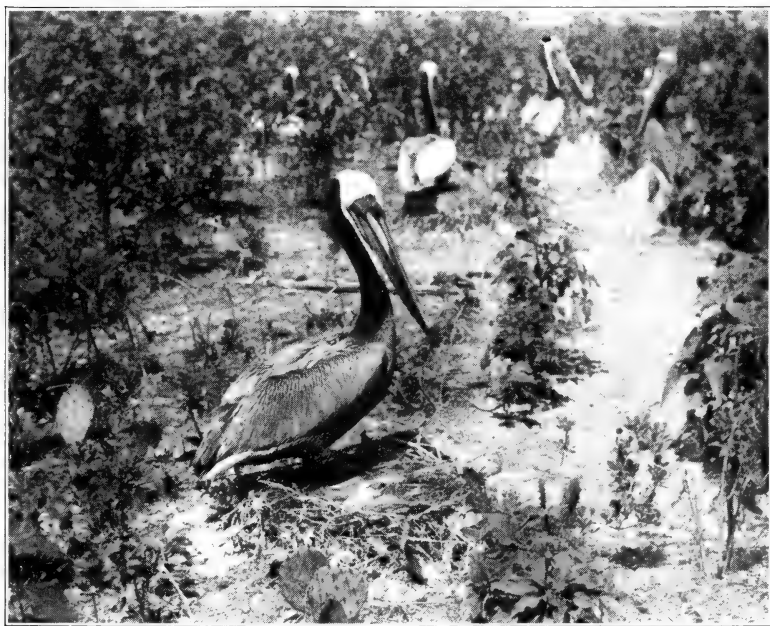


Photo by Alvin R. Cahn

BROWN PELICAN AT HER NEST

An Aside

Have you your copy of the Check List of the Birds of Illinois with the colored zonal map? Perhaps some of your friends will wish copies. Write the Illinois Audubon Society, 1649 10 South La Salle Street, Chicago. The Check List sells for fifty cents a copy.

Lake Forest

Reverend George Roberts reports under date of April 2, from Lake Forest:

My work with the birds has amounted to nearly nothing this winter and spring since there were not many here. The following dates may be of value merely to check up with others:

Robins, first seen March 3rd, (none here this winter); Blue-birds, the same date; Grackles reported March 10th (?), seen by me the 13th; Mourning Dove, the 28th; Juncos returned also on the 28th; Purple Finches here from March 16th to at least the 25th.

Myrtle Warblers common around the house through October 18th; Golden-crowned Kinglets first seen October 17th; Chickadees first seen November 7th and a few were here all winter, and almost the only bird I had around my place; saw one White-throat on November 8th; Purple Finches in a small flock the first two weeks in November.

I missed the Bohemian Waxwings by being out of town. Have killed 71 English Sparrows since the middle of September but still have a few around.

Moline

Mr. A. E. Hammerstrom has been using the Illinois Audubon Society's slides to good advantage in Moline and vicinity. He gave illustrated talks before the boys' department of the Y. M. C. A., at the opening of a bird house building contest. One evening he spoke before a newsboys' club. A whole afternoon was spent talking to one thousand school children who came in relays to the hall in which the pictures were shown. That evening he talked to one hundred boy scouts in East Moline who were preparing to take their examination in bird study.

A week later Mr. Hammerstrom lectured at Hampton in the community hall, his very appreciative audience being made up of representatives of the farming community and of seventy members of the Black Hawk Hiking Club of Moline who had walked into Hampton to eat a chicken supper at the Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church and attend the lecture.

Morris

A Junior Audubon Society has been organized at Morris, Illinois, composed of a live group of sixth grade girls. They have been going on hikes to identify as many birds as possible and are very enthusiastic about their work. They have a lesson study around the camp-fire. Their first subject was the Robin, and they are taking up the other members of the Thrush family.

Up to the present time they have identified the following birds this year: Robin, Bluebird, Gray-cheeked Thrush, Hermit Thrush, Olive-backed Thrush, Veerie, Wood Thrush, Ruby-crowned Kinglet, Golden-crowned Kinglet, Black-capped Chickadee, Tufted Titmouse, White-breasted Nuthatch, Brown Creeper, Winter Wren, House Wren, Bewick Wren, Brown Thrasher, Catbird, American Redstart, Water Thrush, Oven Bird, Black-throated Green Warbler, Black-poll Warbler, Magnolia Warbler, Myrtle Warbler, Black-throated Blue Warbler, Yellow Warbler, Tennessee Warbler, Worm-eating Warbler, Black and White Warbler, Blue-headed Vireo, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Loggerhead Shrike, Cardinal, Cedar Waxwing, American Goldfinch, Bohemian Waxwing, Baltimore Oriole, Slate-colored Junco, Purple Grackle, Lincoln Sparrow, Rusty Blackbird, Song Sparrow, Chipping Sparrow, Tree Sparrow, White-throated Sparrow, Vesper Sparrow, Red-winged Blackbird, Meadow Lark, Blue Jay, Phoebe.

Daisy Pool Woefel

Normal

We have not had as many birds as usual in this region during the winter.

Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers and Flickers fed on the suet in the yard as usual, also Brown Creepers. We have had more Cardinals than ever. They seem to increase in numbers from year to year. Titmice have been singing since the middle of January.

Robins were reported three times in January but none in February. Several returned the first week in March. The first Bluebirds were seen the last week in February. One Brown Thrasher was reported in January.

We have had a number of Fox Sparrows since the seventeenth of March. We have had a large flock of Cedar Waxwings on the campus since March 23d. They are feeding upon the dried berries of the high bush cranberry shrubs and other seeds. There were twenty-five in the flock yesterday. They roost in a clump of hemlock, spruces and arborvitae. Golden-crowned Kinglets are here now but have not been as numerous during the winter as usual.

The first Grackles were seen March 10th, Redwings, March 24th.

I am wondering whether the number of Chickadees and White-breasted Nuthatches is on the decrease everywhere. We used to have many of them around every winter. I have not seen any this winter and very few for the last three years.

ALICE JEAN PATTERSON.

Olney

The winter which has just closed was not very remarkable, except for the unusual mildness of the month of January, which was far more springlike than March, the latter being the most stormy and unspringlike of any since we have lived here. Like every other, however, the winter has been more or less peculiar in respect to the birds which have or have not been with us. The Killdeer, usually here all winter, was entirely absent until the second of March. There were few White-crowned and White-throated Sparrows and Juncos; no Fox Sparrows, nor Chewinks. On the other hand there were more Grackles, Robins and Doves than usually winter with us. Other birds were present in about their normal numbers.

At this writing, March 22, Doves are nesting; they and the Flickers had paired by the seventh of the month. The Doves commenced cooing February 18; a male Cardinal was seen feeding a female, a sure sign that they had paired, on March 11. Bluebirds were inspecting the nesting boxes about March 15. The Brown Thrasher came about on schedule time, March 16.

While feeding, different species of birds present many peculiarities of behavior toward one another. When feeding together in numbers, only the English Sparrow and the Quail do so in perfect peace. All other kinds quarrel more or less, especially the "peaceful" Dove, one of which will not, during the mating season, allow another of the same sex to feed near by, persistently chasing it away, and if resisted, the two fighting savagely. But, when they are through feeding I have seen them all sitting on the ground together in perfect harmony. In the case of the Chickadee (Carolina) and Tufted Titmouse, I have



Photo by J. Evelyn Ridgway

BROWN THRASHER'S NESTING PLACE—BRUSH PILE COVERED WITH
MORNING GLORIES

noticed, frequently, that when an odd number are present at the feeding place, the familiar saying "two are company, three a crowd" is well illustrated; the odd one is invariably persecuted by the other two to such an extent that in order to obtain any food it must do so after the others have gone, or else get it from a separate and far removed feeding box.

Excellent nesting and roosting places for Juncos, Cardinals and our Mocking Bird are the dense clumps of bamboos, the brush piles, and tangles of climbing roses.

We have a very interesting pair of Tufted Titmice; they are a devoted couple, being always together. They really dance, hopping back and forth on the walk in front of the south porch, facing each other, about two feet apart, and singing all the time. One of the pair also imitates the notes of other birds, especially the chirp of the English Sparrow, and the ordinary call-note of the Chickadees. This it does so perfectly that both Mr. Ridgway and I were at first completely deceived.

While writing of the Tufted Titmouse I must tell of an incident which occurred several years ago. I have an old Spanish mission chair, the seat and back being covered with a Puma skin, given to me by a Costa Rican friend. It was on the porch for several days. I noticed a pair of Tufted Titmice flying back and forth past the windows. Curious to know why they were acting thus I went out to investigate, and to my astonishment found that they were getting their bills full of the Puma hair, for nest building material. As they were making bare spots on the skin, I moved the chair inside the hall. The door was left open, however, and in a few minutes the birds were as busy as ever, having come into the house and found the chair!

A favorite building material with many birds is the Florida moss, which we festoon from the trees, when we have it; also pieces of old muslin, torn in strips about six inches long and half to one inch wide, and strips of soft paper. The muslin and paper is put on bushes and it is an amusing sight to see the birds flying with these strips streaming from their bills. A friend told me she put out hair combings; in that there is great danger, as I once found a bird whose feet were so entangled with the hair that it was perfectly helpless.

As to preference in the matter of food, all birds prefer black walnuts to any other kind of nuts. I have seen Cardinals, all the species of Woodpeckers, Juncos, Chickadees, Tufted Titmice, Bewick's Wren, and Brown Thrashers picking the nut meats from the cracked nuts put in the pans placed for the pair of Fox Squirrels who are also exceedingly fond of them, as they are also of sun flower seed. These squirrels each have a "den" in the old elm near the dining room and come down at least twice a day to eat. If there are no nuts they will eat slices of apple that are intended for the Robins. The birds feed with the squirrels, not seeming to mind them, although they keep at a respectful distance, often, however, as near as only two feet

apart. I saw the two squirrels playing among our covey of Quail, who were feeding under the Cornel bushes near the house. The Quail did not seem to be at all disturbed by them.

The main feeding places are near the dining room windows, from which we have a good view of all the birds, as well as the squirrels when they are feeding. The windows are of the "three in one" kind, giving a window space of more than six feet.

It is a beautiful sight to see, as we have, at one time, twenty-two Doves and fifteen Quail feeding together under and near a large Cornel bush, and twenty or more Cardinals together with many of the smaller birds; and the two fat sleek Fox Squirrels eating walnuts, each from his own pan; the Woodpeckers (sometimes all five kinds) extracting bits of suet from the holes bored in the post supporting one of the nut boxes, or pressed into crevices in the bark of the big elm; and Robins eating dried currants, sliced apple and crumbs of suet. I was surprised to observe that different Robins prefer different foods; some are partial to dried currants, others to suet while others prefer sliced raw apple, and one is very partial to finely ground peanuts, a favorite food of the Flickers also. Little Bewick's Wren, also, is fond of suet and nut crumbs. He has been with us all winter, but by the middle of April, when the House Wren arrives, will have to change his abode. What a pity for there is simply no comparison between the two birds in point of desirability. Bewick's song is far sweeter, he is equally tame, and strictly minds his own affairs; while the House Wren is not only "fussy," but a destroyer of the eggs of other birds. I have watched the home life of the House Wren for a number of years. It is a complicated affair, concerning which I may write some other time.

Birds have so many enemies; Hawks, Cats, Screech Owls, snakes (in summer), gray squirrels and flying squirrels, together with Blue Jays and Grackles, which like the snakes, systematically despoil the nests of both eggs and young. Consequently, we have to exercise "eternal vigilance" in order to give our birds needed protection.

Meadowlarks, Bewick's Wren, Cardinals and Mocking Birds sing here all winter, or rather at any time during winter. There are two Mocking Birds now. The one with us all winter is much lighter in color than the one who has recently come. The lighter one lost his tail feathers during the winter (as did two Cardinals and a Junco) and for a time only the long white feathers came in. The newcomer is very, very dark; he keeps from the box at the base of the elm tree, while the lighter one comes from the west side of the house and eats bits of suet. The newcomer has to watch his chance in eating, for if seen by the other he invariably chases him off. Mr. Ridgway says the dark one has the appearance of a hybrid between a Mockingbird and a Catbird, the underparts being quite as dark a gray as the back, while very little white shows in the wings when it flies.

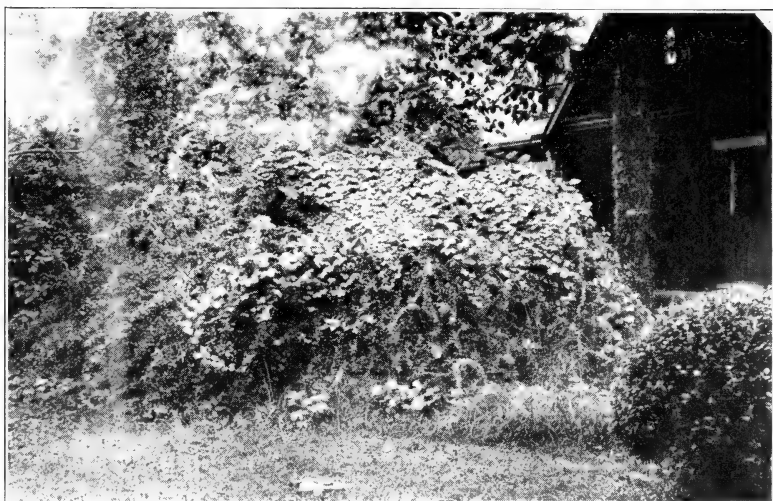


Photo by J. Evelyn Ridgway

ANOTHER THRASHER'S NESTING PLACE—SHRUBS CANOPIED BY VINE OF THE
WILD PASSION FLOWER

As my bird family has grown, it is necessary to supply more food, which unfortunately attracts the undesirables such as rabbits, white-footed and field mice at night, and Blue Jays, Black-birds and hordes of English Sparrows by day.

Largely on account of these undesirables, especially the ever-hungry English Sparrow, the quantity of food consumed is enormous. Mr. Ridgway buys chick and scratch feed by the hundred pound bag and little raw Spanish peanut meats, twenty-five pounds at a time. Suet and sun flower seed in proportion. My grocer gave me a carton holding thirty-six boxes of dried currants, which had become slightly wormy, but enough to prevent the sale of them. Robins like them very much. When the ground was frozen, it was impossible for them to get their natural food and the currants proved an apparently satisfactory substitute.

Last fall, after the leaves had fallen from most of the trees and shrubs, Mr. Ridgway made a count of the nests of the season on the north portion of our grounds only, that is, from the open field south of the house to the northern end of the premises; an area of about three acres. The count did not—in fact could not include many nests hidden in the dense foliage of numerous large coniferous evergreens and in the tangle of climbing roses covering the enclosing fence. Several additional nests were found later, when certain shrubs that held their foliage until late in the season became bare, and a few but by no means all of them have been added to the original list. The total number of nests which were occupied during the season of 1922,

according to the count, is one hundred and seventeen, the species, and the number of nests of each, being as follows: Robin 26, Dove 20, Brown Thrasher 18, Catbird 18, House Wren 12, Chipping Sparrow 6, Cardinal 6, Flicker 3, Red-bellied Woodpecker 1, Bob-White 1, Indigo Bird 1, Great-crested Flycatcher 1, Orchard Oriole 1, Wood Pewee 1, Red-headed Woodpecker 1, Bluebird 1.

Besides the species named above, Mr. Ridgway says he is positive the following nested on our grounds, although we had not been able to discover their nests; Killdeer (in the open field,) Wood Pewee, Blue Jay, Meadowlark, Field Sparrow, Yellow Warbler, Maryland Yellow-throat. He had good reason for believing the following also nested on the premises; Green Heron (seen daily flying between our little piece of woods and a pond nearby), Screech Owl, Yellow-billed Cuckoo, Downy Woodpecker, Hairy Woodpecker, Humming Bird, Goldfinch, Cedarbird, Red-eyed Vireo, Tufted Titmouse, and Carolina Chickadee. All the above have nested here in previous years, also the Baltimore Oriole, Bewick's Wren, Chimney Swift (in a chimney of our house), Alder Flycatcher (one season only), Cowbird, Towhee, and Bronzed Grackle (each spring Mr. Ridgway declares war on this species, to prevent its nesting here, but a pair or two manages to outwit him).

The first summer we lived here, the only birds to be seen or heard on the eight acres were Crow, Blackbirds (Bronzed Grackles), Blue Jays, and English Sparrows, and a vigorous warfare against them was necessary before other birds could get a foothold.

Our seven years' experience on "Larchmound" has impressed us with the great importance of *water* as a means of attracting birds. Food they can easily find in abundance during the warmer months; but often water, unless provided for them, they can only find by flying a considerable distance; and water to drink and bathe in is not merely a luxury to them but an absolute necessity.

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting Robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain."

MRS. JULIA EVELYN RIDGWAY

Odin

On New Year's Day I took a little stroll in the country to see what birds were present. I only saw Robin 1, Crows 3, Sparrow Hawk 1, European Sparrow numerous, Crested Chickadees 3, Flicker 1, Blue Jays 2, Cardinal 1, Juncos 10,— a very poor

representation of what ought to have been seen. I have taken several trips since but bird life was not very plentiful. Robins were observed every few days and I frequently saw a Mockingbird which I think got most of its eats off of persimmons and hack-berries as I saw it eating these on several occasions up to February 17 when it was seen in my garden here in town. I saw it catching some insect life in a bed of onions which I had mulched with straw. Wondering what it was I made a close examination and found by moving the straw there were quite a few grasshoppers about one half inch long. I think the Mockingbird caught them all for when I removed the straw the last of March I did not see any more hoppers.

Saw my first Bluebird January 28, also a Marsh Hawk and a Cooper's Hawk. February 2, Killdeer 1; March 1, Ducks flying over unidentified. January 19, saw first Meadowlarks, sixteen in all were seen continually the remainder of the winter. March 2, Bronzed Grackles, 8. March 4, Bewicks Wren put in its appearance. Usually they may be seen all winter but this was the first one that came my way. March 16, Brown Thrasher 1, Phoebe 1, Purple Finch 2, Towhee 2, Turkey Vulture 1. March 24, Kingfisher 1, Robin building in plum tree in my back yard. March 25, Mourning Dove 2, Brown Creeper 1, Barred Owl nest, 3 eggs, in post oak snag 36 feet up in about the only piece of timber which contains any such snags in this locality as the hunters have cut nearly all such down with a view of catching raccoons and opossums, and have as a consequence destroyed the breeding places for such mammals and the Owls. I also examined a Screech Owl nest in a shade tree here in town opposite my home. It contained 5 eggs. The opening of the cavity is towards my house and I very often see Mrs. Owl looking out during the day time but every evening just about dusk she will sit and look out for quite a while before leaving. She usually returns very early in the morning while it is yet rather dark. I can slip my hand under her just like a domestic hen. She only blinks her eyes and sits perfectly quiet. Saw several Crow's nests. Did not examine them as they were in trees rather hard to climb. Saw a flock of Red-winged Blackbirds probably sixty in all. April 1, Robin nest completed and contains one egg. Saw one Red-breasted Sapsucker this morning.

C. B. Vandercook.

Port Bryon

Following is my report of the winter birds and the spring migration up to April 2. Birds seen and heard during December 1922, January and February 1923, which were not permanent residents or regular winter visitants were as follows:

On December 25, while observing the birds on the Mississippi River with a telescope, I saw a Gull which was entirely black, except the underparts, which were partly white, and which I

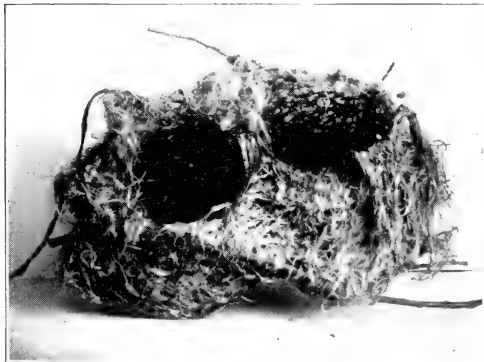


Photo by C. G. Groneman

DOUBLE-NEST OF ORIOLE. THE SECOND NEST WAS ADDED THE FOLLOWING SEASON

during Christmas week, but I did not get to see it when I took my bird census. About the middle of January one of the daily papers printed an article from Geneseo, which stated that two Bald Eagles were killed in Henry County that week. One of the Eagles was carrying away a pig when it was shot by a farmer. Residents of Rapid City told me three Bald Eagles stayed on or near the river at that place during the winter of 1921-22.

On January 13, a Flicker was seen with the birds that came to my feeding shelf, and on January 20, another one was heard. Goldfinches were seen or heard on December 3, 5, 13, 25, and January 16, and on December 25 a Smiths Longspur was heard calling several times while flying over. On December 24 and 25, a Short-eared Owl was flushed from some long dead grass in a dry pond not very far from our house.

Two Bluebirds were seen on December 10 and some Robins were reported to be staying on a farm three miles northeast from here on the same date. Towards the end of February the weather moderated, and the first migrants arrived. A Sparrow Hawk was heard February 25, and a few Pintails came February 27. Following is my record of the weather, and the arrival and movements of the migrating birds during March and up to April 2. March 1. Clear, 35 to 58; Goldfinches were heard in the garden. 2. Cloudy, 43 to 66; A Killdeer, some Meadowlarks and Blue birds were seen and heard. 3. Cloudy, rain and thunder in the evening, 33 to 42; Meadowlarks and Bluebirds were here again. 4. Partly cloudy, 32 to 37; A Flock of Red-winged Blackbirds was seen flying over, and six Robins were seen in the garden. 5. Cloudy, 17 to 37; A Bluebird stayed here all day. 6. Partly cloudy, 30 to 47; Meadowlarks were heard singing. 7. Clear, 19 to 32; a Great Horned Owl was hooting in the evening. 8. Partly cloudy, 25 to 43; a Robin was here in the morning. 9. Cloudy, rain and thunder; 40 to 40. 10. Clear, 26 to 42; Meadowlarks became common, and in the eve-

think was probably a Great Black-backed Gull. Three Mourning Doves were seen on December 4; two December 14; one December 23; and five on February 11. A farmer told me that four Doves came to his hog yard every day during the winter of 1921-22. Marsh Hawks were seen on December 1, 5, 20, and January 9. A Bald Eagle was reported to be staying on the Mississippi River below Rapids City

ning a Western Meadowlark was heard singing. 11. Cloudy, 28 to 42; Birds first seen and heard were the Flicker, Rusty Blackbird, Bronzed Grackle, and Song Sparrow. A large flock of Pintails was seen flying over in the P. M. In the evening there was thunder and rain, turning into a snowstorm accompanied by a high east wind.

12. Cloudy, dep wet snow on the ground, 32 to 48; a Mourning Dove came into the barnyard in search of food, and stayed all day. A few Blackbirds, Robins, and Bluebirds were flying about, and six Meadowlarks were seen sitting on a walnut tree in the P. M. 13. Cloudy, light snow, 25 to 38; Meadowlarks, Robins, and Bluebirds were all gone. 14. Cloudy, light snow in P. M. Snowstorm in evening, 8 to 37. 15. Cloudy, snow turned to rain in the morning and rained all day; some snow drifts, 31 to 38; a Fox Sparrow came and ate with the Juncos and Tree Sparrows where I had scattered some corn meal for them. Two Prairie Horned Larks came into the barnyard in search of food. 16. Clear, 8 to 23; a Robin was in the garden in the morning, and a Meadowlark came into the barnyard in search of food. 17. Clear, 21 to 44; a covey of eight Bob-white was seen along the public highway. 18. Snowstorm all day accompanied by a high north wind, 23 to 4; a covey of Bob-white were scattered about the place in the morning and were calling. A Prairie Horned Lark went in the Sparrow trap which I had baited with oats; it was in the front chamber, so I just lifted the trap and let it fly away. The birds were very hungry on this day, and we put our four large plates full of cracked butternuts on the feeding shelf to satisfy them. 19. Clear, 11 below zero in the morning, 15 above in P. M. 7 above in the evening; a Robin was here in the morning and a Bluebird in P. M. 20. Partly cloudy, 21 to 52; a Cardinal was in the garden—the first one this winter. 21. Cloudy, 34 to 53; two Gulls flew over and some Goldfinches were heard. Late in the evening a Bob-white was heard calling. 22. Cloudy and rainy, 40 to 31. 23. Clear, 15 to 36; enough snow melted to leave large patches of bare ground, and a good many Bluebirds were flying about. 24. Clear, 20 to 40; many large flocks of Pintails were flying about in every direction in the evening.

25. Partly cloudy, 38 to 40; a flock of about 30 Canada Geese flew over in the A. M. and a male Marsh Hawk arrived in P. M. A good many Blackbirds, Meadowlarks, Robins, and Bluebirds were flying about, and a Western Meadowlark was heard singing. A neighbor saw a covey of twelve Bob-white in the morning, and also reported finding two dozen frozen Meadowlarks in his straw stack. An article in one of the daily papers stated that some frozen Bob-white were found along the hedge fences near Albany. 25. Clear, 12 to 35; Marsh Hawk seen again. 27. Partly cloudy, 30 to 35; many Hawks were migrating most of them were Rough-legs, and a few Red-tails. 28. Partly cloudy, 17 to 39. 29. Partly cloudy, 27 to

52; a flock of about fifty Robins was in the garden in the morning and another flock came in the evening. 30. Partly cloudy, snow squalls, 22 to 24; a flock of Gold-finches was here in the morning and a good many Blackbirds were flying around. A Sparrow Hawk was seen sitting on a fence post near the house.

31. Clear, 8 to 31; early in the morning while going past our cemetery, my brother saw two birds about the size of English Sparrows sitting on the ground under a cedar tree and eating something, and which undoubtedly were American Crossbills. He said one was red, and the other one was olive green, and that they paid no attention to him whatever, although he was only six feet away from them. The next day I went to the cemetery to find out what they had been eating, and found many small cones lying on the ground under the cedar tree.

April 1. Partly cloudy, 28 to 45; took a bird walk, but did not find any new arrivals. Some more farmers reported finding dead Meadowlarks.

J. J. SCHAFER

Robinson

Mr. Harvey L. Long of the Robinson Township High School reports the practical work being done in that school. He writes:

"The writer is an instructor in general science, having about 80 high school freshmen as students. In the study of foods an opportunity was offered for reports, (as reports are a part of the class work), on birds that help in food production. An outline was prepared for the student's guidance which you will find accompanying this sheet. Other reports such as 'The Feeding of Winter Birds,' 'How to Attract Birds' were assigned so that about 20 people out of the 80 have made some special study of bird life.

"Interest has been stimulated to the point where a bird club is to be organized the coming week. We have planned to have some of the best reports that were prepared for the general science class read before meetings of the club, and other reports and articles published in the local papers. Projects in general science for the bird club will be worked out by arranging or grouping different classes of birds and mounting the N. Y. pictures of them. The student may receive credit for this work in general science.

"Each member of the general science classes has been given one of the new Arbor and Bird Day Bulletins which have such excellent articles on birds in general.

"Not being familiar with this region I cannot be sure whether the individuals which follow are, permanent, or summer residents:

"The Song Sparrow was seen on March 24, the Hairy Woodpecker March 27, Robins were reported here all winter. Sev-

eral appeared around town about the middle of January during our mild weather. The Meadow Larks are everywhere abundant and have been common since the latter days of February. Students reported the arrival of Martins on March 29th.

"It is certainly gratifying to see so many Bob Whites. I had the rare privilege about the middle of February to be on a train stopped near here in the country when a covey of 28 birds walked up alongside the train about 10 feet away. I have not seen such a beautiful sight for some time. On almost every trip we take to the field we disturb a covey of 8 to 10 birds. Others of our winter and permanent residents that are very common and abundant are the Cardinals, Tufted Titmouse, and the Blue Jay. An Eagle was seen on one trip but it was impossible to identify it because of distance."

Rockford

Miss Edith Van Duzer sends the following records dated March 11.

January 3—Barred Owl; 5—Waxwings; 5—Tree Sparrow; 10—Bohemian Waxwings, a large flock probably containing 500 individuals passed through the parks; 16—4 Red-bellied Woodpeckers, apparently permanent; and February 24—Sharp-shinned Hawk.

The season to most bird observers has, I think, been somewhat unsatisfactory since no regular winter birds have been reported—such as Horned Lark, Snowflakes, etc.

Many Owls have been seen, however. Two Long-eared Owls have been about here all winter, two Snowy Owls have been reported as well as the ever present Screech Owl and the Barred Owl already mentioned.

Three Marsh Hawks were reported on January 1st and were seen again later, a Sparrow Hawk has been reported by several people, and I have seen the Broad-winged within a day or two.

A flock of Bob-white has been seen and a number of birds seldom or never listed this time of year. A little Field Sparrow has passed the winter here with a flock of about seven Juncos. They have been observed for many weeks and always together. Some Robins and at least one Flicker and Grackle have stayed also.

A few Cardinals and Titmice have been here but not as many as we have been having for several years. The Red-bellied Woodpecker has not come to our feeding stations tho' he is about. Two years ago he came to my suet every day for months.

The information I can give you will not, I fear, prove especially interesting. The last week all migrating spring birds have been arriving on scheduled time.

An hour's walk this morning showed Downy and Hairy Woodpeckers, Chickadees, Bluejays, Blue Birds, Grackles, Rob-

ins, Killdeer, Scaup Duck, Broad-winged Hawk, Song Sparrow, and Red-winged Blackbirds. Meadow Larks were also reported today.

Urbana

Professor Frank Smith sends the following notes:

In The Audubon Bulletin Spring 1922, the writer announced the results of a warfare on the English Sparrow during 1921. More than 500 were captured in an ordinary city dooryard. There has been no truce, and the efforts to eliminate the pests have not been diminished, though during 1922 the total number captured was but 285. The number in the vicinity was greatly reduced in the latter part of the season and only 13 specimens were taken during November and the first half of December, although the traps were in constant readiness. The date of the last capture was November 17, and very few of them have been seen in the immediate vicinity since that date.

No Starlings have appeared since those reported last year, and, as far as I am aware, a lone Bronzed Grackle is the only representative of the Blackbird tribe that has passed the winter in the vicinity.

Mockingbirds seem now to be thoroughly established here, as permanent residents, and are seen all through the winter in several different places in Urbana and Champaign. Asparagus berries are eaten extensively by the individuals coming to the writer's dooryard during the winter.

Waukegan

April 18th, Mr. W. I. Lyon wrote: I have had a wonderful time with the Cedar Waxwings, they came in flocks as you will notice by the trap picture and in two weeks we banded about two hundred of them. It was very noticeable how quiet they were while being banded and held in the hand and flew only a short distance on being released and many of them repeated a number of times showing little fear of people. The main bait to attract them we found to be cut apples.

So far this year we have placed over five hundred bands and our big harvest is just starting when the White-throated Sparrows arrive.

How to Start Bird Banding

Begin the easiest way.

Trap only at convenient times.

Use a flat box trap with a stick under one side and a string to your window. Keep the ground underneath the trap always baited so that when you are not around it becomes a permanent feeding station.

The trap should be about three feet square and four inches deep, made entirely of wire netting or make the sides of light

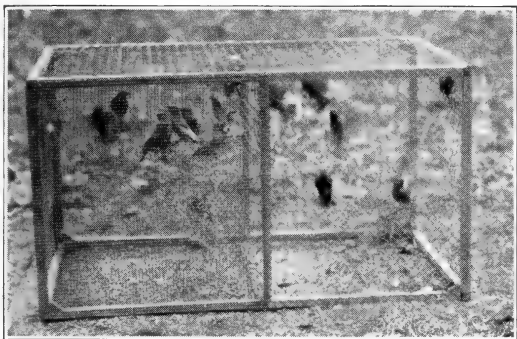


Photo by W. I. Lyon

CEDAR WAXWINGS TEMPORARILY DETAINED

between the trap as it will make the trap trip more easily. A small box or carrying cage is necessary. Drive the birds from the trap, through the door into the smaller box cage where they are easily handled.

Lyon's Improved Sparrow Type Trap gives more space for the birds to fly in the top of trap and the lower, flatter funnels give a better perching place where the bird can see the entrance to the second compartment, the funnel of second compartment has a flat top which makes a good resting place up off the ground and keeps the birds much quieter.

It is an all wire trap made with a fine mesh on the sides to protect the birds from injury by cats, owls, etc.

It is advisable to put a piece of tin or roofing over the rear funnel covering about one half of the rear compartment to protect birds from sun, rain and pests.

The top and funnels are made of three-quarter inch netting which is less visible to birds when entering traps.

These traps were the most successful in catching 2000 birds in 1922.

We are applying for patent on these traps but at present will give permit to any one holding Bird Banding permit to make these traps for their own use but not to sell.

WM. I. LYON

wood, cover the top with netting not larger than three-quarter inch mesh. If possible make these sides of wood and the front of netting, this will give a better view into the trap to see when the birds are underneath.

Make a door about three by four inches.

The stick should not be more than six inches high. Place a chip on the top of the stick

THE AUDUBON BULLETIN

SPRING 1923

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ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
For the Conservation of Bird-Life

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Editorial

The tardy appearance of this number of the Bulletin finds the tide of migration spent and the nesting affairs absorbing the time and interest of most of the feathered residents of Illinois. This is the time when painstaking observer can do his bit to add to the sum total of useful knowledge of his bird neighbors. It is the time to suppress the cat and to promote infant mortality among the house sparrow. It is a good time to undertake special problems for investigation. In a given area, what percentage of the nestlings of each species matures to successful flight? What per cent of the Blue Jays are law abiding? Is this species decreasing in the area? What species of birds in the area are imposed upon by the cowbird's depredations? There is always a place in the Bulletin for reports of such inquiries.

The legislature lingers in session as the Bulletin goes into the mails. What is to happen to the Wild Flower Preservation Society's bill to protect certain flowers? What about the Forestry Bill which looks to a future with waste lands once more covered with magnificent forests? What of the State Parks Bill so patiently promoted by unselfish lovers of the native beauty of our state? Let us question our friends in the legislature and move them to friendly action.

What About the Quail, Anyway?

The question of a closed season for quail has been very actively discussed of late because of proposed legislation to that effect. Farming sentiment seems to be strongly for a closed season of indefinite duration. The sportsmen representing the opposition have received much comfort from statements from E. W. Nelson, Chief of the U. S. Biological Survey and Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies. Mr. Nelson concludes that quail thrive better under moderate persecution. Mr. Pearson's ideas are set forth in the following quotation from the Illinois Sportsman.

Quail as a Song Bird

A concerted effort has been made in several states during the last year to place bob-white on the song bird list. Every sportsman not only opposes this, but naturally resents it. The bob-white is the gamiest of game birds and the sportsmen are the men who have always protected and cared for him. To place him on the song bird list is not to protect him, but to abandon him. Long closed seasons on quail have been shown to be laws on paper only—non-enforceable laws that never bring the results hoped for.

We are very much pleased to receive a letter from T. Gilbert Pearson, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, in which he makes it clear that the National Association of Audubon Societies does not desire to see the quail put on the song bird list. Mr. Pearson says in part:

"A law placing the quail on the song bird list, or in other words giving it perpetual closed season, is likely to have a tendency to defeat the very object for which the bill was enacted. The class of people who have taken most interest in this bird in the United States is the organized sportsmen. In many states these bodies, representing thousands of good, worth-while citizens, in order to perpetuate their opportunities to go afield with gun and dog, have expended much time and large sums of money in feeding quail during the periods of heavy snows and have also been responsible for the introduction of tens of thousands of quail for the purpose of restocking depleted coveys. Many of these organizations are also active in apprehending and reporting those who kill the quail by illegal methods or at unseasonable times.

"It is my opinion that especially in many of the northern and central states the quail today would be almost as rare as the passenger pigeon if it had not been for the efforts of the game protective organizations of sportsmen who have long been the chief active force in securing and encouraging the enforcement of laws for its preservation. If in attempting to protect quail the bird is removed for all time from the list of

birds that may ever be hunted, you virtually take from it the solicitous protective influences of the one large class of our citizens who have done most for its protection in the past.

"My experience has been that in most instances the fortunes of the quail may with a fair degree of safety be left in the hands of the game protective associations which have an intense personal interest in the preservation of the species."

The sportsmen should appreciate the stand Mr. Pearson has taken on this subject.

What They Say About Quail

The following quotations show what some of them think. The quotations are taken at random from issues of the *Prairie Farmer*. The editor's comment appearing there is that of the Editor of that magazine.

M. E. Long, Lee Co., Ill.—Will Bro. Wilkerson please explain why when a man is walking without a gun and scares up a flock of quail they all fly away together, but if you shoot into them they scatter and never get together again? The answer is that they don't.

Morris Walton, Schuyler Co., Ill.—E. W. Nelson has some queer ideas on quail. He says he can allow a reasonable amount of hunting and still have a normal amount of quail left. It would probably make chicken raising more profitable if we would let city hunters come out and shoot part of them. The argument the hunters kill only male quails doesn't hold water. One wife is all a quail wants to bother with. If the males are killed there will be a lot of old maid quail left that will never reproduce themselves.

Emma B. Durston, Mercer Co., Ill.—Nature took care of inbreeding in quail before there were hunters and will continue to do so. That is just the excuse of a hunter who wants to keep on killing them.

O. W. Madeen, Kane Co., Ill.—Leave it to the quail to take care of themselves and keep out of the way of the hawks if the hunters will leave them alone. Farmers around here are going to get after the hunters. They will have to stop shooting quail or keep off our land.

D. Tait, Edwards Co., Ill.—I doubt if quail eat chinch bugs. The hunter naturally shoots the last bird to get up and thus kills off the older and lazy birds. Two-thirds of the quail killed are males.

Peter Schallom, Monroe Co., Ill.—Permanent protection will not cause quail to multiply enough to help the farmer. One hard winter will kill more than all the hunters. The real sportsman respects the law, but if you have a permanent closed season quail will get tame and the pot hunter will get them all.

Troy Burk, Moultime Co., Ill.—I saw a dozen quail at the edge of a cornfield last summer eating chinch bugs like a hog eats corn.

Earl Hawkins, Wayne Co., Ill.—A closed season will not give the quail eternal life. We have more here now than we have ever had before, although there has been more hunting. If we would provide cover for quail and feed them when necessary we would have more of them.

Frank Specht, Clay Co., Ill.—Quail will never be thick enough here to do away with the chinch bugs, even with a permanent closed season. I do not believe in their wholesale slaughter, but I like to shoot a few now and then in late fall.

J. T. Wells, Jefferson Co., Ill.—I have killed quail at all seasons of the year and never found a chinch bug in one yet. I do not believe they eat them.

Oran Wagner, McDonough Co., Ill.—One of my neighbors killed a quail when mowing stubble last fall. Its crop was so full of chinch bugs that it could hardly fly. Where is Mr. Wilkerson?

Roy Slater, Fulton Co., Ill.—I hope you succeed in your efforts to protect the quail. The skunk ought to be protected too, as he eats mostly insects and mice.

F. O. Kiefer, Stephenson Co., Ill.—Twenty years would not be too long to protect quail.

A. Kleinlein, Brown Co., Ill.—My boys saved 80 quail craws this year and did not find a single chinch bug. If God Almighty did not want us to kill quail He would not have fed the Children of Israel on quail in the wilderness. Let us not take all the sport away from the farm boys. Things are blue enough as it is.

Protect the Quail

I read a statement written by A. D. Wilkerson that the quail is not a chinch bug eater. He had better go way back and sit down. The chinch bug is practically the only bug that winters on top of the ground. He winters along the hedge rows where there is plenty of leaves and grass for shelter, and that is where the quail gets his daily rations. I wonder if Wilkerson ever saw a covey of quail busy along a sheltered fence row. If he did and passed up the chance to see what they were doing he had better investigate their means of getting a living the next chance he gets.

Wilkerson says to let the hunters stir them up once in a while to thin out the weak birds. Did you ever hear of a hunter that asked a quail if he felt good before he shot? I believe in protecting the quail not for one year or five years but for all time to come. At the rate they have been slaughtered in the last five years they will soon be like the prairie

chickens—you will see one in a blue moon. Wilkerson's theory is that inbreeding will play the mischief with the quail, but it can't be half as bad as an automatic shot gun.

Montgomery Co., Ill.

E. M. HULETT.

I notice in your issue of January 27 a letter on how to increase the quail supply written by A. D. Wilkerson of Cook County, Ill. He comes as near hitting the nail on the head as I have seen. The editor says he'd better get his \$100 ready that he offers anyone that will furnish positive proof that a quail will eat chinch bugs in their wild state. I believe he could make it \$500 and his money be as safe as in a government bond. I have examined hundreds of quail crops for chinch bugs and can say I have never been able to discover any chinch bugs in a quail's crop yet.

White Co., Ill.

WM. B. SHIPLEY.

Maybe your chinch bugs are specially trained to escape quail.—Editor.

That Inbreeding Theory

I was amused at the theory Mr. Wilkerson advanced when he said, "shooting among quails was a necessity" to avoid inbreeding. We first wonder if our brother Wilkerson really believes what he preaches. Turtle doves as we all are aware lay only two eggs. Nature has so arranged affairs that these two eggs hatch male and female mated for life, and if broken by death they remain unmated the remainder of their lives. I have heard it said if by an accident of nature they are of the same sex the mother will kill the weaker of the two. Pigeons are similar in natural habits, and propagation. The dove and the pigeon are as healthy and perfect as they were when Noah liberated them from the Ark and they have been inbred millions of times. Brother Wilkerson is in our estimation a pump gun and bird dog fanatic and did not know what else to say and consequently his article sounds absurd in the ears of all quail lovers. Hasten the time for a closed season on quail for all time to come.

White Co., Ill.

DONALD B. WEAS.

Well, Bro. Wilkerson, what have you to say to that?—

THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY recommends the organization of Junior Audubon Societies under one or the other of the following plans:

First plan: Organize under the auspices of the National Association of Audubon Societies and take advantage of the special offer to pupils made possible by generous patrons of the Society. Each member paying ten cents will receive a set of six educational leaflets with colored pictures and outline drawings for coloring with crayons. Each member will also receive the Audubon button which represents a badge of membership in a Junior Audubon class. Each teacher who organizes a class of twenty or more receives a year's free subscription to *Bird-Lore*, the official organ of the Association. Address the Secretary, 1749 Broadway, New York City.

Second plan: Organize under the auspices of the Illinois Audubon Society. Each pupil is to pay fifteen cents for a copy of "*Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard*" published by the United States Government, copies to be obtained either from the Secretary of the Illinois Audubon Society or by sending directly to the Superintendent of Documents at Washington, D. C. To each member of a group provided with this beautifully illustrated bulletin the Illinois Audubon Society will give without charge the Audubon button of membership in the Illinois Society and will send to the leader of the group for a period of one year all the publications and special notices of the Society together with an illustrated certificate showing that the group is a member of the Illinois Audubon Society. Teachers wishing to enroll pupils under local plans may obtain Audubon buttons for two cents.

Address the

Illinois Audubon Society

10 South La Salle Street

CHICAGO



THE AUDUBON BULLETIN

Fall 1923



Published by
THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON
SOCIETY

Illinois Audubon Society Service

THE Society has two collections of hand-colored lantern slides of bird life, each with an accompanying printed lecture. These are lent free of charge to any school or organization in the state but borrower pays express charges both ways.

The Society has travelling libraries of bird books which are lent to schools or organizations for a reasonable length of time, the borrower paying express charges both ways.

The Society publishes wall charts listing 200 typical Illinois birds and providing suitable spaces for recording migration and nesting data. Schools, Boy Scout organizations, and individuals as well, find these of great service. Price ten cents each.

The Society publishes a Pocket Check List of Birds with a colored zonal map. This list records every known species of birds that visits Illinois or nests within its borders. Included with this is a very useful key for the identification of nests. The Check List sells for fifty cents.

The Society publishes the Langdon Cat Circular which is invaluable in arousing interest in the question of protecting birds from marauding cats. Price five cents each.

The Society issues an illustrated postal in the Italian language warning against violation of laws for bird protection. Price two cents each.

Address The Illinois Audubon Society

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**The Aims and Principles of the
Illinois Audubon Society are:**

- 1st. To encourage the study of birds, particularly in the schools, and to disseminate literature relating to them.
- 2nd. To work for the betterment and enforcement of State and Federal laws relating to birds.
- 3rd. To discourage the wearing of any feathers except those of the ostrich and domestic fowls.
- 4th. To discourage, in every possible way, the wanton destruction of wild birds and their eggs.



Photo by Orpheus Moyer Schantz

PINES IN THE WAUKEGAN FLATS
A FAVORITE FEEDING PLACE FOR WINTER BIRDS

THE AUDUBON BULLETIN

FALL, 1923

PUBLISHED BY THE
ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY

(For the protection of wild birds)

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The Chicago Region

STUDENTS of geology, botany, and general geography at the University of Chicago and Northwestern University have exceptional opportunities for field work. The natural forces that carved out the great lakes, that wore down the Des Plaines River, Chicago River, and Salt Creek valleys and their smaller tributary streams, and that left the great marshes bordering on the dune land, the morainic ridges and other evidences of the ice age, built a wonderfully diversified and fascinating landscape.

This region, all tributary to Lake Michigan and strongly influenced by its tempering breezes, is called the Chicago Region. It is commonly supposed to include the Lake Shore from the dunes at Michigan City to Waukegan, and inland to include the Valparaiso moraine. Within this area before the coming of the white man and for many years after, there were conditions of forest, stream, lake, pond, marshland, and open prairie that made ideal breeding grounds for myriads of birds.

It is probable that nowhere in North America were there to be found greater variety or larger numbers of both land birds and waterfowl than on this vast and comparatively level plain.

North of the region were forests, many lakes, large and small, grassy meadows, and a marvelous system of rivers, tributary to the Mississippi.

South were the great prairies, the present corn belt, and below the prairies the beginnings of the Ozark Highlands that extend west across Missouri and Arkansas. To realize the multitudes of bird life that formerly visited Illinois, one should read Robert Ridgway's description of the Illinois Prairies as he saw them in 1871. This description is a part of the introduction to Part 1 of *Birds of Illinois*, published as a State Bulletin in 1889, now out of print.

While today many of the natural bird sanctuaries no longer exist, having been destroyed by settlement, drainage, and other equally destructive causes, there are still to be found bits of forest, marsh and dune areas that are visited by birds in considerable numbers each year.

A few of these "remainders" are peculiarly attractive to certain birds, that have very exclusive tastes in food. The frontispiece of the present number of the Bulletin illustrates a unique example of reforestation in the so-called Waukegan Flats in Lake County, that has not only proved the possibility of introducing a number of varieties of pine trees in the sandy soil of the flats, but has also furnished the coniferous seeds that are the favorite food of a number of northern birds that move south during the autumn and winter seeking new feeding stations.

Within the memory of many people in Lake County, the flats contained a stand of good-sized White Pine trees. These pines furnished

much of the dimension timber used in building many of the older houses in Waukegan.

After the destruction of the pines, the Douglas Brothers, nursery men of Waukegan, used the flats as a place for storage for their surplus stock of evergreens, until such time as they could deliver the trees.

Not all of the trees were sold, and a goodly number of young pines became acclimated and grew to maturity, among them being white, gray or jack, Scotch, Norway and Table Mountain pines.

Now, after sixty years, these mature trees are perpetuating themselves through their seedling offspring.

The pine groves and the adjoining marshes are favorite resorts of a numerous bird host throughout the year, both resident and migrant. Almost every fall and winter flocks of evening grosbeaks, pinefinches, waxwings, siskins, and crossbills visit the pinery.

On the day that the frontispiece picture was taken, a small flock of red crossbills was noted, all busily engaged in deftly snipping the pine cone scales and extracting the pine seeds. Occasionally a seed would be dropped and it would spiral down on the wind, landing point down at some distance from the tree, showing very clearly nature's wonderful method of distributing pine seed.

Many water birds nest in the marshy portions of the flats, and a great many shore birds stop during spring and fall migrations. Red-winged blackbirds, marsh wrens, and many sparrows find conditions to their liking for both nesting and food.

Owing to the isolation of the flats much illegal shooting takes place, but there is a possibility that in the near future this interesting old inlet bed will come under the protection of the Forest Preserve act, by a vote of Lake County.

Then arose a joyous clamour
From the wild-fowl on the mere,
And a voice within cried: "Listen!
Christmas carols even here!"

—*Charles Kingsley.*

Bird Protection in Europe

The following letter from Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson telling of the results of his study of the status of bird protection in Europe gives a very clear understanding of the necessity for a world wide campaign for bird protection

Dear Mr. Schantz:

MANY of the principles for bird study and bird protection which in this country we regard as rudimentary ones, have no place in European countries. For example, here no one may collect birds' eggs without securing state and federal permits for that purpose. In Great Britain there is practically no such restriction and the egg collecting craze like a scourge is sweeping the British Isles. Literally hundreds of men and boys in the employ of wealthy egg-collectors are searching fields and woods in spring for birds' eggs.

In western Europe the eggs of the Lapwing, Stone Curlew and Oystercatcher are collected in vast numbers and sold in the markets as food. Throughout southern Europe songbirds are widely eaten. The little Skylark, for example, which was immortalized by Shelley, and which has had a place in literature almost ever since there has been literature, is netted, trapped, caught by bird limes and shot in enormous numbers. More than 200,000 are known to have been shipped from Belgium to France for food in the winter of 1913-14. Nearly every land-owner in Belgium, I am informed, has an ingenious device with little mirrors which is whirled in the field and used in attracting Skylarks within range of the spoilers. In the fall and winter one may see long strings of these birds hanging in front of the markets in southern Europe.

We prohibit spring-shooting of wild fowl in the United States, but there is very little prohibition of this kind in Europe. The President of a bird protective society in Switzerland seemed surprised when I made this suggestion, and replied by asking a question. He said, "Why should we protect migratory birds in Switzerland for the benefit of people who kill them to the north and south of us?"

There is certainly need here for international bird protection conventions to be held. There are practically no convictions for violation of the bird and game laws in Hungary or Italy. In 1921 there were only sixty convictions in all of France for the illegal killing of birds. In New York State alone there were over 1,000 during the same period.

On the other hand, in England and Scotland there is a widespread personal interest in birds. The small birds there are very abundant. It seems to be part of the creed of every cultivated Englishman to have a personal knowledge of the names and appearances of flowers and

birds. At the present time under the leadership of Lord Edward Grey a songbird protection bill is pending in the British Parliament.

In many parts of Europe, especially England and Scotland, there are enormous numbers of upland game birds. This is because game is protected on an entirely different basis than in this country. It is all privately owned. My friend and host, Mr. Hugh Gladstone, told me there was not a place in all Scotland where there is "public shooting" except along the beaches "between tides." The game being privately owned and being more or less profitable to raise, there are naturally more game birds to the square mile than we find in this country.

Through our International Committee we propose to exchange publications so that those interested in bird-protection throughout the world may be kept closer in touch with what is going on in other regions. The Organization Committee is coming on very nicely. The French and British sections of the Committee have formally organized as National Committees for their countries.

The organizations in various countries that have been invited to endorse the principles for which we stand, and each to appoint two members to the International Committee, constitute not only bird-protective societies, but all leading scientific organizations and institutions. As an illustration I give below a list of the names of organizations which have joined the Committee and each appointed representatives making up the British Section. Among the members of this Committee such people as Lord Rothschild, Lord Buxton, Hugh Gladstone, Percy Lowe, Mrs. Reginald McKenna, William Sclater, Mr. Lemmon, etc. It is thought that organizing in this way, workers in various countries will be stimulated to greater efforts. Here are the names of the British Societies referred to:

National Trust (for places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty); Zoological Society of London; Royal Society for the Protection of Birds; The Royal Society; the British Ornithologists' Union; Royal Scottish Zoological Society; The Plumage Group; and Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves. Sincerely,

T. GILBERT PEARSON,

President National Association of Audubon Societies

Overtones

I heard a bird at break of day
Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
So full of certainties,

No man, I think, could listen long
Except upon his knees.
Yet this was but a simple bird,
Alone, among dead trees.

—*William Alexander Percy*

From "The Second Book of Modern Verse," edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse.



Novel Publicity Methods

ONE of the large banks on La Salle Street has originated a series of window displays that has attracted much attention and favorable comment. The State Bank of Chicago, located at La Salle and Madison Streets, has exhibited many collections of rare curios, old books and prints, raw materials of different kinds and the finished products made from them, collections of minerals, etc.

These displays have been a source of interest to thousands of pedestrians going to or passing the bank, and during the noon hours each window has had a crowd of interested spectators.

The Illinois Audubon Society was asked to furnish material for a display, and its exhibit occupied the La Salle Street window for three weeks. The usual time given to an exhibit was two weeks but on account of the great interest shown, and the many requests for literature the Audubon exhibit was given an additional week.

As a result of the bank exhibit a great many business men asked to be directed to the office of the Audubon Society.

Recently the Transportation Bank at Dearborn and Harrison Streets, borrowed material for a window display, and reports show much interest in birds in that section of Chicago's downtown district.

Nesting Sites

By WILLIAM BARBER, Kenosha, Wis.

A NEST of the red-winged blackbird was found made of chufa and bayonet grass, attached to stalks of calamus, and containing three greenish, black-speckled eggs. The parent birds gave me a most vociferous and noisy reception when I approached the nest.

The next nest was that of a pair of blue birds in an old fence post. The mother bluebird was shy and tried to lead me away from her babes.

In a hawthorn tree nearby another pair of bluebirds was teaching their family of three to fly. This pair was more active, and fearlessly tried to drive me away.

The third nest was right out in the open, built on the ends of a couple of fence posts in a pile of posts only a few feet from a railroad, with no shelter above it. The bottom of nest was attached to the posts by a neat job of masonry, in construction quite similar to the mud construction of the barn swallow.



Photo by Wm. Barber, Kenosha, Wis.

REDWING BLACKBIRD'S NEST



Photo by Wm. Barber, Kenosha, Wis.

BLUEBIRD'S NEST

In the nearby meadows were a number of meadow larks' nests, but the tunnel approaches made the taking of pictures quite uncertain, and I did not attempt to take any.

At each nest the wounded-bird ruse was used to lead me away from the nest.

I checked all the nests up with the descriptions in our check list and found very little variation.



Photo by Wm. Barber, Kenosha, Wis.

ROBIN'S NEST



Photo by Walter E. Hastings, South Lyon, Mich.

WREN'S NEST

Cleverly Constructed Bird House

WALTER E. HASTINGS, 2nd Vice-President, Michigan Audubon Society, South Lyon, Mich., sends a picture and description of a very cleverly constructed bird house. He writes:

"The house is a prize bird house, built by a Boy Scout and presented to me by the maker. It is really a bluebird house, and bluebirds occupied it until a pair of wrens made up their minds to take it over. Then the trouble began, and the bluebirds were ousted bag and baggage, eggs and all,

Professor Norman A. Wood and I sat on the porch at my home, talking birds, and he wagered me that I could not take a good picture of the pair. Out of six pictures I managed to get one good one.

The house is made by taking an 18-inch length of a post, and splitting off the four sides as nearly alike as can be done, then sawing the center off at each end and nailing the four sides to the two ends. This makes a very fine house. I judged about sixty houses, and chose this one to be the best of the lot for workmanship, originality and practicality. I have had it for four years; seven broods have been raised in it and two have been destroyed.

Since I laid aside my gun for a camera, or cameras (I have four of 'em), I have come to look upon birds as almost human, and the human traits that I find are so numerous that I cannot believe that we are the only beings that will see heaven and hell.

Birds have many traits that are esteemed by us humans as marks of high character. They are patient, industrious, and nothing seems to daunt their courage or dampen their joy in living. In many ways man is not superior to his feathered friends.

Where the Meadow Begins

THE Greenwood Lumber Company is cutting the hemlock-maple timber along the shore of Lake Superior in the region west of Ontonagon, Michigan, at the rate of twenty million feet a year. Thirty carloads a day find their way to the sawmill in Ontonagon. A pitiful waste of land is left in the trail of the lumbermen, swept in turn by fire and wind. The Finns are following in this trail of the lumberjacks, transforming the waste areas into dairy farms. These immigrants are clean, thrifty and industrious. Rich soil, the absence of the common weeds and the prevalence of white clover make the transition a rapid one. The fragrance and beauty of these fields of clover and timothy, densely populated by the birds of our prairie, overlooking the beautiful waters of Lake Superior, is a thrill for anyone interested in outdoor life.

The bobolinks are more numerous to the square mile than on the Illinois prairies. The meadowlarks, too, are there. I heard only the song of the western one. Sparrows are omnipresent with few of the English brand. Savannas, which in migration hide behind hummocks and tufts of grass, perch on the fence posts in full song with no apparent fear of the passerby. Henslow's sparrow was heard. Goldfinches and song sparrows are numerous.

Swallows sweep over the fragrant clover fields or twitter from telegraph wires. The cliff swallows nest under the eaves of the Grange

at Green. Baby tree swallows perch on the fence posts, resting from their first attempts at flight. Barn swallows and purple martins are equally abundant. At times I caught glimpses of bank and rough-winged swallows skimming over.

Flycatchers are in evidence, kingbird, phoebe, pewee, alder, least and olive sided. Nighthawks patrol the beach and the adjacent region each evening. All these thrive on the mosquitoes which are plentiful in late June and July.

The cut over area with uprooted and fallen logs, with a wealth of strawberries, red raspberries, red elder, blackberries and blueberries, was a bird paradise. This is the home of the white-throated sparrows and their chorus was heard by day and night. They were friendly, too, and often sang from the top of a balsam beside Cedar Lodge. Lincoln sparrows preferred the most impenetrable haunts of uprooted trees. Dozens of them were in song at one time yet most careful searching could not locate a single one. The song is musical, varied and prolonged. An unusual melody for a sparrow. It required a month of the most careful stalking to be sure of its identity. In full song, perched on a pile of brush, on the edge of the dense hemlock-maple forest I finally met it face to face. I was walking on the Greenwood lumber tracks and saw it but a moment. In the heavy timber they sing on every side but are always out of sight.

Warblers were hard to identify. This is the home of the house wrens and they patrol the summer cottages so vigilantly that woe betides warblers or other feathered friends that make an approach. House wrens nest in every possible locality. *Patris carina* (father's boat) was left on the shore two days and a huge nest was built in it. A redstart approached one day but was quickly dispelled by the wren patrol. Maryland yellowthroat, Canadian, black-throated blue, ovenbird, and Northern water thrush were listed, and other unnamed songs were heard in the thickets.

Our four common woodpeckers were in evidence. Traces of the pileated were seen in the heavy timber near White Pine and Union Bay. In returning from the lumber camp on a flat car with the lumberjacks I discovered the huge pileated drilling the bark of a large tree. My first pileated!

Loons, spotted sandpipers and young, killdeers, herring gulls, great blue heron and crows were beach companions. The song of the red-eyed vireo and flocks of cedar waxwings were always present. Catbird, brown thrasher, chipping sparrow, purple finch, junco, hawks, bald eagle, mourning dove, bronze grackle, cowbird, red-wing and chickadee were listed. Thrushes were all observed but the hermit. The wood thrush is associated with the dark white-cedar bog where the large showy orchis blooms, and with the mottled sun and shade of the aspen-birch-bracken pioneer forest. Dense thickets and high perches

made thrush study difficult, but the music of the late afternoon was something to be remembered. It hardly seems that gray-cheeked and olive-backed can claim the glory of the flute-like chorus.

If the acres of red elder were the burning bushes, surely the ground was hallowed with mosses, fruiting marchantia, club mosses, trailing arbutus, partridge blossom and berry, wintergreen, bunch berry, small pink orchis, shin leaf, pitcher plant, tall yellow buttercup, twin flower, oak and maidenhair ferns. Sensitive ostrich, and lady ferns were the persistent garden weeds.

Be you botanist, Finn, geologist, or ornithologist, this is a region well worth investigation. Take "Michigan Bird Life" with you when you go. Walter Bradford Barrows is the author. It is a publication of the Michigan Agricultural College and is the most delightful, helpful and exhaustive state publication on birds I have seen.

—ESTHER A. CRAIGMILE

From the Illinois Sportsman

Shooting from sinkboxes and from artificial blinds is now prohibited in Minnesota.

* * *

Hunting in all state lands is prohibited in Alabama.

* * *

In Pennsylvania persons physically and mentally unfit to carry firearms are denied hunting licenses.

There is no open season on quail, prairie chickens, and turtle doves in Iowa.

* * *

Wild turkeys are protected until 1928 in Tennessee.

* * *

The closed season on quail, pheasants and doves has been extended to 1930 in Colorado.

Birds as Destroyers of Gall Insects

(Illustrations by Carl F. Groneman)

UNDOUBTEDLY many bird students, while studying their feathered friends, have been attracted by the abnormal growths frequently found on trees, shrubs, vines and herbaceous plants, which are called galls.

These curious malformations owe their origin principally to insects such as midges, aphids, wasps, moths, beetles, and their close allies, the plant mites. Insect galls are the most common, and are often very conspicuous in form and color.



FIG. 1
PINE CONE GALL



FIG. 1-A
CROSS SECTION
PINE CONE GALL



FIG. 2—SUNFLOWER GALL

Galls have an attraction for certain birds. They have learned that they contain many a choice morsel.

The pine cone galls (Fig. 1), common upon the twigs of willows, are veritable food store-houses. I have seen chickadees and goldfinches in winter, perched upon them, tearing them apart to get at the insect food hidden within.

Fig. 1-A shows a cross section of the pine cone gall.

Besides the gall insects, the birds find grasshoppers' eggs underneath the scales of the gall. I removed 103 such eggs from a gall which had previously been examined by a bird.

The apical galls on the woodland sunflowers (Fig. 2) are also subjected to close scrutiny by birds. These galls, too, are depositaries for grasshoppers' eggs.

Another gall which is common upon the branches of the white oak, is the oak bullet gall (Fig. 3). These spherical galls are of a corky substance, in the center of which is a small thin-walled chamber containing the gall insect. They are eagerly sought by the birds who open them to extract the fat larva or the mature insect.

The galls on the stem of the giant ragweed also attract birds. I have seen woodpeckers diligently tapping the walls of this insect domicile until the occupant was dislodged by the feathered raider.

Other galls attacked by woodpeckers are the goldenrod ball galls, and the twig galls on willows and poplars, the first caused by gall flies, the other two by beetles (Fig. 4).



FIG. 3—OAK BULLET GALL

Among mammals the squirrel is known to search the vagabond gall (Fig. 5) on the cottonwood tree, presumably for its sweet contents, honey-dew, produced by the aphids who in this case are the gall makers.

—CARL F. GRONEMAN.

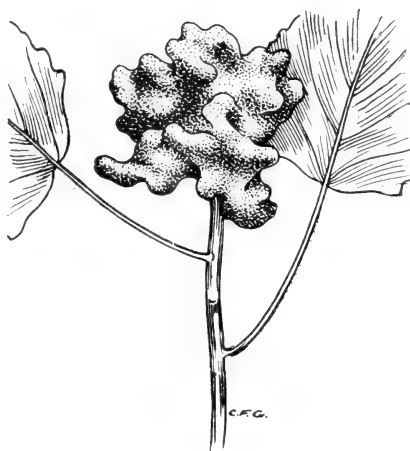
FIG. 4—GOLDEN ROD
BALL GALL

FIG. 5—VAGABOND GALL

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For the Conservation of Bird Life

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EDITORIAL

OWING to stress of other work, the real editor has been obliged to turn this number of the Bulletin over to understudies. Your kindly tolerance is therefore asked for whatever defects you may find, and for the lack of finished editorial judgment that has made the previous Bulletins so readable and so successful in presenting a varied program of bird news to our readers.

The present number of the Bulletin contains several articles of note, which we feel are of great value, as they give first-hand information as to progress in bird conservation, by men whose business it is to keep in touch with everything that concerns our bird life, for or against.

Mr. Pearson's resume of the European situation is a revelation of the need of further international conferences and coöperation.

Mr. Lincoln's article on "The Ducks of the Illinois River Marshes," is a valuable contribution to ornithology. It brings out the tremendous importance of the State of Illinois in relation to waterfowl, and the necessity of preserving the breeding places, which are later told about in Mr. Riis' article on drainage of the Upper Mississippi bottoms. Bird banding as a scientific occupation and pleasant pastime is rapidly gaining many enthusiastic supporters. Mr. Lyon tells of its success and how the difficulties in devising traps to catch the tree-climbing birds have been overcome. Mr. Ridgway's introduction to the "Birds of Illinois," which we are taking the liberty of reprinting, gives a vivid picture of the bird life on the Illinois prairies fifty years ago.

Protecting Birds Against Squirrels

By DR. B. H. WARREN, West Chester, Pa.

As a general proposition in the East, squirrels—Gray, Black, Fox, Red or Pine, the Flying and the little striped Ground Hackey or Chipmunk, are all more or less given to destroying birds.

I have a farmer friend in Northern Pennsylvania who has a sugar bush of some 65 acres, many large maple trees, numerous big beech trees, some hickory trees, lots of hemlocks, etc. This wooded tract is locally famous for Gray Squirrels. Some years back I knew a farmer's boy who one season told me he killed about 75 grays in the place and I think he told the truth.

There are many Red and Flying Squirrels as well as considerable numbers of Ground Squirrels on the premises.

The farmer loves birds. Several years ago he made and placed on trees in the interior, and about edges, especially of this sugar bush, 100 wooden bird boxes. The first year several of them had tenants, viz.: bluebirds, crested flycatchers, woodpeckers and a couple of wren families. Since then practically no birds have nested in the boxes. Two or three years after the boxes were erected, an examination of a number was made and it was learned that a lot of them were inhabited by flying squirrels; some had gray squirrels as occupants, and a few had mice therein.

On one side of this sugar bush there is a grove of native chestnut trees which, before the blight killed nearly 100 or more of the trees, produced almost every year a large crop of nuts. At the present time I understand some of the trees still survive and bear fruit. These nuts were and are most desirable food for squirrels as are fruits of other trees in the sugar bush. The sugar bush is quite a good place for Ruffed Grouse in season, and in hunting them in winter I have often noticed there are very few old birds' nests to be seen in trees or shrubbery.

Boxes erected about the buildings on the same farm, where the family resides, have nearly every year a few visitors such as bluebirds, wrens and crested flycatchers as breeders. The squirrels do not harbor about the farmer's house and other buildings near to same.

Under date of October 1, 1923, Mr. W. B. Bell, Acting Chief, Bureau of Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., writes as follows:

"Dear Dr. Warren:

"Your letter of recent date relative to the carnivorous habits of the Fox Squirrel has been received.

"We have no definite original data respecting the destruction of birds or their eggs by the Fox Squirrel. Frank E. Wood, however, in the

Bulletin of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History, Vol. viii, 1910, page 518, in speaking of the Fox Squirrel of the Mississippi Valley, *Sciurus Niger Rufiventer*, makes the following statement: 'Both this species and the Gray Squirrel are great destroyers of birds' nests, and thus indirectly do considerable harm. Woodpeckers and other birds nesting in hollow trees seem especially liable to suffer from them.' E. W. Nelson in his account of 'The Smaller Mammals of North America' published in the Geographic Magazine for May, 1918, includes birds and birds' eggs among the items of food taken by the Fox Squirrel."

Bird boxes can be put up in woods where squirrels live, in such a way that these and other murderous intruders will not make headway in their attacks. Place box securely on brass or other smooth metal rod and fix other end of rod to top of post, which is planted in ground. Keep post far enough away from trees, bushes, etc., that enemies like squirrels, wood mice, weasels, snakes and cats, cannot jump or reach from same and get the boxes.

This kind of box, rod and post outfit is used by Henry Ford at his Bird Sanctuary near Detroit and is said to be a great success.

Inland Bird-Banding Association Meeting, Indianapolis, Ind., November 2-3

ON Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2 and 3, there was held in Indianapolis the first convention in America, if not in the world, that was called for the express purpose of discussing the future of bird banding.

Bird banding has been carried on in various countries by individuals, and organizations of scientific people as a side line and in a very desultory manner. Not until last year had there been a distinctive bird banding association in the West. The New England Bird Banding Association had been organized in 1921.

The Inland Association was organized at the meeting of the American Ornithologists Union held in Chicago in October, 1922. From this beginning there has grown an efficient organization which has in the year created a widespread interest in this comparatively recent phase of bird study.

The meeting at Indianapolis was successful far beyond the ambitions of its promoters, and no doubt will be the beginning of a very active interest in what has already proven to be one of the most important movements towards a more accurate knowledge of the value and life histories of our North American birds.

The selection of the meeting place was made by Mr. P. B. Coffin of the Chicago Ornithological Club, who knew of the keen interest in bird study in Indianapolis, and of the efficient and delightful hospitality of the Indiana Audubon Society and the Indiana Nature Study Club.

The Friday morning and afternoon sessions were devoted to the business of the Association and the election of officers for the ensuing year.

On Friday evening there was a public meeting in the Public Library building attended by 165 enthusiastic bird conservationists.

The meeting was addressed by Mr. Richard Lieber, State Chairman of Conservation, and by Mr. S. Prentice Baldwin of Cleveland, President of the I. B. A.



MEMBERS OF INLAND BIRD BANDING ASSOCIATION

The Saturday morning meeting was addressed by Mr. Blatchley, former State Geologist, and Mr. F. C. Lincoln, who has charge of the bird banding work for the Biological Survey at Washington.

Saturday afternoon was given over to illustrated talks by Mr. William I. Lyon of Waukegan, on the methods and success of bird banding and a description of the important work done last year by Mr. T. E. Musselman at Thomasville, Georgia. Owing to Mr. Musselman's inability to attend the meeting, his pictures and work were presented by Mr. Baldwin.

On Saturday evening a dinner was given at the Lincoln Hotel, at which 52 guests gathered.

Mr. P. B. Coffin of Chicago, acted as toastmaster in place of Dr. Stanley Coulter who had been expected to preside. Dr. Amos Butler, one of the most widely known ornithologists in Indiana, and author of the "Birds of Indiana," was the principal speaker.

Short talks followed by Mr. F. C. Lincoln, Mr. Alden H. Hadley and others.

This ended a most successful meeting, and the future of bird banding has been set very far up in its career. There is no doubt that bird band-

ing has come to stay, and that it will immediately take its place as one of the most important branches of ornithological research.

To the kindly hospitality and enthusiasm of the Indiana Audubon Society and the Indiana Nature Study Clubs, the happy results of the meeting are largely due. The banding of birds does not in any way injure them, and it renders unnecessary to a considerable extent the collecting of birdskins for scientific investigation.

Not All Banded Birds Come from Washington

A BIRD bearing on its leg a band numbered 231,048 on one side, and stamped "Washington, D. C." on the other, was shot 30 miles west of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, on September 15 and the matter written up in an Edmonton paper under the heading "Washington Duck Shot in Alberta." That the bird was banded in Illinois instead of Washington, D. C., however, was learned from the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture. When the files of that Bureau were consulted they showed that the bird so numbered was a mallard duck and that it had been banded by an assistant of the Biological Survey at the Sanganois Gun Club, Browning, Ill., on November 28, 1922, about ten months previously. The writer of the news article, not knowing the details of the bird-banding activities of the Government at Washington, concluded that the bird had been marked in that city.

When banded wild birds are found with a serial number and the abbreviation "Biol. Surv." stamped on one side and the abbreviated address "Wash. D. C." on the other, it does not mean that the bird so numbered was hatched in the American capital or that it was turned loose there. All bands bear this address in order that information regarding their recovery may be mailed to Washington, where, in the central office of the Biological Survey, records are kept of all birds banded by about 850 co-operators of the bureau stationed in various parts of the country and holding permits to engage in the work of banding.

Anyone is likely to come across a banded bird which has met with an accident, especially during the fall shooting season. The bands are so small that they can only show the number of the bird and indicate that the Biological Survey should be notified—preferably by mailing the band itself to Washington with information regarding the place and date of its recovery. The sender of the information receives a card in a few days, telling him where and when the bird was actually banded. Public co-operation in the matter is a great aid in studies of the migration of birds.

The Ducks of the Illinois River Marshes

By FREDERICK C. LINCOLN, Biological Survey,

United States Department of Agriculture

AMONG the celebrated ducking marshes of the United States there are few of greater importance than the bottom lands of the Illinois River and the contiguous territory. Naturalists, sportsmen, and conservationists generally are now fully awake to the importance of preserving such areas as breeding, feeding, and resting grounds for our wonderful wild life, not only for the preservation of those forms that require marsh or swamp associations, but also for the invaluable returns yielded in the form of health-giving sport and in the practical contributions to our national larder.

The marshes of the Illinois River, as here considered, refer to the region in the vicinity of the junction of the Sangamon River with the Illinois. Similar conditions are found, however, for many miles both above and below this point, including the famous Crane Lake territory, Grass Lake, and many other ponds and streams of minor importance.

To one familiar with the saw-grass swamps of the Gulf and South Atlantic coasts or with the great expanses of tules and cat-tails found in the West, these marshes are unique. The heavy growths of herbaceous vegetation are largely replaced by trees—oak, birch, ash, and pecan being the most numerous, although regularly interspersed with maples, elms, cottonwoods, and willows. Innumerable narrow sloughs wind their tortuous ways through the timber, frequently widening out to make ponds that are usually covered with lotus (*Nelumbo*) or arrow-head (*Sagittaria*). The banks of the sloughs, as well as many depressions, or sink-holes, through the timber, support large quantities of the nut-grass or chufa (*Cyperus*) so prized by all shoal-water ducks. This, with the acorns, smaller pecan nuts, wild millet, and to some extent the seeds of the lotus, constitutes the bulk of the natural food supply for the ducks that frequent the region. Supplemental feeding by the duck clubs is practiced on a large scale, however, and thousands of bushels of corn (both shelled and on the cob), together with cane seed, are fed every year. To my certain knowledge one club fed over 3,000 bushels of corn and 20 tons of cane seed during the open season of 1922.

Several years ago, in the days of spring shooting, large numbers of diving ducks, as redheads and canvasbacks, frequented this territory, and efforts were made to attract them by the feeding of corn and also by propagating various plants known to be favorites with them. These

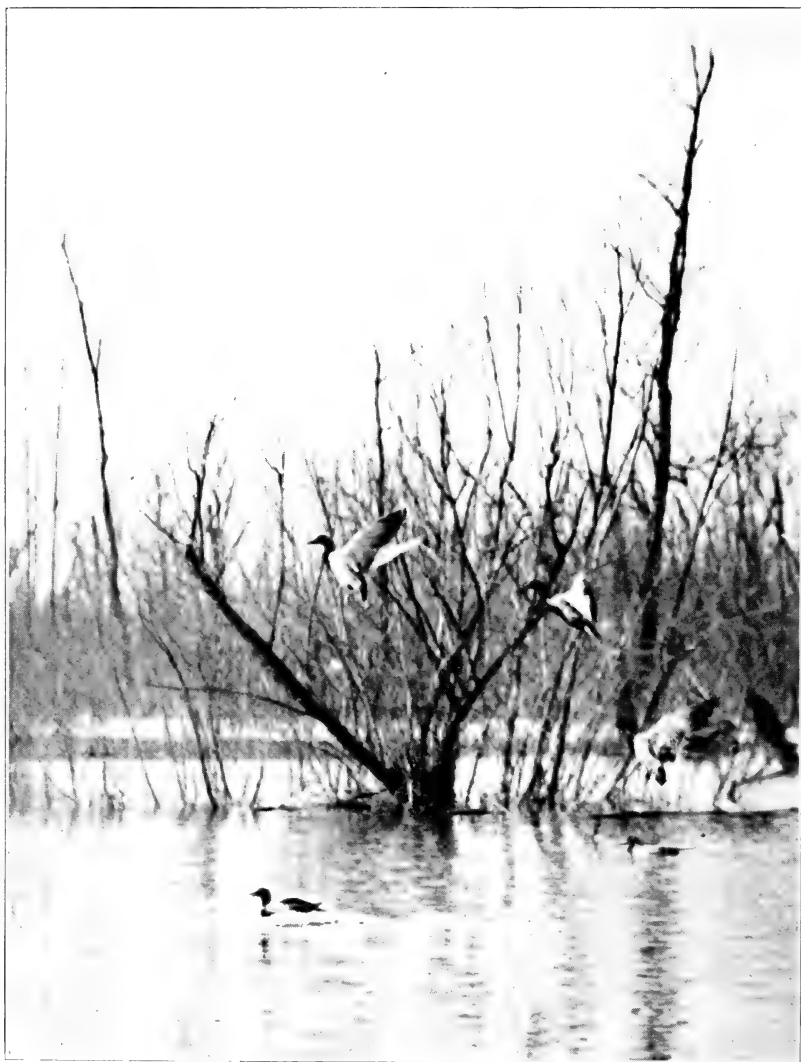


Photo by H. Vincent Taylor

MALLARDS ON THE ILLINOIS RIVER

plantings were only partially successful, due probably to the large numbers of carp that infest not only the river proper, but also the sloughs and ponds.

The following observations on the abundance of the ducks in the region are based upon two official trips made for the Biological Survey, to the Sanganois Club, near Browning, Illinois, for the purpose of trapping ducks for banding. The first trip covered the period from February 28 to March 25, 1922, and the second from September 27 to December 15, 1922.

Merganser (*Mergus americanus*).—Reported as numerous at times but seen by me on only one occasion, November 21, 1922, when one drake and two hens were observed.

Hooded Merganser (*Lophodytes cucullatus*).—As Mr. Bent has observed, this bird "is one of the handsomest of our ducks, a fit companion for the gaudy wood duck with which it is often associated in the watery woodlands." Several pairs and solitary birds were seen during March, usually in the wider portions of the sloughs. Early in November small flocks were noted daily, but they were almost all gone by the last of that month.

Mallard (*Anas platyrhynchos*).—The mallard outnumbered all other ducks of this area by 100 to 1. When I arrived on the marsh early in the spring the timberland was overflowed, so that it was possible to go anywhere in a boat; in fact, it was impossible to go anywhere without one. The mallards were feeding in the shallow water on the pin-oak ridges, gleaned acorns and nut grass. A blow from a paddle on the side of the cutter would be met with a roar of wings, and in an instant the trees would seem to be literally alive with ducks. The water started to rise on March 12, and three days later had reached such a depth that the shoal-water feeders were forced out. On that date (March 15) not over 25 ducks of all kinds were seen.

The fall migration in 1922 was unusually late, due to an open season, and it was the middle of November before the flight was at its height. This was preceded by an infiltration of birds that probably represented the breeding grounds of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the Dakotas. During the latter part of November mallards were present in very large numbers, every "bait hole" supporting literally thousands of birds. The freeze-up began about the 30th and the ducks left rapidly thereafter, the long lines flying toward the South being seen daily.

Black Duck (*Anas rubripes tristis*).—Not uncommon. In the spring I trapped several beautiful hybrids between this species and the mallard. Most of the black ducks seen in the fall were observed during the earlier part of the season, indicating that they arrive from breeding grounds considerably south of the regions used by the great bulk of the mallards.

Baldpate (*Mareca americana*).—Not seen during the spring, and it is

not a common species in the fall. The first were observed on October 13, and they were subsequently noted almost every day up to the last of November. A few beautiful specimens were secured by the members, one of which I mounted for the superintendent of the club.

Green-winged Teal (*Nettion carolinense*).—A few were seen during the first part of March, but they are not plentiful at that season. In the fall, however, they are at times very numerous. A few were seen for the first time on October 3, and by the middle of the month large flocks had gathered, usually frequenting small water holes in the timber. As the water at these places froze more quickly than on the deeper sloughs, they left for the South somewhat earlier than some of the other hardy species. By December 1, almost all had gone.

Blue-winged Teal (*Querquedula discors*).—Not seen at all in March as the weather was much too cold for them. A flock of 16 birds, first observed on October 1, increased in a few days to about 100. Despite the abundant supply of natural food and cane seed, the blue-wings could only be considered as birds of passage and by the 20th they were reduced to scattered pairs and single birds. The last one seen was on November 9.

Shoveler (*Spatula clypeata*).—Not seen by me in the spring, but a State game warden reported seeing a few near the club grounds on March 8. During the fall spoonbills were seen in small numbers from the first of October until the early part of December. They were usually noted as solitary birds, but one flock of 15 was observed on December 2.

Pintail (*Dafila acuta tzitzihua*).—Ranks next to the mallard in point of numbers. The proportion was not so marked in spring, but at the height of the fall migration large flocks were seen constantly. Because of their preference for more open water these birds do not feed in the timber to the same extent as do the mallards. Early in November a feature of each morning was the large flocks of pintails to be seen flying south, generally maintaining a perfect formation.

Wood Duck (*Aix sponsa*).—When I arrived at the club in the fall, the wood duck was almost the only member of the Anatidae present, but it was so plentiful as to make up for the temporary absence of other species. These birds appear to feed to a considerable extent on the seeds of the lotus (yawknut), and the areas covered by this plant soon become the gathering grounds for large numbers of birds. At the Sanganois Club they are most carefully protected and encouraged because of the fact that they serve as natural decoys for the other wildfowl. Many nest boxes are put up and the club imposes a fine of \$5 upon any member who may kill one accidentally.

Redhead (*Marila americana*).—Not seen by me either in fall or spring, but they have been reported on two or three occasions in spring.

Canvasback (*Marila valisneria*).—Although this used to be one of the principal game birds at the Sanganois Club, it is rarely seen now,

due either to the destruction of its natural food by carp or to a change in its route of migration. The latter reason receives credence among sportsmen. I saw three on March 18 and a flock of 25 on November 23.

Lesser Scaup (*Marila affinis*).—Common in spring, particularly on the Illinois River. A few were also encountered on some of the larger sloughs, but their center of abundance was near the docks at Browning, where they obtained the offal thrown out from the fish market. In fall they were decidedly rare. Three females were noted at one trap on October 16, one was seen on the 21st and another on November 16.

Ring-necked Duck (*Marila collaris*).—Plentiful in March but not seen at all in the fall. On March 18, I examined a "raft" composed mainly of this species, which I estimated to contain 3,000 birds. They are found on the sloughs more frequently than the lesser scaup, resulting in their local name of "timber blackjack."

Golden-eye (*Glaucionetta c. americana*).—Seen on three different days, all in spring, two on March 2, three on the 3d, and two on the 19th.

Buffle-head (*Charitonetta albeola*).—A flock of ten "butter-balls" flew over the club house on March 3, the only time this species was observed there.

Canada Goose (*Branta c. canadensis*).—Geese were heard on October 18, and on the 20th three flocks were observed flying over, the largest numbering about 75 birds.

Snow Goose (*Chen h. hyperboreus*).—Snow geese are almost unknown in this vicinity so I was much surprised to learn of a flock (estimated at 150 birds) that was observed on Crane Lake on October 27.

Washington, D. C., October 19, 1923.

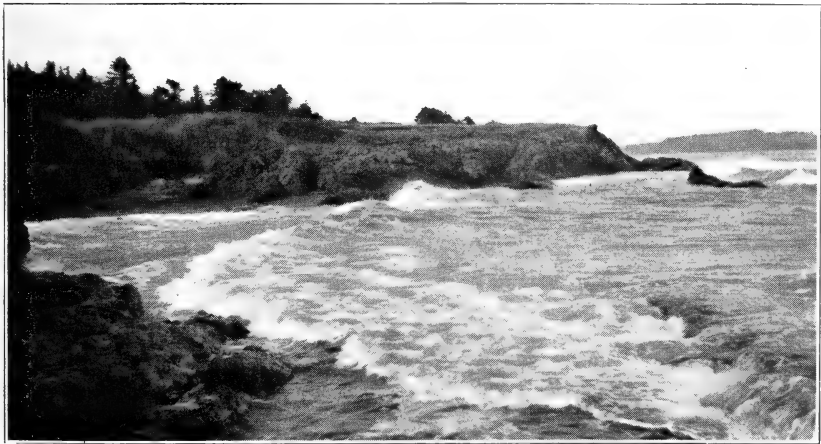


Photo by Ruthven Deane

SCARBORO BEACH, MAINE

The Case of Bob-white

By PAUL B. RIIS

MUCH interest has been centered upon quail in recent months, due to efforts of bird lovers in many parts of the country to accord this game bird the legal protection of song birds.

Each new effort is followed by the sportsmen with a call to organize to frustrate these attempts that would deprive them of one of their most important game birds. Each appeal is being accompanied with the statement that Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Audubon Societies, has declared quail a game bird pure and simple and not a song bird.

Dr. E. W. Nelson, of the Bureau of Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, also held that quail should remain in the game bird list with reasonable allowance for hunting seasons and an occasional closed year when found necessary.

It would seem that every effort of bird lovers is destined to be futile in the face of such statements from our highest authorities in the land of bird-lore; at least, the sportsmen use these relentlessly in their arguments.

It is not a matter of record but rather of conjecture, that both of these gentlemen made the statements with keen regrets but in keeping with the existing facts. For does not your own heart quicken at the recollection of your childhood home, where the notes of Bob-bob-white gladdened its fields and meadows with its cadence of assurance? Or is not its cheery call in the sweet fragrance of meadows greater compensation over and above the victory-flushed moment, when a huddled mass of feathers falls to your aim, the little body torn and forever stilled in silent death?

The State of Ohio has given quail the legal protection accorded song birds since 1915. Sportsmen have made much capital of this fact, especially so, since reports from unauthentic sources brand the experiment a flat failure. Much of their case is being built around the Ohio experience. But the evidence, systematically supported by reliable census takers from all parts of the state, and compiled by Eugene Swope, Field Agent for the State, and submitted in his annual report to the National Audubon Societies, puts quail protection in an entirely different light, one from which the sportsmen should also profit. Mr. Swope states:

"Early in 1915, some of the Ohio conservationists and agriculturists were instrumental in having the Bob-white legally classed with all protected birds of the state. Ohio bird census takers, reporting Christmas observations to *Bird-Lore* six weeks prior to the enactment of this law,

do not mention even one Bob-white in their lists. Now it may be only a meaningless coincidence, but every Ohio Christmas census since 1914 mentions Bob-whites. It would seem that the birds are more numerous since they are not hunted. It is also likely that they are less shy and census takers find them in the open, when formerly hunting dogs were necessary to get them out. In every part of the state where conditions are at all suited to Bob-white's welfare, observing people declare that their numbers yearly increase."

A Christmas Census Report from the State of Ohio for the year 1915, taken by fourteen observers shows but 14 birds enumerated and those were all counted by one observer, making an average of one bird per observer. The 1922 census from the same state and over widely separated parts by seventeen observers yielded 850 birds or 50 birds to the observer. It is but fair to note that only twelve of the seventeen observers reported quail.

Please take note that the above report was made by Mr. Swope in all fairness, omitting nothing that might be construed to cloud the issue. Since the sportsmen's methods had been used prior to 1915 in Ohio, precipitating drastic quail protection there, then it follows that their logic is faulty somewhere along the line. If no more than the natural increase had been taken, protective measures would not have been necessitated.

This manifestly is not the case. The inroads made by civilization make life for many wild species precarious. Shooting in no wise increases vanishing flocks. The restoration and strict protection under natural conditions, however, will accomplish just such results as shown in Ohio.

The case of Bob-white, however, differs materially from that of all other game birds. Its field of labor places the bird at the head in a list of beneficial birds. Its diet consists of untold quantities of weed seeds and tons of injurious insects. It is aptly termed the farmer's best friend. Alive and active, its value to agriculture is many times in excess of its gastronomic value "en casserole."

Under natural conditions Bob-white found ample food and ample cover. Natural enemies checked its undue spread. Cover protected it from its enemies. Today's food supply is still ample or even greater. The fields are ravished by unchecked hordes of insects. Its enemies have greatly decreased, but the decrease has not been proportional with the greater decrease of natural protective cover. Then comes the hunter, who in a measure, makes up the decrease in natural enemies. Thus poor Bob-white is now exposed on three sides.

Common sense dictates a policy of strictest protective conservation in the case of Bob-white, particularly so in its game-bird status. Sportsmen the country over have everything to gain in supporting the efforts of bird lovers, who are not interested in the species from a standpoint

of personal gain, as found in recreative shooting and pounds of wild meat. Concerted action with these to effect protective measures, such as restocking of depleted areas, cover planting, winter feeding, long closed seasons, will primarily accrue to the sportsmen's benefit, as did the closed season on spring shooting.

Here is a splendid opportunity for bird lovers and sportsmen to get together in a common cause that will benefit them mutually. But would it be fair to ask the sportsmen to forego their pleasures without compensating them in measure greater than found in the protection of the present game laws? Should not the bird lover, individually or collectively, lend his efforts and combine forces with the sportsmen in an active and constructive program that will safeguard Bob-white from its natural enemies, by providing for it much needed natural cover? *Suppressio veri suggestio valsi.*

Plan to Save the Ducks

Audubon Society Would Make Bird Sanctuary of the Proposed Gulf Coast Shooting Club

From National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27th.—Out of the storm of protest against the plan of E. A. McIlhenny and his associates to establish a gigantic hunting club in the midst of the Louisiana Wild Life Sanctuaries there has evolved a definite and constructive proposition for saving the wild fowl of that region from the guns of the hunters and at the same time protecting against loss those who invested in the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club.

This plan is brought forward by T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, who sees the possibilities for establishing one vast, solid chain of sanctuaries in the great territory of the Louisiana Coast where wild fowl winter. He dreams of a bird reservation extending from Cote Blanche Bay westward to the Mermentau River, a territory about 80 miles in length and from 10 to 15 miles in width.

"This plan concerning which I have been in correspondence with Mr. McIlhenny for some weeks," said Mr. Pearson today, "contemplates the purchase of the 100,000 acre tract on which the Club has option, and adding it to the adjoining wild life sanctuaries.

"It was through Mr. McIlhenny's efforts originally that Mrs. Russell Sage and the Rockefeller Foundation purchased as bird reservations great territories in that region and Mr. McIlhenny states that he was very anxious to place the remaining territory in sanctuary, but saw

no means of getting the funds to do this. He declares that his present efforts to establish a hunting club in the region was his second choice and that he has been doing this in order that the wild fowl which came there so abundantly in winter might have a measure of protection which private game preserves usually afford.

"This being the case," continued Mr. Pearson, "there appears to be no logical reason why he and his associates should not be willing to sell the territory for reservation purposes. I know of one gentleman who tentatively approached Mr. McIlhenny on the subject some months ago and offered personally to be responsible for a sum of not less than \$50,000 toward the purchase price. This party has recently indicated to me his willingness to 'take off his coat and work for raising a fund to buy the land if it can be purchased at a reasonable price,' and there are others interested."

Mr. Pearson, who has personally examined much of the territory in this part of Louisiana, states, "I have reason to believe that a considerable portion of this proposed club property is at present unsuitable for ducks, but could doubtless be made a great haven for them by certain dredging and diking operations. On other parts of the territory wild fowl occur in myriads.

"Here and there in the marsh are ridges where cattle are run and where the soil is cultivated. If the land should be purchased and presented to the State of Louisiana as a wild life reservation I think the state would be glad to accept it. Furthermore, it is possible that an income might be derived by grazing and farming privileges on the ridges that would be quite sufficient to pay the running expenses of guarding the territory.

"If the people in this country can be made sufficiently interested to purchase this, and one other smaller tract of land, we will have a continuous wild fowl sanctuary of far greater extent than exists anywhere on this continent. It is the natural winter home of vast numbers of those waterfowl that annually swarm down the Mississippi Valley from Canada upon the approach of cold weather, and a reservation of this extent would be one of the most valuable moves that could be made toward preserving in numbers many species of our persecuted wild waterfowl."

NOTICE

*If you have any good bird news, send it in to the
Editor*

The A. O. U. Meeting

THE Forty-First Stated Meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union was held October 9-11 at Cambridge, Mass.

Chicago was well represented both in attendance and on the program. Those present from Chicago were—

Mr. Ruthven Deane

Mr. William I. Lyon

Miss Catharine A. Mitchell

Mrs. Lotta A. Cleveland

Mr. Nathan Leopold, Jr.

Mr. T. E. Musselman, a member of the Illinois Audubon Society, from Quincy, Ill., also attended the meeting.

Miss Mitchell spoke on the Status of Sanibel Island, Fla., as a State Bird Preserve, and Mr. Lyon gave his experiences in bird banding.

Next year the A. O. U. meeting will be held in Pittsburgh, Pa., and it is hoped that many more will attend from Chicago and vicinity.

Third National Conference on State Parks

THE Third National Conference on State Parks met at Turkey Run, Indiana, on May 7, 8, and 9, and there were one hundred and fifty delegates in attendance from twenty-two states. They had three days of sessions as enthusiastic as the sessions the birds were holding among the blossoms of the dogwoods and the redbuds, among the hemlocks and tulip trees, and the rocks and ferns of Turkey Run. Reports of problems and progress in all the states were discussed from every angle, and helpful suggestions and resolutions are now on the way back, all over the country, to everyone interested in the protection of our native landscapes.

The Drainage of the Upper Mississippi Bottoms

AGAIN the conservationist is confronted with a well-meant drainage project, primarily aimed to release useless lowlands and swamps that they may be made into tillable agricultural lands. The project is practically identical with all others that have been carried out in years past for the reclamation of sloughs, marshes, ponds, and lakes into fertile acres. The outcome of this, it has been predicted by those who are in a position to know, will also prove as flat a failure as have other similar drainage schemes of the past.

The project, however, differs this time from other drainage programs in its magnitude, as it involves a territory of more than 300 miles in length. The proposed area to be drained is that of the Upper Mississippi Bottoms, reaching from Lake Pepin, Minn., to Rock Island, Ill.

Seven million dollars have been pledged toward the work by land operators. The next National Congress will be asked to appropriate another fourteen million.

Wisconsin and Iowa are the states most vitally affected if this scheme goes through. For a beginning it is proposed to drain a strip of land on the east side of the river, between Lynxville and De Soto, a distance of twenty miles and known as the Winneshiek Bottoms. Unfortunately this work has been authorized by the War Department and sanctioned by Wisconsin Courts. The affected area covers about 14,000 acres on the Wisconsin side and 15,000 more on the Iowa side, that will also be drained shortly.

According to Dr. A. L. Bakke, of the Iowa State College of Agriculture, who has made an exhaustive study of the region, the land about to be drained is useless for farming purposes and serves humanity far better in its present state. He estimates that for fish alone its present value is \$1.00 per foot water frontage.

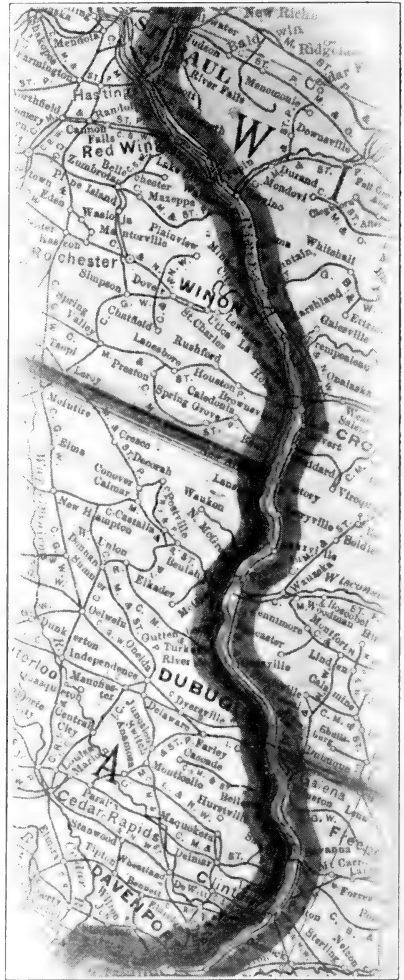
To the student of bird life this region is of particular interest. The Mississippi Valley is one of America's most important highways of bird migration, one which makes possible an easy flight from Central and South America via the Gulf of Mexico to large territories adjacent to the valley and to regions far beyond its headwaters, into Canada and the Arctic. Untold thousands of wild waterfowl are produced on these shallow waters while untold millions find the marsh lands invaluable retreats, assuring a safe journey, north or south. Practically all of the best duck food plants in the United States, such as wild rice, coontail, wild celery, duckweeds, pondweeds, and many other water plants are found growing here. The many advantages of so wide a character make the Bottoms a paradise incomparable to many aquatic game birds, waders, and insectivorous song birds. It would be hard indeed to find another range more richly blessed with a greater variation of bird life. Thus we note among the migrants and nesting birds, grebes, loons, gulls, terns, cormorants, ducks, geese, swans, herons, cranes, rails, gallinules, phalaropes, snipe, plover, hawks, cuckoos, kingfishers, woodpeckers, goatsuckers, swifts, humming birds, flycatchers, blackbirds, jays, orioles, sparrows, finches, swallows, vireos, warblers, wrens, thrushes, and bluebirds.

Here the birds also find the many protective elements so necessary during the migratory flight: food, water, cover, range, and sanctuary. The diversity of its terrain is particularly favorable to many species as nesting and breeding grounds. In its new status, however, the birds will be robbed of these natural advantages; the valleys no longer

will shelter and feed the millions that for ages have followed its course. They will be forced to seek other ranges for food and shelter at the expense of other occupants. Hardships and deprivation will be their lot henceforth. No longer will the erstwhile manna-strewn highway permit of easy migratory stages nor offer protection to those who pass there the most important period of life, the mating and nesting season. Its converted meagre farm lands will be unable to support the varied bird life dependent on them, nor can the lowlands and bottoms aid untold millions to reach safely their destination.

Said a land promoter to me recently: "The conversion of marshes into fertile agricultural lands justifies wholesale drainage. Furthermore, if you were to pay taxes on useless swamps, it could not be drained too quick to suit you." The point is very well taken, brother, were it not for the fact that you bought these worthless lands voluntarily and speculatively. We cannot be asked to sympathize with you on this self-imposed task.

There are other economic reasons why this area should not be drained. Its value as converted farm lands will be less than that in its present condition. An estimate made by the Bureau of the Biological Survey of the United States places the annual fish production in the land-locked waters at twelve million pounds. Reams have been written on their value as breeding grounds for all warm water food and game fishes or as breeding grounds of small fur bearers who find congenial habitat in the territory. Flood control, stabilizing of water levels and consequential conservation of soil productivity, its recreational value to the nation are each and every one weighty enough reasons why the Upper Mississippi Bottoms must not be



WINNESHIEK BOTTOMS

drained. The Izaak Walton League and many other conservation bodies throughout the United States have risen in protest against this drainage project. They have asked Senator Medill McCormick to present to the next National Congress a bill authorizing the United States Government to set aside the islands and bottom lands as a National Reservation for recreational purposes. A word to your Senator or Congressman will assure him of the course to follow.

Trapping and Banding the Tree-Climbing Birds

THERE is a way to trap everything if you can only figure it out. Trapping and banding the tree-climbing birds at first appeared to be a very difficult proposition. The moment the birds would strike any obstruction they would fly away; so we began to try a number of different schemes of forming something around the tree so that as they climbed up the tree it would bring them into a trap. The only way one can be sure is to make an effort to place something and then watch and see how it affects the birds as they approach the trap. In the attempt to make a successful tree trap this

one was changed from fifteen to twenty-five times before we had one that was successful. Our first birds trapped were a few Brown Creepers, but when we attempted to take them out of the trap they escaped, until we finally found it was necessary to make arrangements so we could drive them into a receiving cage. Next, we were shocked and surprised to see the Brown Creepers go through $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch mesh wire. On capturing our first Creeper we found our Number One band would have to be lapped a little bit so that they could not slip their long, slim foot through the band.

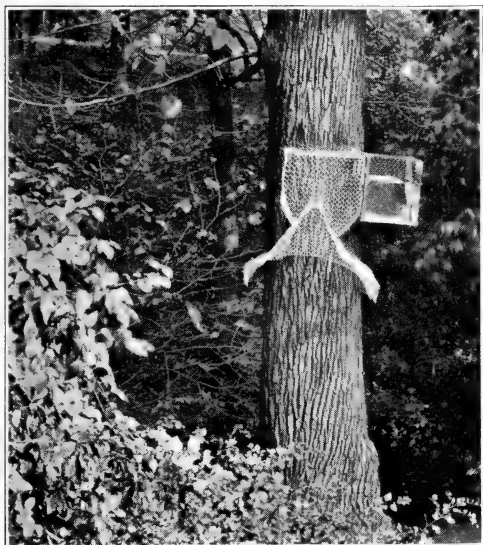


Photo by Wm. I. Lyon

TREE TRAP

A little later we were successful in making an unusual record by getting a few Black and White Creeping Warblers and found that they were very gentle and quiet if you held them a few moments quietly and stroked and petted them. They would sit on your hand long enough to have their pictures taken.

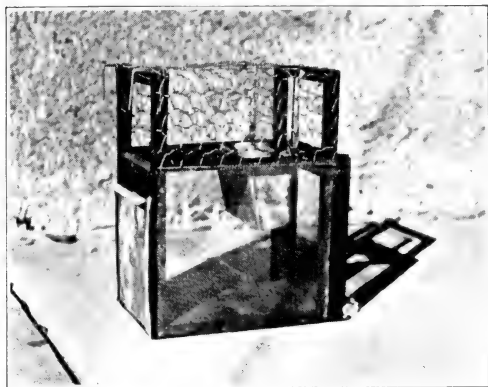


Photo by Wm. I. Lyon

RECEIVING BOX

day found ten Brown Creepers in one trap when we first took it down in the morning.

During the rest of that day we were successful in getting twelve more, so it made twenty-two Brown Creepers in one day, but we found there were a few more changes necessary in the receiving box of the trap; so we moved it again and now we are ready to show you what we call our 1924 model of Woodpecker trap.

The first illustration shows how it is placed around the tree but does not show the important feature that the opposite side begins much farther down the tree and comes up on a slant; that is, we noticed if the birds came up against an obstruction like a piece of wire cross-wise to the tree they would fly away, but if it was on a slant they would keep away, but still continue up the tree on the far side, which

We were successful in getting two Hairy Woodpeckers last fall in this trap; and this spring and this fall we took a number of Yellow-bellied Sapsuckers. Finally, in September and October, the Brown Creepers came back; and by careful watching and making more changes in the traps we finally got the successful model, and one



Photo by Wm. I. Lyon

BROWN CREEPERS

(The illustration shows the catch in a carrying cage, which is the largest number of Brown Creepers we ever had assembled at any one time.)



Photo by Wm. I. Lyon

BLACK AND WHITE WARBLER

would eventually bring them into the point of the funnel, taking them into the upper part of the trap. When they reached the top of the trap, there was an opening into the receiving box which appeared to have free access to the outside world; and when the bird attempted to fly through this it would come up against a piece of glass and while fluttering against the glass, would slide down the shute into the receiving

box below. The receiving box is detachable so it may be taken down to conveniently handle the birds in banding. By close observation in the second picture you will notice the glass and the shute. The glass is 8x10 inches. The outside measurements of the trap are 12 inches long by 15 inches high and 10 inches wide. This leaves one inch of wood each side of an eight-inch glass and the upper deck has an opening of five inches, so that the ten-inch glass is five inches above and five inches below the floor in the upper part of the receiving box. We hope you will be able to follow this description and make a Woodpecker trap so that you may do some banding about your own place.

An interesting little stranger that comes to us each fall is the Tufted Titmouse. Last year was our first experience and we had just two of them in our traps. This fall again we have had two so far and they have been very interesting birds; one has repeated three or four times and we find that he is much more of a scrapper than the Chickadee ever thought of being. He bites and kicks and scratches all the time that he is in your hand, but by petting him considerably, we finally got him to sit still long enough to have his picture taken. The main part of getting him to sit still was to keep him from picking at your finger;



Photo by Wm. I. Lyon

TUFTED TITMOUSE

he seemed to be more interested in that than in escaping, but between times we were able to get one or two good pictures of him and thought it might interest you to get a good look at this shy bird.

The Fox Sparrow is again proving to be a regular boarder; so far this year there are three of them that have stayed behind the others and they are in the traps at least two times every day right along. Do you remember back in one of the other Bulletins we told you about the one that stayed all winter and was trapped 165 times? That record is likely to be broken by these three regular boarders.

During the fall we trapped another large number of White-throated Sparrows and the total number we have banded is over 1,000; of this large number and also of the number that the other bird-banders have succeeded in trapping there seems to be no returns on migratory points, yet Mr. S. Prentiss Baldwin has had repeated returns since 1916 up to 1923 at his banding station at Thomasville, Georgia, and this little group of birds that come to him every year occupy a certain portion of the shrubbery about the house and are seldom found in one of the other traps that are only a few hundred feet away. Mr. Baldwin has had returns from this little group continually during the past six years, yet he seems to be the only one successful with these birds. We hope we will be able to solve the mystery before long.

—W. I. LYON.

An Early Bird Day

A SUCCESSFUL bird-day program was given by the children of Carbondale, Ill., March 8, 1923. It was given under the auspices of the civic department of the Carbondale Woman's Club, which had offered prizes for the best bird-houses built by children.

Great interest was shown by the children, who tried to make the houses practical, sanitary, and beautiful; still, the real thing they considered was "will the bird for which I am building this house come to live in it?"

Several days before the program was given, the bird-houses were put on exhibit in the show windows of a book store. It was interesting to hear the comments made by the children who crowded around the windows.

Such remarks as these were heard, "Isn't that a pretty house?" "Huh? No bird would come to that house; it's too bright." "There's no way to get into that house to clean it."

Although it was a rainy day, nearly twelve hundred children gathered to hear the program. It consisted of old-fashioned recitations, readings, and bird songs.

After this came the exciting part—the awarding of the prizes. Each child came back for his own bird-house saying, “I want to put it up early so the birds will build in it; next year I shall try again and see if I can build a better house.”

—FLORENCE R. KING,
Bird Club, Sec’y, Carbondale, Ill.

Notes From Port Byron

AFTER an absence of three years, the yellow-breasted chat returned again to this locality, and was heard singing, the first time on June 10, the last time on August 19. No Bell’s vireo was seen or heard here this year.

In my bird notes which were published in last year’s Fall Bulletin, I told about the cliff swallow nests being ruined by some bird, and blamed the great horned owls. Last spring the mystery was solved when we caught a red-headed woodpecker in the act of pecking holes in the nests. The red-heads are quite a nuisance here but as there are many acorns this year, many of them will remain over winter.

I have a few late dates of “last seen or heard” for this year. A rose-breasted grosbeak was singing in the garden on the morning of September 30. A whip-poor-will was heard calling on the evening of September 27, and the same evening a vesper sparrow was heard singing. A ruby-throated humming bird was seen for the last time September 23. A cat bird was heard singing the whisper song on the morning of October 9. A red-eyed or Philadelphia vireo was heard singing October 14.

Migratory birds first seen or heard this fall by the writer, were as follows:

Solitary sandpiper, August 5
Marsh hawk, August 17
Sora rail, August 18
Night hawk, August 16
Blue heron, August 24
Yellow-bellied sapsucker, September 1
Winter wren, September 2
Blue-headed vireo, September 3
Slate-colored junco, September 5

Fox sparrow, September 7
Henslow’s sparrow, September 14
Hermit thrush, September 14
Ruby-crowned kinglet, September 14
White-throated sparrow, September 22
Myrtle warbler, September 26
Rough-legged hawk, September 30
Brown creeper, September 30

—J. J. SCHAFER.

The Bronzed Grackles’ Frolic

THE largest flock of grackles I ever saw alighted on my lawn to enjoy a bath under a fine-sprayed sprinkler then in action. There must have been between sixty and seventy birds in the flock. They seemed perfectly happy and frolicsome, running here and there, jumping up a few feet, having mock battles, and never still for a moment.

A torn piece of a bright red rubber bathing cap happened to lie on the grass, wet and shiny from the water. One bird would take hold of it and start to run, another some ten feet away would run and grab it, other birds would follow suit, and the big war commenced. They would finally tire of it, but another relay would seize it and have their share of fun.

Some were acrobatic in their frolic. A large beech tree with slender, pendulous branches within a foot of the ground, stood near them. The birds would give flying jumps and light on the tips, which, bending with their weight, brought them to the ground. The branches had hardly resumed their natural position before they were on them again.

They seemed to enjoy themselves so much that I wished I was a bird, tail, feathers and all.

At the feeding table was a mother grackle feeding its noisy child, who, like Oliver Twist, was always crying for more. The mother grackle would eat four or five grains of chicken feed and then give the babe one grain, returning to her four or five grains before her offspring received its single portion. She was evidently teaching her young that eating slowly aids digestion.

—WILLIAM C. EGAN.

A Good Samaritan

ON a cold night in late fall, the wind was howling about the house saying, "Winter is coming;" but we were all tucked snugly in bed and thought not of the poor, out-of-door children who were not prepared for the early cold weather.

When I awoke the next morning, the ground was lightly covered with snow. I started out for a walk to enjoy the fresh cool air, when, not far from the house, I heard the peep of a bird; and, going in that direction, I found a Robin half frozen, lying in the snow. I picked him up and carried him to the house where he was placed in a basket in some soft wool. After a few moments he was able to move about and soon began to eat the crumbs which were placed near. He lived in the house with us all winter; but when spring came and his relatives returned from the South, my Robin was eager to join them and soon disappeared with the rest of the birds. I saw nothing more of him until one day in the fall; while standing on the porch I heard a flutter of wings near, and turning saw my Robin, who alighted on my shoulder for several minutes for a farewell visit. He soon left for the South with the other birds. This happened six years ago; but every spring my Robin comes back and I meet him on the porch and feed him from my hand.

—ALICE ZARECK,

1522 5th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The Flickers' Dance

TWO flickers stood on the lawn some three feet apart, facing each other. Suddenly they commenced nodding their heads up and down in a dignified, rhythmical unity, continuing some four or five times; and then, holding their heads up as high as they could, they turned their beaks sidewise but still pointed upward and held them there rigidly for a few seconds, when they resumed their nodding, again throwing up their heads and beaks.

Sometimes the beaks were turned to the right and then to the left. At times one beak would point to the right and the other to the left, and sometimes both pointed the same way.

They repeated this stunt some five times, when they disappeared in the woods, where, I presume, Mr. Flicker treated Mrs. Flicker to an ice cream cone.

—WILLIAM C. EGAN.

Favorite Lake for Birds Saved to Minnesota

SWAN LAKE, a valuable and unusual body of water about 10,500 acres in area, located in Nicollet County, Minn., has been saved to the State through the efforts of the State Game and Fish Commissioners, the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture and landowners and local conservationists of the region. A movement to lower the level of the lake four feet, eventually draining it entirely, was successfully opposed and defeated at two hearings after an examination of the wild fowl and food plant value of the lake had been made by three representatives of the Biological Survey.

In deciding this case the District Court in Minnesota laid emphasis on the great importance to the public welfare of such bodies of water as Swan Lake. Its favorable location, its relatively shallow fresh water, and its abundant growth of vegetation suitable for cover, nesting sites, and food have made it an attractive resort for many kinds of waterfowl. Its margins and wooded islands are a valuable asset in the conservation not only of game birds but also of insectivorous birds useful to farmers. Among the water birds that breed on the lake are several species of ducks, including mallards, blue-winged teal, redheads, lesser scaup, and ruddy ducks; sora rails, Florida gallinules, American coots, four species of grebes, black terns, and black-crowned night-herons are also common.

At least 50 kinds of plants valuable as food for water birds grow in this lake, including practically all the best duck food plants of the United States. There is also an abundance of fresh-water snails of several species liked by water birds. Lowering the level of this lake materially would eventually cause the disappearance of its present kind of vegetation and gradually destroy its value as a waterfowl resort.

Items From Decatur

THE Decatur Bird and Tree Club has elected the following officers:

President—MR. C. W. MONTGOMERY

Vice-President—MRS. H. D. SPENCER

Secretary—MISS RINNIE BEAN

Treasurer—MRS. C. A. IMBODEN

Junior Superintendent—MRS. BENJAMIN BACHRACH

Every Saturday a different school publishes its bird notes in the evening paper. Never yet has any school contribution been without its bird news. The schools are affiliated with the Bird and Tree Club. The Welfare Home is a school for delinquent girls. The schools co-operate with our homes for civic responsibilities.

Here are a few of the amusing and interesting things that happen to a bird lover:

Finding dead birds on her doorstep.

Children bringing sick and injured birds.

One brought a baby English sparrow carefully tended in a box. (You can imagine what happened when the child left.)

Inquiries come every day during the spring migration describing birds that never existed and only could in the imagination of one unfamiliar with birds.

Request to band a lame waterbird.

Request to band a caged canary.

The older boys come to ask about game laws, and the children absorb every word of the stories that are told them about the birds and the necessity for their protection and conservation.

Children come from all over the city to see the bird houses and learn how to make and place them. Many people ask about bird fountains, ask to borrow field glasses, and request information as to how to present the bird work before the State Parent-Teacher's Convention.

I try to find time for everyone interested, no matter how urgent other duties may be.

—ELEANORE S. BACHRACH.

At the Forks of the Road: Real Preservation or Annihilation

TO ALL EDITORS:

Permit me to say to you, speaking briefly and without noting exceptions, that the American people of the 48 states are guilty of great folly in permitting their game birds and mammals to be slaughtered as game-slaughter now is going on. If you cannot believe this now, twenty years hence your sons *will* believe it, and regret it. The turning point has arrived.

The causes of the present wicked and foolish destruction are by no means obscure. (1) The slaughter of game is ordered and regulated by a very small minority, always consisting of hunters. (2) The many millions of good men and women who do not shoot, and do not kill "game," are as a mass ignorant, or heedless, or deadly apathetic. (3) Of the 5,500,000 men who annually kill game, about 90 per cent are heedless of the rights of wild creatures, and merciless toward game to the full extent of the law and of their ability to kill. (4) The other 10 per cent, consisting of humane and conscientious sportsmen, either try to lull their own fears to sleep by cultivating optimism (of a deadly kind), or else they do not feel impelled to become active reformers.

The non-migratory game species,—bob-white, quail, grouse, prairie chicken, wild turkey, squirrels, and deer, all are going to hell, through wicked engines of destruction, deadly bag limits and outrageous open seasons, aided by much illegal shooting. *Now the deadly automobile has added fifty per cent to the perils of the game:*

If you cannot awaken and arouse the millions of American voters who do not kill game, then we may as well give up this fight; for a majority of the hunters never will voluntarily give up 50 per cent of their killing privileges so long as killable game remains.

—WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

News From Lake Decatur

RESTRICTIONS of boating to certain parts of the lake which will be reserved for the undisturbed possession of the ducks and geese when they start the fall migration to the south and stop at Decatur on their long journey, are being planned by the game wardens and others interested in having the wild waterfowl protected and made welcome on Lake Decatur. Five teal were seen on the lake Friday.

The open season on ducks and geese starts Sunday, September 16, and runs until December 31 and the need of reserving a section or so of the lake as an undisturbed resting grounds for the birds is being considered by those who take particular interest in having the wild waterfowl stay here as long as they can be induced to stay.

BOATING NEARLY OVER

"Boating as such will not amount to anything from this time on," said a man who is connected with the lake activities.

"Just as soon as the temperature drops here, boating interest languishes. We are not acclimated to cold days on the water."

For this reason it is not believed that any rulings about reserving sections of the lake for the exclusive play and resting grounds of the birds will cause much inconvenience.

A few fishermen may want to row about to places not otherwise accessible, but it is believed that these will be few.

Hunters are forbidden by the state to shoot on the lake; and birds are safe there at all times as far as lawful shooting is concerned, for the lake is under the specific care of the state game and fish department as a reserve or refuge.

If the hunters will obey this ruling, they will find that the birds will come in great numbers to the lake and will fly out into the fields and along neighboring water courses to feed, when the hunter will have his chance.

WARDENS TO ENFORCE LAW

The game wardens have served notice that the rule about shooting on the lake must be observed. The open season rule never applies to the lake itself. It is closed at all seasons to any kind of shooting.

The movement to keep even boatmen away from certain parts of the lake so that the birds may be wholly undisturbed is just along the line followed last spring when the birds became so friendly and tame in the area near the county bridge.

PENALTY HEAVY

The penalty for violations of the section of the act protecting the game preserves is a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$200, or imprisonment in the county jail for not less than thirty days nor more than sixty days, or both, in the discretion of the court.

With the public sentiment in this community so strong for the protection of the water fowl, the game wardens and other officials feel that their stand on enforcement of the law will be backed by both the people and the courts.

A Lecture Course and Correspondence Course in the Elements of Ornithology

THROUGHOUT New England there are many people who would like to study ornithology or at least take a first course in this science. This demand comes from members of bird clubs, ornithological clubs, the New England Bird Banding Association, etc. Few of our universities offer courses in this subject. To supply this need the New England Bird Banding Association has secured the services of Dr. Glover M. Allen, who will give a course in the Elements of Ornithology in Boston this coming winter. The Nuttall Ornithological Club, the Brookline Bird Club and the Essex County Ornithological Club have officially endorsed the project. Dr. Allen is an all-around naturalist,

President of the Nuttall Club, Secretary of the Boston Society of Natural History and a Fellow of the American Ornithologists' Union.

The lectures will be ten in number and will be illustrated by lantern slides and study material. In addition, the lectures will be sent out to subscribers as a Correspondence Course. These lectures will treat the subject systematically, and while neither too technical nor too elementary, they will not be of a "popular" order. Those attending are expected to take full notes and at the close of the course to take a written examination, as are all those taking the Correspondence Course. A set of these lectures (100 pages or more) will constitute a valuable textbook on the subject.

At the close of Dr. Allen's course, an eleventh lecture will be given by Prof. Alfred O. Gross of Bowdoin College, for the purpose of indicating to bird-banders and bird-lovers how they can best assist the work in their respective fields.

The lectures will be delivered in the Lecture-room of the Boston Society of Natural History, corner Boylston and Berkeley streets, Boston, at 7:45 P.M., beginning Tuesday, January 8, and continuing on successive Tuesdays.

Price of Lecture Course	\$5.00
Price of Single Tickets75
Price of Correspondence Course	3.00

The promoters of this course are confident that those who take it will find an increased enjoyment in their field excursions and in bird-banding, and more important still, will gain an added appreciation of the great abundance of ornithological problems waiting to be solved, problems on one or more of which every bird-student should take delight in working. The New England Bird Banding Association offers this course not only for the pleasure it will give to bird-lovers but for the permanent profit to ornithology which it firmly believes will result from it. An application blank for the course is enclosed.

NEW ENGLAND BIRD BANDING ASSOCIATION

Boston, Mass.

Laurence B. Fletcher, *Secretary*

50 Congress St., Room 941

IT is with great regret that we announce the sudden death at Philo, Illinois, on New Year's Eve, of Isaac Hess, the well-known ornithologist and an important contributor to the columns of this Bulletin. In the next issue of this Bulletin will appear a biographical sketch of his life, together with an appreciation of his scientific writings and of his contribution to the cause of protection of bird-life.

NEW ENGLAND BIRD BANDING ASSOCIATION

Application for Lecture Course and Correspondence Course in Elements of Ornithology

Enclosed herewith is \$.....for.....

.....Subscriptions to Lecture Course.....at \$5.00

.....Subscriptions to Correspondence Course.....at \$3.00

Name..... Name.....

Address..... Address.....

Name..... Name.....

Address..... Address.....

Make checks PAYABLE to Charles B. Floyd, Treasurer, and SEND to L. B. Fletcher, Secretary, New England Bird Banding Association, Room 941, 50 Congress Street, Boston 9, Mass.

Foundation Started for Public Shooting and Fishing Places

General assembly makes appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars. Movement started by the Illinois Sportsmen's League several years ago wins out. Will not cost taxpayers in general one cent. The Bill sponsored in House by one of our active and influential members

SENATE BILL NO. 68 AS AMENDED IN THE HOUSE

Provides as follows:

Section I. There is appropriated to the Department of Agriculture, for Division of Game and Fish, the sum of \$100,000 for the following purposes:

For the purchase of lands in the northern, central and southern Illinois to be selected by and with the advice and consent of the Governor, for preserves for the breeding, hatching, propagation and conservation of game and fish.....\$50,000

For stocking such preserves and for breeding and hatching, propagating and conserving game and fish.....\$10,000

For conducting a campaign of education as to matters relating to fish culture and for constructing, equipping and maintaining three or more bass hatcheries.....\$40,000

Total.....\$100,000

Lord Grey's Bird Bill

IN the House of Lords yesterday the Committee stage of Viscount Grey's Bill for the protection of wild birds was completed. Though the Bill has been subjected to minor criticism and amendment, with the prospect of more alterations in the Report stage, little evidence was forthcoming in yesterday's debate to bear out Lord Crawford's contention on second reading that the Bill goes beyond the warrant of public sentiment. The Bill is intended to consolidate the confused state of the law about wild birds and to make it easier to administer. Discussion yesterday fastened, as might be expected, on the treatment of one or two species of birds which are often regarded as noxious and therefore not deserving of human protection. The Bill makes no mention of noxious birds as such, but it appears to leave sufficient means open to prevent any species from becoming a local plague.

Of the rarer British birds the Bill recognizes two categories—those which, with their nests and eggs, are to be protected at all times, and those which, with their eggs and nests, are to be protected only in a defined closed season. Towards the rights of both kinds of birds the public conscience has been for years growing more sensitive. The man who kills a rare bird simply because it is a rarity is now universally reprobated—humane opinion usually has no word bad enough for him; but rare birds have other enemies, none the less dangerous because they masquerade as servants of science. In the name of oology, which is, after all, only Greek for egg-collecting, a good many crimes are committed. A bird, frequent enough elsewhere, may be scarce and breed little in these islands; oologists, however, are often not content with a specimen of the egg; but insist that it shall be a home-laid egg—one, or several, perhaps, of only a few clutches laid in Great Britain. If the Bill discourages this particular form of egg-collecting, science will not suffer. In any case, there may justly be occasions where the interests of classificatory science ought to give way to those of life, the ornithologist's to the bird-lover's. It is as the lover of birds, their host and their entertainer, that Lord Grey appeals, as he has appealed before in public addresses and lectures, in this Bill, and there are many who would rather be assured, on hearsay alone, that such and such bird still breeds on our hills and shores than see a stuffed specimen, the last perhaps ever caught in England, through a glass in a museum. The future of many of the noble fauna of the earth, the irreplaceable products of æons of evolution, is bound to be doubtful as mankind advances upon their strongholds; the great cats, on account of their habits and conditions of life, may have but a few years before them and if they become extinct the blame will not wholly rest at man's door. But it is otherwise with the race of birds.

If men are imaginative enough and respectful enough of nature, if commerce and fashion can be humanized, there should be no reason why the bird life of these islands should not always remain rich and varied. It will be regrettable if Lord Grey's Bill fails, for want of time or other cause, to become law, because it agrees with the drift of opinion and harmonizes and tightens up the present rather unsatisfactory state of the law

Birding in Autumn

When in autumn I go walking
Through the woods while birds I'm stalking,
Folks must wonder what I'm seeking
With my constant eager peeking.

If they knew the fun that's in it,
They would scarcely wait a minute
When they heard the redbird's whistle
Or saw goldfinch on a thistle;

Heard the song of chickadee
From the top of leafless tree;
Saw the red of downy's crown,
Nuthatch feeding upside down;

Friendly whitethroats on the ground
Black-bibbed juncos all around;
Hermit thrush in russet coat,
Brown tree sparrow's cheerful note.

Watch for cheeky scolding jay
Who will surely come your way;
Possibly you'll spy an owl
With its sober blinking jowl.

Come and try it, unbeliever;
Soon you too will have the fever.
Joy will be too great for words
When you learn to know the birds.

—O. M. S.

The Charm of Ravines

TO the uninitiated a ravine might well seem a place to be avoided. Steep sides, in rock formation frequently being almost or quite perpendicular, rough eroded bottoms generally crowded with a rank growth of vegetation, deep shade with perhaps a small stream or pools of water, all join to make physical objections to exploring ravines.

There are, however, many unique attractions in ravines that offset the objections and make of these deeply eroded portions of the landscape a source of pleasure to the lover of the out-of-doors, whether the quest is in search of trees, birds, wild flowers, insects, or animals.

Would you find maidenhair, fragile bladder or lady ferns, search first a ravine. If you would see rare wildflowers, and unusual trees and vines, a ravine will reveal not only many varieties but also a delightful perfection in those discovered. Plant life growing in ravines has many advantages over that growing in the level places: rich soil washed down from the sides or carried in by streams, shelter from the wind and the hot summer sun, protection from cattle and marauding people by reason of difficult access.

With these advantages it is also apparent why birds seek ravines for food, shelter, and nesting sites.

If you wish to find birds on a hot summer day, when apparently there are none about, go to the nearest ravine. If in winter you think there are no birds hardy enough to stand the cold, you will be surprised

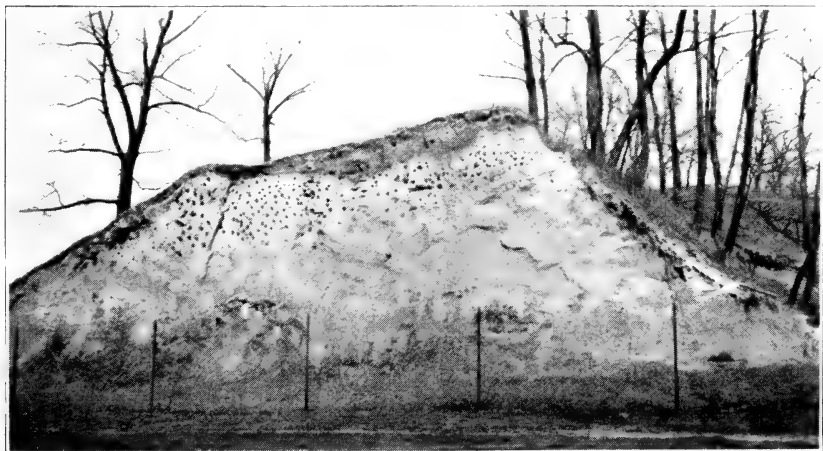


Photo by Orpheus M. Schantz

SWALLOW BANK, PALOS PARK



Photo by Orpheus M. Schantz

MAPLE HILL RAVINE

and delighted to find numbers of birds feeding, and if you listen to their cheerful conversation you will discover that they are apparently quite comfortable, even in zero weather.

In many forested areas the surface is too level for ravine formation, but where the land is more broken or undulating, the ravines sink deeper and deeper and often are of such depth that the tops of tall trees do not reach the level of the rims.

The ravines on the shore of Lake Michigan north of Chicago, have long been famous for their treasures of plant life, and more recently, since the coming of the cardinal grosbeak to our region, they have furnished shelter for this hardy, year-round resident against the rigors of the wind-swept North Shore.

In the forest preserves at Chicago Heights is a deep ravine in which is found the only colony of buckeye trees in Cook County. An old ravine among the Palos Park hills has a wonderful growth of sugar maples, butternut, ironwood, and other interesting trees which are only found where the soil has reached a certain condition necessary to their requirements.

At the mouth of the Palos ravine is the famous swallow bank, where regularly each season a colony of bank swallows makes its summer home. This bank of loess is known to geologists and ornithologists.

To the geologist it tells a story of an ancient deposit of river silt under conditions that he understands, and it can be used as a chapter in his outdoor instruction book. To the bird lover the bank is of interest on account of the bank swallows, and the marvelous knowledge that they seem to possess as to its value to them as a nesting site.

The Sag ravine, not far from the junction of the Calumet drainage canal with the main drainage canal, within its short confines of stratified Niagara limestone, contains a bewildering company of plants, some of which are found nowhere else in Cook County, and are only found growing on rock surfaces. An approach to the ravine from the adjoining fields always disturbs robins and other birds that feed on wild fruits, for the ravine contains many plants bearing seeds or berries.

At Maple Hill station, on the Chicago-Joliet interurban, is the outlet of one of the finest ravines near Chicago. Here is a colony of wonderful, old, hard-maple trees that call to mind the "sugar bush" back east. Near the entrance on the west bank is a fine, lone specimen of the rare Blue Ash. In the wide fan-shaped mouth of the ravine stands one of the finest examples of the stratified hawthorn known in the region. Farther up the ravine there is a constantly increasing number of interesting plants. On the right bank is an ancient limestone boulder on whose accommodately pitted surface grow columbines, tiny ferns, and other rock-loving plants. On the steep sides grow maidenhair, lady and fragile bladder ferns, bloodroot, hepaticas, white baneberry, and many violets.

With all these attractions it is not strange that this ravine is a well-inhabited bird sanctuary. Here one can find the catbird, thrasher, scarlet tanager, great crested flycatcher, wood pewee, vireos, many sparrows, towhees, and the indigo bunting. In springtime the warblers stay until the very last minute of their schedule on account of the abundant supply of insects. In the narrow strip of lowland across the car line into which the ravine debouches, the character of the vegetation changes, and one may find jack-in-the-pulpit, green dragon, black and red haws, many members of the sun flower and wild lettuce families.

Spice bush, pawpaws, chestnut and shingle oaks, prickly ash, mulberry, soft and hard maples, cat briar and wild grapevines, many varieties of herbaceous plants, all contribute food and insects for the bird epicures. According to old settlers passenger pigeons formerly came to this region in great flocks, and every year flights of Bonaparte gulls may be seen following the course of the Desplaines River, drainage canal, and the old Illinois and Michigan canal, which here parallel each other only a short distance apart.

Over 7,000 acres of forest preserves are joined in the Mount Forest-Palos tracts. If sufficient control may be enforced against illegal shooting, this beautiful region with its many ravines may again harbor thousands of resident and migrant birds, as it no doubt did fifty or more years ago.

—ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ.

The Department of Agriculture of the State of Massachusetts has issued many valuable bulletins which have to do with bird conservation.

Bulletin No. 112:

"Bird Houses and Nesting Boxes" contains 28 pages of text and illustrations which should be of great assistance to anyone desiring to provide homes for the birds.

Bulletin No. 117:

"Plants that Attract and Shelter Birds and Some that Protect Cultivated Fruits."

In this bulletin there has been carefully compiled a list of plants that bear fruits, and it tells where they should be planted.

These bulletins may be purchased at 10 cents each from Illinois Audubon Society.

Are Birds Frightened or Injured Through Banding?

A WHITE-THROATED sparrow, after being trapped by Mr. Lyon, returned to the same trap and was caught eight times more on the same day.

A fox sparrow was trapped 165 times during a winter season, and scolded vociferously when taken out of the trap.

An immature male towhee was trapped over 100 times in 60 days.

There are a few accidents to birds in banding, but they are less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1%. The value of the information gained through banding is infinitely greater than that gained through collecting with a gun; and no birds are ever killed intentionally.



Photo by Ruthven Deane

OVERLOOKING SACO BAY, MAINE

Illinois Prairies in 1871

*Reprint from Introduction, Birds of Illinois,
by Robert Ridgway*

THE PRAIRIES. The author's personal acquaintance with the prairies, their vegetation and their fauna, is very limited. In his section of the State, there is no open or uncultivated prairie nearer to Mount Carmel than 25 miles, the nearest one being Allison's Prairie, opposite the city of Vincennes, Indiana.

In Jasper and Richland counties, prairies of considerable size occur. They are offshoots or arms of the Grand Prairie, although each particular arm or "bay" has its own distinctive name. A few miles west of Olney, Richland County, lies Fox Prairie; and to the southeast of this (the wooded bottoms of the Fox River and tributaries intervening) is Sugar Creek prairie. These two are the only prairies which the writer has explored ornithologically.

The first visit to Fox Prairie was made on the 8th of June, 1871, the writer and his companions arriving a little before noon. A rolling plain spread before us, the farther side bounded by timber, while the prairie itself was free from tree or brush, except where some intersecting stream was followed by a narrow line of thickets, interspersed with occasional fair-sized and gracefully formed elms; or along the edge, where the jungle of sumac, thorn-bushes, wild plum, hazel, etc., backed by young oak and hickory trees, showed plainly the encroachment of the woodland. Herds of horses and cattle scattered about over the prairie, and two or three neat farm houses, with their attendant orchards and cultivated ground, made us realize that we were yet within the bounds of comfortable civilization; otherwise, the landscape presented much of its primitive aspect. The day was a delightful one; for, although the heat ranged above 80°, the fresh prairie breeze tempered it to a delightful mildness. Resting upon the cool greensward in the shade of a large elm in the hollow, our ears were delighted by such a chorus of bird-songs as we have heard nowhere else. Among the leafy arches overhead the Baltimore Orioles whistled their mellow flute-like notes, accompanied by soft, contented warble and joyous carol of the Warbling and Red-eyed Vireos; the birds of the meadow were chanting on every hand their several ditties, while the breeze wafted to us the songs of various woodland species. In the scrubby jungle a Mocking-bird fairly filled the air with his rich medley of varied notes, the singer leaping in restless ecstasy from branch to branch, with drooping wings and spread tail, or flitting from tree to tree as he sang. A Brown Thrasher poured forth a ceaseless accompaniment as he sat perched sedately upon the summit of a small vine-canopied tree—a contrast in bearing to the

restive, sportive *Mimus*, his rival in vigor, and superior in sweetness, of song. Several Yellow-breasted Chats interpolated their loud cat-calls, vehement whistlings, and croaking notes. These three, loudest of the songsters, well nigh drowned the voices of the smaller birds; but in the brief intervals—"between the acts"—were heard the fine and sweet, though plaintive, song of the little Field Sparrow, the pleasant notes of the Chewink, the rich whistlings of the Cardinal, and the clear, proud call of Bob White. Upon proceeding to the thickets and thus interrupting the louder songsters, the wondrously strong and vehement notes of the "Chickty-beaver Bird" or White-eyed Vireo greeted us from the tangled copse, and soon a song we had never heard before—the gabbling, sputtering harangue of Bell's Vireo—attracted our attention and, of course, our interest. In the more open woods marking the border of the timber the several woodland species were noticed; there the Vermilion Tanager or Summer Red-bird warbled his Robin-like but fine and well-sustained song, the Blue-jays chuckled and screamed as they prowled among the branches, and gaudy Red-headed Woodpeckers flaunted their tri-colored livery as they sported about the trunks or occasional dead tree-tops.

On the open prairie, comparative quiet reigned. The most numerous bird there was "Dick Cissel" (*Spiza americana*), who monopolized the iron-weeds, uttering his rude but agreeable ditty with such regularity and persistence that the general stillness seemed scarcely broken; hardly less numerous Henslow's Buntings were likewise perched upon the weed-stalks, and their weak but emphatic *se-wick* sounded almost like a faint attempt at imitation of Dick Cissel's song. The grasshopper-like wiry trill of the Yellow-winged Sparrow; the meandering, wavering warble of the Prairie Lark (*Otocoris alpestris praticola*)—coming apparently from nowhere, but in reality from a little speck floating far up in the blue sky,—and the sweet "*peek—you can't see me*" of the Meadow-lark, completed the list of songs heard on the open prairie. Many kinds of birds besides those already described were seen, but to name them all would require too much space. We should not, however, omit to mention the elegant Swallow-tailed Kites, which now and then wheeled into view as they circled over the prairie, or their cousins and companions, the Mississippi Kites, soaring above them through the transparent atmosphere; nor must we forget a pair of croaking ravens who, after circling about for a short time over the border of the woods, flew away to the heavy timber in the Fox River bottoms.

Early in the following August we paid a second visit to the same spot, and found a material change in its aspect. A season of universal drought having passed, the prairie, which before was comparatively brown and sober in its coloring, was bedecked with flowers of varied hue. The Mocking-birds, Brown Thrashers, Chats, and most of the

other songsters, were silent, but the shrill screech of a large species of *Cicada* repeatedly startled us as we brushed against the weeds, while numerous grasshoppers were far more noisy than the birds. As we came well out on the prairie, however, a beautiful and unlooked-for sight appeared; in short, we were completely transfixed by the, to us, novel spectacle of numerous exquisitely graceful Swallow-tailed Kites floating about on bouyant wing, now gliding to the right or left, then sweeping in broad circles, and approaching so near that several were easily shot. Soaring lightly above them were many Mississippi Kites, of which one would now and then close its wings and plunge downward, as if to strike the very earth, but instantly checking the velocity of its fall by sudden spreading of the wings, would then shoot upward again almost to the height from which it had descended. When two or more passed one another at opposite angles—as frequently happened—the sight was beautiful in the extreme.

The total number of species observed during these two trips, within the bounds of the prairie itself, numbered about ninety-five on each occasion; while the surrounding woodlands, cultivated grounds and river bottoms added so many more, that a total of about one hundred and forty species were ascertained to, in all probability, breed upon an area five miles square, having for its centre the portion of the prairie where we made our investigations. Of this grand total, only twenty-five were water-birds, the remainder of one hundred and fifteen species of land-birds being, perhaps, as large a number of regular summer residents as any locality of equal extent in North America can boast.

A third visit to this prairie was made early in June, 1883—exactly twelve years after the first trip. The change which had taken place in the interval was almost beyond belief. Instead of an absolutely open prairie some six miles broad by ten in extreme length, covered with its original characteristic vegetation, *there remained only 160 acres not under fence*. With this insignificant exception, the entire area was covered by thriving farms, with their neat cottages, capacious barns, fields of corn and wheat, and even extensive orchards of peach and apple trees. The transformation was complete; and it was only by certain ineffaceable landmarks that we were able to identify the locality of our former visits. As a consequence, we searched in vain for the characteristic prairie birds. Upon the unenclosed tract of 160 acres—a common grazing ground for the herds of the neighborhood—Dick Cissels, Henslow's Buntings, Yellow-winged Sparrows, and the Meadow-larks were abundant as ever; and running in the road, now wallowing in the dust, then alighting upon a fence stake, were plenty of Prairie Larks (*Otocoris*); but—shades of Audubon!—equally numerous were the detestable and detested European House Sparrow, already ineradicably established. We searched in vain for Bell's Vireo, for all the thickets had been destroyed. Neither was a solitary kite, of either species, to be seen.

We left our beautiful prairie with sad heart, disgusted with the change (however beneficent to humanity) which civilization had wrought.

The same is the history of all the smaller prairies in many portions of the State; and it will probably not be many years before a prairie in its primitive condition cannot be found within the limits of Illinois.

Illinois Nature Study Society

THE Illinois Nature Study Society, Inc., of Elgin, has been organized for the purpose of studying natural sciences, and for the protection of our native flora and fauna.

The following sections have been created, each to be governed by a special committee:

Botany
Ornithology
Entomology
Geology.

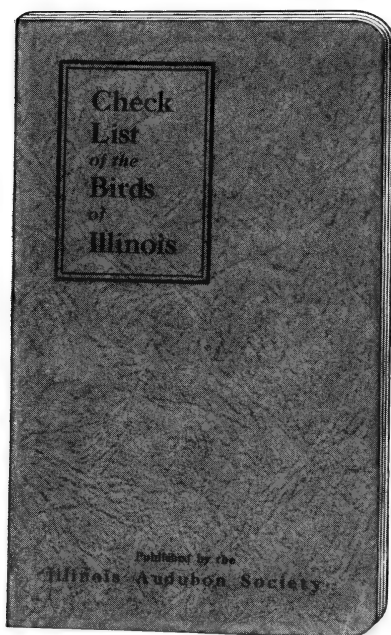
Eventually other sections will be added. The society also contemplates uniting similar organizations in this state into one central body, which shall further the study of nature, and especially use its influence against the further destruction of our natural resources, and for the active conservation of all classes of wild life.

The active interest and efficient work which have been so noticeable in Elgin, will insure the success of the new and broader organization from its inception.

Elgin Nature Lovers have a fine basis on which to build for the future. Trout Park with its unusual vegetation, the museum building with its fine collection, many private collections of note, added to an enthusiastic membership, will make of Elgin a center for this worthy venture.

A Sanctuary for Wild Life in Indiana

AT the last session of the Indiana Legislature a bill was passed setting aside a tract of 2000 acres along the Kankakee River, near Knox, Indiana, for a Wild Life Sanctuary. This wise protective action will save from destruction one of the greatest breeding-grounds for bird life in the state. Many species that would otherwise be driven out by reclamation of river bottom lands, will now be provided with a permanent home.



The ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY'S Check List is one of the first State check lists issued.

A unique feature of the list is the zonal map of Illinois in colors.

It is a decided addition to ornithological literature, and can be used in bird study in the adjoining states.

Price 50c postpaid

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AND SONS COMPANY AT THE
LAKESIDE PRESS, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE Illinois Audubon Society recommends the organization of Junior Audubon Societies under one or the other of the following plans:

First plan: Organize under the auspices of the National Association of Audubon Societies and take advantage of the special offer to pupils made possible by generous patrons of the Society. Each member paying ten cents will receive a set of six educational leaflets with colored pictures and outline drawings for coloring with crayons. Each member will also receive the Audubon button which represents a badge of membership in a Junior Audubon class. Each teacher who organizes a class of twenty or more receives a year's free subscription to *Bird-Lore*, the official organ of the Association. Address the Secretary, 1974 Broadway, New York City.

Second plan: Organize under the auspices of the Illinois Audubon Society. Each pupil is to pay fifteen cents for a copy of *Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard* published by the United States Government, copies to be obtained either from the Secretary of the Illinois Audubon Society or by sending directly to the Superintendent of Documents at Washington, D. C. To each member of a group provided with this beautifully illustrated bulletin the Illinois Audubon Society will give without charge the Audubon button of membership in the Illinois Society and will send to the leader of the group for a period of one year all the publications and special notices of the Society together with an illustrated certificate showing that the group is a member of the Illinois Audubon Society. Teachers wishing to enroll pupils under local plans may obtain Audubon buttons for two cents each.

Address the

Illinois Audubon Society

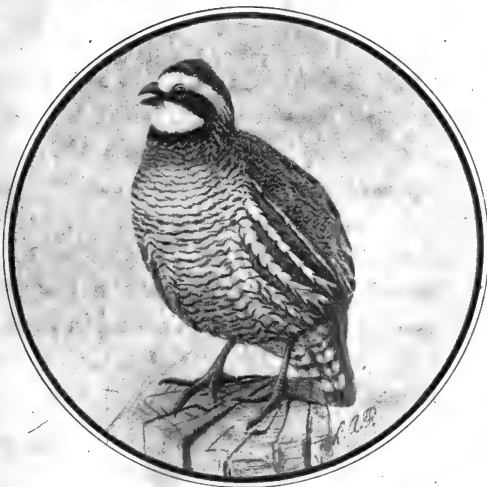
10 South La Salle Street

CHICAGO



THE AUDUBON BULLETIN

Spring and Summer
1924



Published by
THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON
SOCIETY

Illinois Audubon Society Service

THE Society has two collections of hand-colored lantern slides of bird life, each with an accompanying printed lecture. These are lent free of charge to any school or organization in the state but borrower pays express charges both ways.

The Society has traveling libraries of bird books which are lent to schools or organizations for a reasonable length of time, the borrower paying express charges both ways.

The Society publishes wall charts listing 200 typical Illinois birds and providing suitable spaces for recording migration and nesting data. Schools, Boy Scout organizations, and individuals as well, find these of great service. Price ten cents each.

The Society publishes a Pocket Check List of Birds with a colored zonal map. This list records every known species of birds that visits Illinois or nests within its borders. Included with this is a very useful key for the identification of nests. The Check List sells for fifty cents.

The Society publishes the Langdon Cat Circular which is invaluable in arousing interest in the question of protecting birds from marauding cats. Price five cents each.

The Society issues an illustrated postal in the Italian language warning against violation of laws for bird protection. Price two cents each.

Address The Illinois Audubon Society

10 South La Salle Street, Chicago

President	Secretary-Treasurer
Mr. Orpheus M. Schantz	Miss Catherine A. Mitchell
Vice-President	Riverside
Mr. Jesse Lowe Smith	
Highland Park	

**The Aims and Principles of the
Illinois Audubon Society are:**

- 1st. To encourage the study of birds, particularly in the schools, and to disseminate literature relating to them.
- 2nd. To work for the betterment and enforcement of State and Federal laws relating to birds.
- 3rd. To discourage the wearing of any feathers except those of the ostrich and domestic fowls.
- 4th. To discourage, in every possible way, the wanton destruction of wild birds and their eggs.

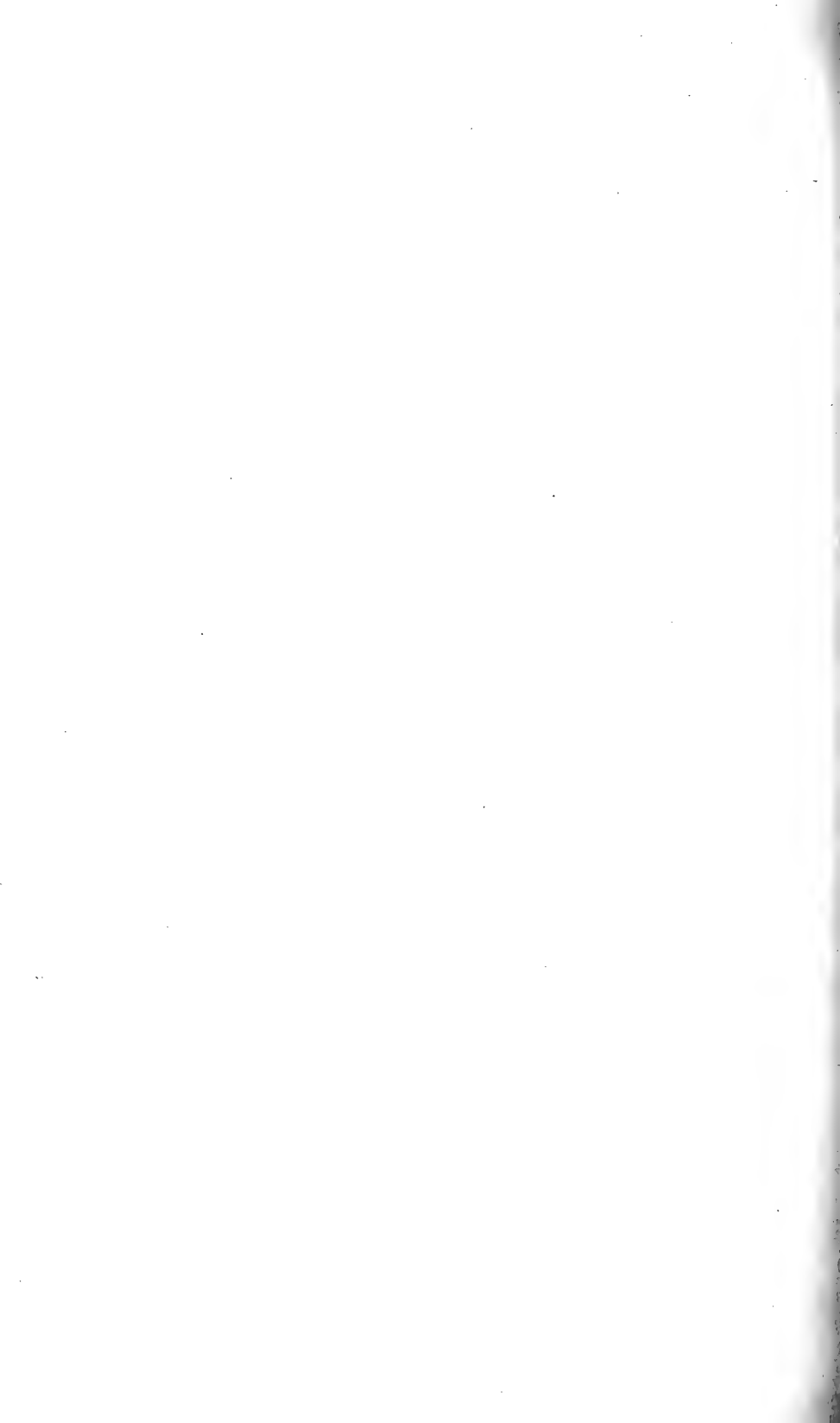




Photo by Orpheus Moyer Schantz

KISHWAUKEE RIVER, KINGSTON, DE KALB COUNTY, ILLINOIS

An Unusual Conservation Project

THE setting aside of large areas of public land as forest preserves, both state and national, is featured with headlines in the newspapers and on this account receives wide publicity. The National Parks in the western United States, the Superior National Forest, the proposed Appalachian forest preserves, and other like undertakings have been widely advertised.

Recently, quite by accident, an unusual plan was discovered on the Kishwaukee River about sixty miles from Chicago. The two branches of this river have a length of about sixty miles. The northern branch rises in central McHenry County and the southern in DeKalb County. The branches unite and flow north into Rock River. The stream is very clear and in most of its length runs through gravel bottoms. The glacial drift, through which the Kishwaukee flows, at one time supported an unusual forest growth and there are still many beautiful woodlands along the stream. To Mr. Louis Lloyd of Sycamore, Illinois, is due the credit of starting a conservation idea which has grown until over twelve thousand acres of land along the Kishwaukee River are being set aside under state supervision as a wild life sanctuary. Two hundred and seventy-eight separate parcels of land are being leased by the state of Illinois for the express purpose of protecting the wild life, both bird and animal, in this preserve. This will effectively prevent the destruction of the wild life and it will be protected with signs furnished by the state forbidding trespassing.

Most of the farms along the Kishwaukee River contain wooded areas. The gravelly soil with abundant moisture close to the surface causes an unusual tree and shrub growth. There are black walnut, hickory, maple, black cherry, elm, and ash among the larger forest trees and many varieties of hawthorne and much of the beautiful wild crab apple. The vegetation on the forest floor reminds one of the older forests farther east. Many of the birds resident in northern Illinois may be found nesting here and during spring migration the woodlands are alive with many varieties that visit us only during migration time. It has recently been stated that the Kishwaukee on account of its being spring-fed and on account of its gravel bottom is the best stream for the propagation of game-fish in the state. The farmers who have joined in this fine conservation scheme are organized in a vigorous fight against the pollution of the stream by manufacturing interests on its banks. Each

parcel of land is under a separate lease and accurate legal descriptions were filed with the state authorities before the leases could be made.

The village of Kingston has with commendable pride purchased a section of land for a picnic ground which is visited by picnic parties from many neighboring towns. Brick stoves have been built, tables and benches provided, and signs are everywhere placed in the woods asking that flowers be not picked and the birds not disturbed. There being very few factories in the community, it is not difficult to maintain the park and keep it clean. The frontispiece of this bulletin shows a section of the river with its woodlands on either bank. At the time the picture was taken the woods were alive with migrating warblers. In the rippling of the stream many fish were seen and the woods were filled with many varieties of wild flowers: white, blue, and yellow violets, Jacob's ladder (polemonium), white and red trilliums, the red ones being called blood noses by the children. Points on Kishwaukee River covering about twenty miles of frontage were visited and the impression carried away that here in northern Illinois had been carried out one of the best plans for conservation in the state and that to Louis Lloyd should be given credit without stint for the fine, far reaching example which should be an incentive to other communities. It is proposed to establish camps for boy and girl scouts for summer vacations with liberal privileges, all, provided that the idea of protecting the wild life shall be faithfully enforced as it was intended when the sanctuary was created.



HAUNT OF KILLDEER, KISHWAUKEE RIVER

Protests Crow Extermination

From the New Jersey Audubon Society

THE New Jersey Audubon Society, joining with many other organizations and individuals, is making a vigorous protest against the International Crow Shoot being conducted by Du Pont De Nemours and Co. Characterizing the crow shoot as merely a thinly veiled method of the Du Pont director of sales to increase business by a most ill advised and deplorable means, and asserting that, though designated by its author as "crow control," its actual effect, if successful, would be much more nearly extermination, the statement of the Society denounces the crow shoot unqualifiedly.

Pointing out that the verdict of the expert scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture is unquestionably the highest authority extant as to the economic status of the crow, the Audubon Society quotes that verdict as follows: "From the evidence at hand the crow's merits and shortcomings appear about equally divided. While it would be unwise to give it absolute protection, and thus afford the farmer no recourse when the bird is doing damage, it would be equally unwise to adopt the policy of killing every crow that comes within gunshot." Yet, the Society points out, the latter is the very policy encouraged by the Du Pont crow shoot for prizes. There is also an incentive to the use of poison and traps by the dishonest, with many other creatures accidentally sharing the fate of the luckless crows.

Not only, says the Society, has Du Pont put a price on the head of every crow that can be killed, but included as points for prizes are sharp-shinned, Cooper's and goshawks, great gray and snowy owls, kingfisher, crow blackbird, starling, hedgehog, woodchuck, weasel, red squirrel, field rat, bobcat, gopher, snapping turtle, water snake and *house cat*, eighteen forms of life, some of them of neutral if not absolutely valuable economic status.

In the protest against the crow shoot it is claimed that the inducement will take many afield with guns when they can not legally do so; at a time when wild life is propagating and will be disturbed by unwonted shooting; that a greater destruction of valuable game and non-game wild life will result than crows would ever cause. If generations prior to civilization, when so called "vermin" existed in greater numbers and under more favorable conditions than ever since, such "vermin" did not seriously threaten useful wild life, why should it be feared that it will now do so under less favorable conditions, the Society asks.

Finally, the Society regards as extremely unfortunate the opening of a controversy between sportsmen and their purveyors on the one hand and conservationists on the other.

Mocking Bird Winters in Riverside

ABOUT the first of last November as we sat at breakfast, our attention was attracted by a tapping on the window pane. A grey bird sitting on the sill was pecking at the loosened putty about the glass. Mr. Willard and I said at once it looked like a mocking bird, but hardly believing our eyes, we looked it up and identified it in two bird books.

Our cook, Ida Olson, took great interest in the bird and put out bread and water for it. For a while it did not seem to eat what was put out for it, but was seen eating rose haws and other wild berries. Finally, following the example of a flock of sparrows, he began to eat bread, and was drawn nearer and nearer the house until he came to take all his meals on the kitchen window sill. He liked particularly whole wheat bread with raisins in it, always picking the raisins out first. Ida put a clothes line rope across the kitchen porch close to the food window, and the mocking bird was to be seen sitting there hunched up and puffed out almost any time of day. In the early morning he liked to sit on a branch of ivy which crossed the dining-room window. The window was toward the east, and the sun shining on the glass back of him, apparently made that a warm spot. He made a very pretty silhouette against the window shade as we sat at breakfast. All winter he was to be found close to our back door and was therefore easily exhibited to our friends. One very cold morning Ida found him on the porch in a benumbed condition, and getting behind him drove him into the kitchen. We managed to get him into a canary cage, but he made such a commotion, we realized we could never keep him there. So after he was thoroughly warmed we let him out to take his chances again in the open. Late in March he began to sing but in rather a subdued way. He gave us many delightful concerts before finally leaving us the second week in April.

FRANCES RIPLEY WILLARD (*Mrs. N. W.*)

Trailing Arbutus

There is beauty in the forest
When the trees are green and fair;
There is beauty in the meadow
When wild flowers scent the air;
There is beauty in the sunlight
And the soft blue beam above —
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love.

DAISY HAUSER

A Feathered Patient

IT was in the early summer. My little friend, Astrid Breasted, telephoned for me; she was distressed. A robin had been caught by its leg in some string high up in a poplar tree in front of her home on University Avenue. The bird may have carried the string there for building material; it may have been an old kite string lost there; but that's anyone's guess. Her brother had climbed the tree and released it and I was asked to come and "set" a broken leg. I first phoned Mr. Schantz for advice and instructions, never having had such a patient before. He teased me and thought that one who could set a human broken leg ought to be able to do as much for a robin. So I set out with some tooth picks and adhesive tape. However, I found that the poor patient had more than a simple broken leg; the joint that ornithologists called the heel, where the fleshy part meets the spindly part, was so torn that it held only by a tiny strip of skin. It was quite beyond repair and so had to be an amputation. The operation was done with one of Professor Breasted's safety razor blades.

Now what to do with the victim? I felt sure it would die in captivity; so we set out for the Wooded Island in Jackson Park, some distance away, with Astrid and her family and friends, enough to fill the auto. It was released about twilight on the open grass where no cats prowl and with a prayer from all of us that the poor, maimed leg might heal and life be still worth while, and we went home regretting that we would never know the result, death or recovery. But that was where we all guessed wrong, for a few weeks later the one-legged robin was back in the tree where the mishap occurred, taking its part in the building of a nest. Having decided that that was a good tree in which to build, the decision was not to be affected by a little matter like the loss of a leg.

JAMES W. WALKER, M. D.

The Cardinal's Disposition

IT is a singular fact that some traits of human nature are shown in the activities of bird life. Take our scarce but handsome Kentucky Cardinal for instance. During the mating season he is an exemplary husband, allowing his wife to sit at the same table and partake of its edibles in peace, and when she happens to be resting in a nearby tree he often carries a sun-flower seed to her, daintily placing it in her beak. But when the mating season is passed he becomes a crusty old bachelor and is to dine alone. If Mrs. Cardinal is occupying the table when he arrives, he drives her away. She later eats his leavings. W. C. EGAN.

An Incident of the Cliff Swallow

MARY M. STEAGALL

IN the face of an almost perpendicular clay wall, some hundred feet high, which lies along a wooded stream, miner bees are accustomed to make extensive excavations. Here a single pair of cliff swallows had dug a nest.

One evening, with a picnic party at the top of this cliff, I noticed that the swallow was seriously disturbed, as I supposed, by the company and the fire. It made great circles in the upper air. These always ended at the mouth of its hole, where it always delivered a most heart-rending scream. These actions continued during our stay on the cliff.

It was the opportunity for my ornithology class to see a cliff swallow's nest, a rare thing in this vicinity; so next morning at seven we were approaching the cliff, and saw the bird still making his circles, and giving his queer cries. Before we reached the cliff, however, these ceased and the bird disappeared. On climbing up to the hole, instead of swallows, two beady black eyes looked out at us from the hole. We began an investigation and the eyes disappeared, but we came to the limp, lifeless form of the recently killed bird. Digging into the cliff farther, we found what we were pleased to call the mother bird, stark cold with eight insects in her half open mouth. These she had evidently been carrying to her nestlings. Farther in, these were found, lifeless all, without sign of injury on the body of any bird. A piteous sight! We felt like punishing the offender, so continued our digging. No avenue of escape could be seen, even when the cliff was cut smooth beyond the nest; only the mellow wood of an old root. We followed this for three feet back, and the boys were able to lay hold of the tail of an adult weasel. This animal they dragged out, and choked to death for his misdemeanors. After photographing him along with his five victims, one of the boys mounted his skin for the museum, while one of the girls identified among the insects of the mother-bird's mouth, two crane-flies and three mosquitoes. The other three were beyond identification. We all thought of J. G. Holland's lines:

"Life evermore is fed by death,
In earth, and sea, and sky;
And that a rose may breathe its breath
Something must die."

Pigeon's Nest on Apartment Dresser

TWO mating pigeons who have found sanctuary in a sunny room of the apartment of J. L. McGee, 88 Spruce Place, provide an interesting problem for Minneapolis ornithologists.

Several days ago these two feathered creatures stepped from a window sill of the apartment to an adjacent dresser in the room, and there, after much chattering and cooing, built their nest. And there they are today, each taking turn, male and female, brooding over the two white eggs that now repose in the strange nest. The McGees keep the window open for the exit and entry of their unusual tenants.

This paradox of nature has astonished the friends of Mr. and Mrs. McGee who have seen the feathered pair. But Mrs. McGee speaks of it simply. In fact, she suggests an explanation.

About three weeks before the pigeons were noticed on the window sill Mrs. McGee, while out walking, had picked up an injured pigeon. She took it home, gave it food and aided its recovery. Some time after the pigeon had flown away two mating creatures began to perch daily on the window sill. There was much to-do in the chattering between them. The female seemed to be persuasively assuring her mate that here, in the McGee home, could be found a most benevolent refuge. But the male appeared doubtful.

After a few days, however, the male bowed to the wishes of his mate. The argument could not be continued, for there was little time to lose.

Presently the female courageously crossed the window sill and alighted on the dresser. In her mouth she bore a twig. That was the beginning of the nest in which very soon the two white eggs appeared.

Mr. and Mrs. McGee, marveling at the strange sight, thoughtfully placed a heavy towel under the nest when it was in the early stage of building. This made a soft repository for the eggs.

"The birds are extraordinarily tidy," said Mrs. McGee. "I thought at first they might cause trouble in this respect, but they haven't."

The female bird broods on the nest all through the night. She does not fear the owners of her protected home, allowing the McGees to approach her nest at any time. The male sits on the nest from late morning through the afternoon while the female flies out the window for daily exercise. He is more wary of strangers than she. He becomes disturbed if anyone approaches too close to the nest.

Neither of the little home-makers now shows alarm when the electric lights of the apartment are switched on or off; neither are they disturbed by music or conversation. They feel the air of security.

Birds for the Little Folks

DAISY HAUSER

Teacher in the Milwaukee Public Schools

The eagle is the king of all the birds and master of many.

The owl is the policeman.

The crow is the preacher.

The dove is the love messenger.

The chickadee is the chilly bird. He is the fluffy bird. He never freezes. He creeps into any little corner of the tree to keep himself warm.

The robin is the harbinger of Spring.

He comes in March.

He is the beautiful songster.

He sings a glad song—

“Cheer up” (three times), chee, chee, chee

“Cheer up” (two times), chee, chee, chee

“Cheer up” (two times), chee, chee, chee

And listen to me for I sing a song that is full of glee.

The flowers are fair in the garden

Rose, lily, and all the rest but

The fairest thing of all I think

Is my own dear little nest—

Cheer up (two times), chee, chee, chee

repeated three times—

The meadow lark is the whistler.

He whistles and whistles and whistles.

The bluebird is the pretty bird.

He sings so sweetly.

The junco is the strong bird.

He is never cold and doesn't fly alone.

The red-headed woodpecker is the tree doctor. He pecks and pecks and pecks. He is the cousin of the downy, hairy, sap sucker, mother and father flicker.

The father and mother flickers are the carpenters.

They hammer and hammer and hammer with their bills.

The father flicker has a moustache and

The mother flicker has not. They are cousins of the red-headed woodpecker, downy, hairy, and sapsucker.

The English sparrows are the street cleaners, and the very messy birds.

The bluejay is the naughty bird and troublesome neighbor.
He has beautiful feathers and he wants to be good.

The scarlet tanager is the friendly fire bird.
He comes in cherry time and sometimes sooner.

Jenny Wren is the house bird.
She sings all day long.
She tilts her tail.

The cowbird is the lazy bird.
He never wants to build his own nest.
He never wants to do what is right.

The bobolink is the fine, fine singer.
He is the best and only singer on the wing.
He doesn't stay north very long so we miss his fine song.

The brown creeper is the priest. He is
No singer and always alone.

The cedar wax wing is the wax bird.
He is the wild cheery bird. He never flies down.

The cheewink-to-whee is the ground robin.
He builds his nest near the ground.
Some people say he is the cousin of the robin but we really don't know.

The red winged blackbird is the cousin of the oriole and bobolink,
They are all splendid singers.

The golden crowned kinglet is the tiny sturdy bird. He has an orange red crown and does not care about the weather.

The sandpiper is the proud trotter on the beach besides the water.
He always shows his people where to look for food.

The song sparrow is the dear, sweet, darling singer. He has many relations. He is the graceful singer with short wings and a long tail.

Winter Birds in Manitoba

RUTHVEN DEANE

FOR several years there has not been any conspicuous incursion of such species of Hawks and Owls as extend their winter range as far south as Illinois. We expect them to be more in evidence beyond the Canadian border, but even as far north as Manitoba their numbers vary according to climatic influence and food supply, principally the latter. In 1905 one taxidermist at Winnipeg received about one hundred Snowy Owls and they were abundant all over the Province; and in the winter of 1906-07 they were reported equally abundant.

The following letter relating to winter birds, received from Mr. C. G. Harrold of Winnipeg, Man., under date of March 9, 1924, contains items of much interest:

"In regard to the relative abundance of winter birds, there has been a heavy migration of Great Gray Owls to the east of Winnipeg, following the spruce bush during the last two winters. Their numbers were far greater during the winter of 1922-23 than this winter. The stomachs of those which I examined contained a far larger number of shrews than voles, the record being nine in one specimen. I do not know whether this is due to the birds' preference, or simply because shrews are more plentiful than voles in spruce bush.

"There is an almost complete absence of Snowy Owls on the prairies this winter, but they were abundant last winter. One female weighing six and one half pounds had twenty-four voles in its stomach. Evening Grosbeaks are hardly as common this winter as usual, possibly due to the fact that there are very few maple seeds on the trees. Pine Grosbeaks and Bohemian Waxwings are in average numbers. A few immature Goshawks were taken in the fall, but there has not been a real migration of this species in this region for some years. In the fall of 1922-23 we had a noticeable incursion of Magpies."

Big Order for Robins

MR. F. B. RUTHERFORD, Operative Manager of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., sends us this true story. It appears that a robin built its nest last spring near the top of a pile of white oak planking belonging to the Birch Valley Lumber Company of Tioga, West Virginia. When a Philadelphia lumber concern sought to buy the lumber it received the following answer:—"If you should care for this car of lumber we would not accept your order unless we could hold same for two or three weeks. The truth is, a robin has built a nest in the pile and has hatched out a nice family. We are going to give them a chance."

Owl Photography

LOTTA CLEVELAND

ONE day last October I was much elated to find that "The Owl" who had visited us so frequently last winter was again spending much of his time in the box on the stump near the kitchen door. He was a cunning little screech owl and would watch me from the door of his house as I walked about, but if I came too close he would hop noiselessly back into the box. I was anxious to band him, but the bands had not arrived. At last one morning after the bands arrived, Mr. Owl was sitting in his doorway, but to my surprise I saw that he was not the same one, as he was a very bright rufous, while the first one had been gray. He was the brightest colored one I had ever seen and I was anxious to get him into my hands for a close view. I brought out the ladder, and in placing it brought the end within about two feet of him, but he appeared not in the least disturbed. He was so tame that he sat there while I mounted the ladder and tried (unsuccessfully, as I afterwards found) to get three snapshots of him. A conversation that I carried on with a neighbor, fifty feet away, affected him not at all, except that he turned his head to follow me with his eyes whenever I moved.

I use a landing net on a long pole to catch birds in nesting boxes; and, as he seemed about to spend the day in his doorway, I tried three times to place the net over him, but each time he flew into a nearby tree, returning later to take up the same old stand. Later in the day I heard the bluejays screaming and knew that they had forced him to take shelter in his box. So I quickly mounted the ladder, but his previous experience had made him wary and he flew, just as I placed the net over the opening, catching one foot in the netting. In his struggles he freed himself, and I didn't see him again until the evening after Thanksgiving, when I happened to see him fly away from the box.

In trapping birds for banding I sometimes get a house-sparrow which I dispose of. I began putting these sparrows and an occasional mouse in the owl's box and almost every morning I went up the ladder with my net, placed the net over the door, and rapped on the box. Several times I found the bait gone, but no owl.

The day before Christmas I went up the ladder as usual, but no owl flew into the waiting net when I rapped on the box, and the door, which slides up, was frozen fast. So I reached over the top to see if I could feel the two sparrows which I had placed there the day before. Yes, I could feel feathers, and I was just about to remove my hand when it seemed to me those feathers moved. I am sure the heart of no hunter

ever went "piti-pat" any faster than mine did while I poised myself on that icy ladder ten or twelve feet above ground and pounded with my fist until I could slide the door up and pull out that sleepy owl. Apparently I had disturbed his nap, but when he was really awake he did a great deal of clawing, and when I at last pulled him out, he held in his claw one of the sparrows from which he had eaten the head. I went back afterwards and found that he had also eaten the head of the other sparrow, but both bodies were whole. Apparently the head is the choicest tidbit.

Though so elated at my capture, I was a little sorry to find that he was not the one of the rufous feathers, but a gray one. I banded him and shut him up while I arranged the camera. When I brought him out, he seemed to have recovered from his fright, and when I held him on my hand he calmly settled down for another nap. We took one photograph of him; then to give him a little livelier expression, I shook him, and we took another.

Then I said, "Now, little fellow, you sit here all alone and let us get one that way."

So I placed him on the stick, and stroked his feathers and cautiously removed my hand, and we took a third picture. But when I again moved my hand toward him, he noiselessly flew away. I have not seen him since, though the bait is often gone in the morning, and I have also caught and banded two others, both in the gray phase. The rufous-colored one I have not seen since November.

While handling them I have been interested to notice what completely feathered creatures they are. Even their eyelids are covered with down and their toes are feathered to the claws. I spread out their wings to see the downy edges of the flight feathers which make possible their noiseless flight. The second and third ones I kept some days until



THE GRAY SCREECH OWL

the weather was suitable for outdoor photography, and one morning when I went into the cellar, a shadow passed between me and the window and I thought something had passed by the window on the outside, but the second time I saw it I realized that it was the little owl which had escaped and was flying about the cellar.

This one was much smarter about getting out, and was much "scrappier" than either of the other two. I kept him in a glass fish globe, and when I would put my hand in to pick him up he would fly at it with beak and claws. This was the third one I caught, and it and the second one were so much more vicious than the first one, that I now refer to the first one as "the angel child." The second one, although he weighed only 6½ ounces, would fluff out his feathers and spread his wings until he looked as large as a bantam hen. All this time he would be weaving back and forth and hissing at me with a noise that might well have come from a small gander. Neither of these birds made good models and it was with difficulty that I secured one fairly good picture of each.

Before I let them go, I "borrowed" a few feathers from each one and pasted them on a card marked with each bird's band number. So, if they come back to me another year, I shall know whether they have changed their gray feathers for rufous ones. We suppose the gray ones are always gray and the rufous ones always rufous, but it is things like this that bird banding will help us to find out. Come on, be a bird bander! It's lots of fun!

The Wood Thrush

Of all the singing birds this is my choice?
A spirit call at dusk from dark'ning swamp;
No counterpart could come from human voice;
No sound so sweetly thrills at twilight damp.
For years it was a haunting memory
Unsolved, and oft I listened for the sound
Until at last I learned the mystery
Was just a bird, and not a voice I'd found.
The same sweet song unchanged through passing years,
Its mystic spell the same at twilight hush;
I lose at once all sense of doubt and fears
While harking to the song of brown wood thrush.
Again I see the twilight of the swamp;
Along the trout stream joyously I tramp.

O. M. S.

The Gull and Tern Banding Campaign

THE Inland Bird Banding Association is launching a campaign to get as many young gulls and terns banded this year as possible. Their secretary is compiling a list of all of the breeding places that have been used in the past, that is as many as he can obtain from the different persons who have authentic knowledge, and requests anyone knowing of any such places to please send in information about them.

The plan is to call for volunteers who will spend their vacations in the vicinity of these nesting sites, or those who are willing to take their vacation time during the last week of July and the first week of August to help out in this interesting cause. In this way we hope to get many interesting returns from the birds that are banded.

Up to date there have been but three returns from all of the water birds banded in the world that have crossed the Atlantic Ocean. A Common Tern banded on the coast of Maine was found four years later floating in the delta of the Niger River, British West Africa. Two Black-headed Gulls banded at the German Station of Rositten on the Baltic Sea, were recovered from the island of Barbados and Bay Campeche, near Vera Cruz, Mexico. Then we have one return of a Caspian Tern banded by Mr. W. S. McCrea, of Chicago, at the Beaver Islands on July 26, 1923; it was killed on November 25, 1923, in the vicinity of Bocas de Ceniza, mouth of the Magdalena River, Republic of Colombia. This is the only report from the Great Lakes district to South America, and it is the reason that the Inland Association is so anxious to have our long distance flying birds banded so that we may find to what points of South America they travel during their winter migration.

In the attempts to band these birds, one of the interesting questions that are developed is, where do the gulls sleep at night? There have been a number of trips made at Waukegan and at Milwaukee for investigation. One evening when there was a very strong wind from the east of Lake Michigan, the waves rolling very high, and the spray going completely over the lighthouse on the outer breakwater at Waukegan, it was apparent that no bird could sleep on the surface of the lake that night. We thought it would be an ideal time to find out where the gulls would sleep. A careful count, on the afternoon of the same day, showed that there were over fifteen hundred gulls about the harbor, and for making this observation, a careful watch was kept from a freight car on the outer part of the Waukegan harbor. With binoculars, one could have a perfect view from this car of the inner basin of the harbor, also

the outer approach and the outside shore. As darkness approached, there was a flock of gulls of about four to eight hundred that apparently seemed to be resting, and many of them with their heads under their wings, sleeping. The observer would have gambled that this was the spot where they had chosen to sleep that night. There were other small bunches that were equally comfortable on the ice, some on the shore, some on the roof of the coal dock, and some scattered all around; but just at the very last glimpses of daylight, every bird rose silently in the air and started to fly, and in spite of all the observations that could be made, they simply seemed to evaporate and melt away without going in any decided direction. The shores were searched with a flashlight for the next two or three hours all about the harbor and up and down the shore for a mile or two in either direction, yet not a single bird was found. We have searched a number of times but up to date we have never found where the gulls sleep at night.

If anyone knows of a breeding site, or is willing to help in this banding campaign, it will be greatly appreciated if he would write to W. I. Lyon, Secretary, 124 Washington Street, Waukegan, Illinois.



BANDING A YOUNG HERRING GULL

NOTICE

*If you have any good bird news,
send it in to the Editor*

"Bobby Robin"

The Story of a Lame Fledgling That, Becoming Well, Has Accepted the Hospitality of Our Home for Over Eight Months

RUTH BAXTER HICKS (Mrs. W. T.)

A LITTLE lame robin, about ten days old, was brought to us last June by some neighborhood children. A high wind had dislodged its nest from the tree-top moorings; two other small birds were killed, and this one so badly hurt that the leg hung seemingly helpless from its body.

I took the little fellow into my hand and its yellow mouth opened ravenously, the lameness in no way appearing to affect its appetite.

I told the children that if the bird could have its freedom when well, I would take it and try to make it well, to which they agreed.

This lameness continued for about three weeks, during which time the bird learned to fly, taking in all about five days to complete this task. Many were the hard falls and hurts which this little fellow got during this time. During this lameness we made Bobby a bed in a strawberry box, warming a small coverlet for his comfort at night, as the weather was still very cool after sundown. A soapstone under the box kept him warm until morning, and for three weeks he accepted this program without protest.

Finally one night at dusk, he flew into the house, and insisted on choosing his own bed, this being the lower rungs of my mother's rock-
ing-chair. It must not have been just the kind of bed that he expected, for each morning he seemed sleepy and cold, and would let us tuck him back into the strawberry box, where with much chatter, which we called his "sleepy talk," he slept for an hour. It was at such times as these that I took the little lame foot into my hand, massaging it gently, and placing the toes around my warm fingers in the position in which they would naturally fall when well.

Bobby needed only care and protection and love to make him well, along with good food, for his feet are fine and straight now.



BOBBY'S FAVORITE PERCH

Following the lameness, our pet was overtaken with asthma. This may have been due to the unnatural living in-doors. The attack was most severe and many times I felt that he would not survive. But when the cooler days came, he grew better rapidly. Birds have the good instinct to refrain from eating food during such a time, but drink water continually.

This is what our bird did, following us to the sink whenever he heard the water running, though a dish of water was always where he could get it. In living with this robin for eight months, I have discovered that they simply cannot resist running water. A rain is her greatest delight and a bath in a nice big mud puddle is a thing which Bobby enjoys more than in a clean dish.

For food we found that angleworms, mother Nature's diet, varied with bits of green lettuce, bread crust and coarse sand, were sufficient. This was arrived at after we failed in two other food combinations which if persisted in would, I feel sure, have cost Bobby his life.

About this time it became apparent that the season was getting to the place where our pet must be allowed to go out into the trees, to become acquainted with his kind, so that he might go South with them. He now boasted two straight legs, and a goodly covering of warm feathers to keep him comfortable.

Before this was done we decided to have a moving picture reel made of him to be used in educational work. A man was procured for this work and several hundred feet of film were made.

Now came the day when Bobby could go free. All of the neighbors came out to watch him. It was a great surprise to see him unwilling to leave my hand for a long time. Finally, he saw an insect in the grass and flew down to get it. After half an hour out of doors he flew onto my shoulder as I came through the screen, and we considered that the first lesson.

Other lessons followed, covering many days. He finally reached the place where he would fly up onto an old barn, circle around in the trees and play for a long time in the garden, but always he would come back in the evening to be let into the porch to sleep in the rafters.

Finally, one day, I let him out at 9 o'clock in the morning and went away, returning at 6 P. M. It was almost dark, but there, at the side of the screen door, sat Bobby on a little old clothes rack, which I had put out for him to fly onto, thereby keeping him away from the cats until he should learn to be more at home in the big out-of-doors.

I was so glad to see him, though I did not expect to, that I just gathered him up and kissed him and took him in for the night.

Each morning he was let out and each day he returned, until I noticed one evening that he had found a group of four robins with which he was flying around in the tree tops. This was his first bird friendship.

Two weeks later he went off with this group, remaining away for a week. We think he tried going south with them. I left a little pile of raisins out for him and we left the screen door open that he might come in to his bed on the porch, and oh! how we all did miss this little fellow. I even counted all of the raisins to be able to know if he took any, for at this time almost half of his diet was raisins. But each night when I came home all of the raisins were there.

On a Saturday we closed the screen door, feeling that our Bobby was gone. The following Sunday, late in the evening, he came to the front door to be let in. As we opened the door he flew to the back door and came in the way he had been accustomed to coming in.

He flew to his raisins and ate some of them, then went to bed. Next day I saw a stray robin in the trees, for at this time the last one had gone South. He came close to my home and sat calling a strange coaxing call to which our bird answered. However, he did not seem anxious to follow this good looking robin and after two days the strange bird left. Bobby has been with us through the winter, going in and out of a small door at will. He stays because he wants to. On fine days he plays out at intervals all day, while on cold days he prefers the inside, a most interesting pet who retains all of his wild liberty, yet lives and accepts the comforts of our home.

Thomas Gilbert Pearson Honored by University of North Carolina

AT the closing exercises of the 129th Commencement of the University of North Carolina, held on June 11, the honorary degree of doctor of laws was conferred on Thomas Gilbert Pearson.

The president, bestowing the title, said in part,

"This distinction is conferred upon you on account of your enthusiasm, love, and zeal for the study and protection of bird life throughout the world. You have aroused a careless public to a keen interest in bird life; to an appreciation of the beauty of birds, and of their usefulness to man; you have directed that interest to the practical ends of bird protection through your position as Secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies from 1905 to 1918, as President in 1918; and as President of a World Committee for guarding bird life."

Born in Illinois, a student at Guilford College in 1897, and a B. S. graduate of the University of North Carolina in 1899, later a graduate student at Harvard University; Professor of Biology in Guilford College from 1899 to 1901, professor of biology at the University of North Carolina College for Women, 1901 to 1905—he has spent the intervening years as explorer, lecturer, writer and administrator in the practical fields of ornithology.

In Memoriam

*Letter of MRS. C. E. RAYMOND,
Former Director of Illinois Audubon Society*

My dear Miss Craigmile:—

Jan. 17, 1924.

The other day I had only a few minutes to talk to you—I want you to know how much I appreciated your letter written last July. Had thought that I might get into the Audubon meeting and see you but so far have not done so. We belong to the Social Study Circle, which almost always comes on the same evening. My husband won't let me go into Chicago alone in the evening and the meetings have been too interesting to skip. From now on, however, we can come if they have their meetings the second Tuesday. Suppose Miss Mitchell has gone south with her mother.

You surely had many things to enjoy in the North. The pink lady-slippers and the pitcher plants sound awfully good. Am glad you saw the pileated woodpecker. Isn't he a dandy? I have seen him in northern Wisconsin. Have you seen the southern species and the ivory-billed? Do you see the auk? There is a long description about the kirtland warbler in the last number which has just arrived. How many things there were to enjoy everywhere about you and what a wonderful thing it is to know how to enjoy them. I listened yesterday to a lady from the University talk about the geological specimens in the cases in the exhibit and it made me feel as if I was missing a great deal by not knowing anything about that subject.

As I sit here by my dining room window this zero morning the birds are busy at my feeding station. The red-head woodpecker has kept close to my suet all fall and winter. The downy and hairy, a number of them, are here at one time; the nuthatches keep well filled with sunflower seeds. The nasty house sparrow has learned to open the seeds; so I am kept busy keeping up the supply. You never would realize that I have killed 500 during the last two summers. The blue jays also come frequently and often a pair arrive at the same moment. Quite frequently brown creeper looks over the bark on the trees hunting the crumbs left by the woodpeckers in the crevices. You know the crows come into the yard watching the suet and I think when it gets small enough they carry it away, although I have not actually seen them. A day or so ago I saw a flicker in the next yard but he did not find my food.

I want to tell you something about my trip. It was so very interesting to me—too much to write about—so sometime when I see you I shall no doubt bore you.

Sincerely,

CARRIE M. RAYMOND (*Mrs. C. E. Raymond*)

Hinsdale, Illinois

THE AUDUBON BULLETIN

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1924

PUBLISHED BY ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY

For the Conservation of Bird Life

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EDITORIAL

LIKE the Fall Migration this number of THE AUDUBON BULLETIN is late in arriving. On account of this tardy appearance it has been thought best to publish only one number in 1924.

On the cover of the present issue is being used for the first time a picture of the Bob White, made especially for the BULLETIN by the famous artist and bird lover, Louis A. Fuertes.

The Illinois Audubon Society could do no better service than to bring about greater protection for this bird of the prairies.

A single covey of quail will destroy thousands of cinch bugs and other noxious insects, and vast quantities of weed seeds, doing the farmer a service which he can repay only by protecting and encouraging others to protect this most beautiful bird.

As the BULLETIN goes to press there is being held in Springfield, Ill., a conference of sportsmen to consider the further protection of wild life, and to urge intelligent control of the shooting of game birds and animals, and also protection for our game fish.

Not for many years has there been in northern Illinois a season so favorable to bird life. Abundant rains have made a remarkable growth in plant life, with a corresponding perfection in the various seeds and fruits.

With this abundance of food there has been a mild autumn, and the migrating birds have not been hurried by weather conditions; so they have taken their time in passing through on their way south.

Compliments for the Fall Bulletin

Another issue of the Bulletin of the Illinois Audubon society has come from the press. These Bulletins always have been attractive in illustration and in text. The present issue is unusually complete. It appears in a high quality "paper dress" with abundant and beautiful pictures.

The Illinois Audubon society has been in existence about a quarter of a century. It has done high service to the state by creating an interest in bird life and by saving from threatened extermination the songsters and insect-destroying species.

Editorial from *Chicago Evening Post*.

February 15, 1924.

Indiana Audubon Society,
Indianapolis, Indiana,
March 4, 1924.

Editor, Illinois Audubon Bulletin:

Please accept my thanks for the Illinois Audubon Society bulletin. I want to congratulate you on its splendid articles and general make-up.

Respectfully yours,

S. E. PERKINS, III.

University of Chicago,

February 12, 1924.

Editor, Illinois Audubon Bulletin:

Let me thank you for your kindness in sending me the current copy of the Audubon Bulletin. Let me also congratulate you upon the fine quality of the work. With such a bulletin as this as a foundation it ought not to be difficult to get the following of the various societies into one movement which would make a larger and more frequent bulletin possible and provide funds for the maintenance of the movement for larger and better service. Let me also congratulate you upon the fine sentiment on page 46.

I am sincerely,

J. PAUL GOODE.

United States Department of Agriculture Weather Bureau.

February 20, 1924.

Editor, Illinois Audubon Bulletin:

I appreciate your kindness in sending me a personal copy of your Audubon Bulletin. I find it most interesting and instructive, and you certainly are to be congratulated upon the excellence of the make-up of the publication as a whole.

Sincerely yours,

H. J. Cox.

Protect the Quail

To the Citizens of the State:

To the real sportsman: I want to impress upon him that our quail is on the decrease rapidly, and it's up to him to help me preserve the remnant of a once plentiful game bird. The future status of the quail rests entirely with the sportsmen and farmers of this state, and unless we get full and complete co-operation, the quail will soon be on the verge of extinction.

With good roads being built over the state, the automobile, the automatic and pump gun in the hands of a game hog, will very soon exterminate this game little bird, and if he is to be saved, we had better begin now to protect him.

One of the most reprehensible of all game violations is the bootlegger of quail, and serving them for pay at fashionable and exclusive clubs. We have secured fines aggregating more than one thousand dollars for bootlegging quail, and we hope these offenders will be bird shy in the future. It must be stopped, and the housewife with a tea party on hand better substitute lobsters in the future for her guests, for it is as much a violation to buy quail as it is to sell them, and we will prosecute to the limit, regardless of her social or financial standing.

C. P. WILLIAMS,
State Game Warden.

Texas Now Importing Live Quail from Mexico

TEN years ago we began to warn the sportsmen of Texas to give their quail a square deal or lose their supply. Many persons will remember the beautiful picture of an automobile covered with a solid mantle of dead bob-white quail.

Now the people of Texas are importing Mexican quail by the thousand, and distributing them over the state, in efforts to re-stock some of the areas in which a once very abundant quail supply has been practically exterminated. At the same time the cotton-growers of Texas are losing millions of dollars annually by the ravages of the cotton-boll weevil, which is fed upon by quail,—when there are any!

Mexican quail are also being brought to Long Island for "colonization"; that doesn't work,—for the benefit of the quail-shooters who have been holding up their hands to testify that "quail are increasing on Long Island." We love to see quail-butchers sink their money in live quail that can't make good!

W. T. H.

From Our Vanishing Game Published by the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund, New York Zoölogical Park, New York.

Bird Haven

The Lifetime Ideal of Robert Ridgeway, Ornithologist and Botanist

SIXTY years ago in southeastern Illinois a boy, shy and unassuming, impressed by the wonderful bird life of the region in which he lived, began a study of birds, trees, and wild life which has continued uninterruptedly, until today Robert Ridgeway is undoubtedly the greatest systematic ornithologist in the United States. For fifty years Mr. Robert Ridgeway lived in Washington where he has continuously worked for the biological societies, studying and writing of the marvelous bird life of North America. Every year when possible he spent a part of the time at his old home in Richland County where thirty-five years ago he began the creation of arboretum and bird sanctuary which is known to his friends as Bird Haven. For a number of years Mr. and Mrs. Ridgeway lived in Bird Haven. In later years they have occupied a home in the outskirts of Olney, comprising eight acres of beautiful land which has been planted and arranged for the comfort of the birds and the ideal growing of the wonderful plant life of the region. Here many birds come that are not found in the northern part of the state and the plant life of the north and south meets and grows in almost



A BIRD "CAMPUS"



OUT-OF-DOOR DINING ROOM, RIDGEWAY HOME, OLNEY, ILLINOIS

tropical luxuriance. Not only are there many rare plants found growing in Bird Haven but plants of different families have hybridized so that new varieties have been formed which puzzle the botanists. More varieties of trees, shrubs, and woody vines are now found in the eighteen acres of Bird Haven than in almost any other locality of like area in the United States. Many plants that are not native to the country have also been brought in and are found growing to ideal conditions. At Mr. Ridgeway's home every inducement for the comfort of the birds has been thought of. Feeding shelves for the seed-eating birds, a sawed off tree trunk in whose dead trunk holes have been bored which are kept filled with suet, are visited by the woodpeckers. While sitting at lunch on the fifteenth of May five of the six woodpeckers that visit the region came to the bird table and helped themselves. Brown thrushes, cat-birds, robins, mourning doves, and many other birds nest on the place. The call of the bob-white is as familiar a sound as the song of robin. The Carolina chickadee comes down to the bird shelf and fusses at any careless individual who may be too near for its comfort. Mr. and Mrs. Ridgeway keep all of the feeding shelves constantly supplied with food. Peanut and other nut meats are generously supplied and no feeding station is allowed to become empty. Last winter thirty-six varieties of birds were boarders at the Ridgeway Bird Hotel.

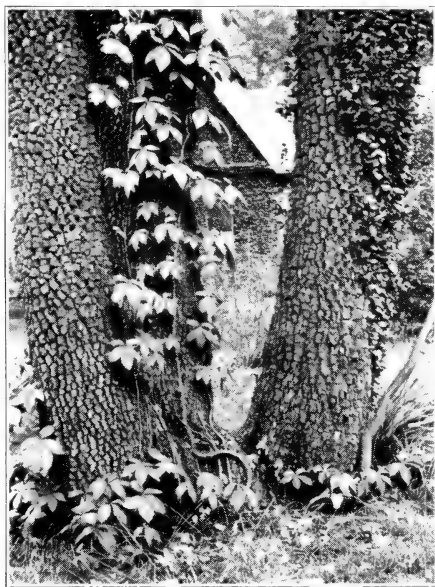
No finer example of how birds learn to know when they are loved and protected can be found in the state of Illinois. In the nursery at

Mr. Ridgeway's home there are being nursed many seedlings of wild plants for transplanting to Bird Haven. It is his dream to have growing in this beautiful preserve all of the plants native to the area. Many wonderful experiments have grown to maturity since Mr. Ridgeway began the place. With the native plants at the home place are found many rare plants that have been introduced into the United States from other parts of the world. This region is the home of the cross vine, the southern relative of the trumpet vine, and in blossoming time its long orange flowers are greatly visited by the humming birds. This labor of love is a fine example of what can be done with patience and small means and is one of the most successful accomplishments of its kind.

A visit to Bird Haven is like a pilgrimage to a shrine and one is impressed with not only the beauty of the place but the high ideals and wonderful knowledge which is evident as one realizes the immense amount of work, the long and gentle patience required to fulfill the plans that have here reached perfection.

ORPHEUS M. SCHANTZ.

(Photos by Author.)



PERSIMMON TREES, RIDGEWAY HOME

Right in the City

1244 Carmen Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois,
May 12, 1924.

Mr. O. M. Schantz,
Pres. Ill. Audubon Soc.

Dear Sir:

I am writing you this letter in behalf of our friends, the birds. I am a boy of sixteen years of age. I am considered queer by most people of my own age because of my love of birds and the study of nature. However I have managed to convert considerable of these "critics" to my study of bird life and other things of like nature.

I live in the heart of the uptown business and shopping district. Our street is the only one that is still mostly a housebuilding street; mostly all the others are apartment-building streets. Almost four years ago when I moved here nobody was interested in birds. Now a few places have bird baths, a few places have bird houses, and the children do not tease those birds that come within teasing distance. We have trees and bushes in both the backs and fronts of the homes, but nevertheless it is not really a "woods." I have given this description so that in case you find any parts of this article interesting enough for any of the clippings on local subjects put in the nature magazines, people will see that it is not so hard to see birds in a large city like Chicago, as it is supposed.

Within a radius of six houses from my house, up and down the street I average fifty different kinds of birds a year (and at that I am away all summer); within a radius of six blocks of my house I average sixty different kinds of birds a year; by visiting the region on the lake in the vicinity of Belmont Harbor and the cemeteries I average one hundred birds a year (I have just started this year to visit the cemeteries); by going to the forest preserves in our vicinity I average one hundred and thirty birds a year. I am only a boy and can study birds only in my leisure moments and I cannot obtain all the necessary materials in order to identify all the birds I see, so that I think that a trained ornithologist ought to be able to see at least two hundred or more birds in the time and places that it takes me to go. If I had money or the chance I would make natural history my work. I hope if anybody gets to see this that needs it, it will give those persons a better idea of what this city is capable of showing them in the way of wild life.

I put up bird houses, bird baths, and feeding stations for the birds. I have succeeded in attracting Wrens to my houses. Purple Martins nest in houses put up in the vicinity. I average two dozen varieties of birds on my bird bath every year. My feeding station during winters has been unsuccessful as only House Sparrows and Pigeons make use of it

but still that is better than nothing whatsoever. I have put up suet this spring, however, having read that it pays to feed the birds in the warmer months as well as in the cold ones. I have succeeded in attracting Red-headed Woodpeckers and Black and White Warblers. Some dropped on the ground was taken by Brown Thrashers and Ovenbirds. A friend of mine who put up suet has had Downy Woodpeckers and Red-heads on it and Creepers (Brown) and Kinglets. There is nothing more interesting that I know of. Although my mother does not know anything about birds, she enjoys watching them on the bath. I have many interesting times with the birds in conjunction with my good turns toward them, especially Robins.

Before closing my letter I will relate two more incidents. I am also enclosing two clippings. The pigeon clipping comes from the *Minnesota Daily Star* and the crow clipping comes from the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Three years ago when I told this incident it was hooted down among my boy friends, but just lately I met with a similar incident that was witnessed by two of my boy friends, both interested in birds.

I had put a log, that had come from a tree that I had cut down, at the edge of our garden and had chipped a place to set a large sized baking pan for a bird bath. Everyday this log was a favorite place for all kinds of birds to sit after a bath and preen their feathers. Because I never bothered to cut the grass next to it, the birds came to pull the long grass for their nests; also during nesting time I kept the ground moist as the Robins enjoyed getting the mud for their nests. One morning on getting up at five o'clock to get some gardening done, I came out and found a female Kingfisher on the edge of the bath! Now that is neither a "fishy" nor "birdy" story as proved by the following.

A few days ago while visiting a boy friend we were looking up and down the various back yards for birds when on coming to a long side yard enclosed by tall bushes we found in the top of one bush (we were at least twenty feet away) a Bittern freezing! We stayed there about ten or fifteen minutes and the Bittern never moved except to turn its head around to view us. Its head was straight up in the air, facing us. In the meantime another boy drove up in his auto and also saw it. He, however, had never seen a Bittern before. Regardless of all the autos going up and down the alley that Bittern was down on a bush up here on the north side! The boy who was with me is also very interested in birds. We went out to Glenview Saturday to look for birds. The other boy in the auto was only casually interested in birds.

Sincerely,

ROLAND WILLIAMS.

Crows Not So Black as They Are Painted

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Office of the Secretary

CROWS have recently been roundly condemned in numerous sportsmen's periodicals and newspapers because of their destructiveness to other bird life, especially game birds. The articles, which were based on information gathered on the coastal islands of Virginia by an expedition financed by a well-known ammunition company, have made a profound impression in many quarters. Under emphasis on peculiar local conditions, however, together with lack of distinction between the common crow and the fish crow and a faulty interpretation of the evidence at hand, has conveyed a grossly exaggerated and wholly erroneous idea of the predatory habits of the crow, according to specialists of the Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture.

That the situation is by no means so serious as pictured is apparent from statements in the articles that the Virginia islands mentioned abound in game and are the favorite nesting places of large numbers of marsh birds. The whole district also is, and has been for many generations, one of the favorite hunting places of the East.

There is no question that on these Virginia islands the fish crow and the smaller numbers of the common crow present are to be seen at their worst, as regards their relation to other birds. These objectionable traits have been given due consideration in the efforts of the Biological Survey to appraise correctly the economic worth of the crow. Such activities, however, must be placed in their true perspective, and evidence secured under peculiar local conditions can not serve as a basis for a universal estimation of the species.

Government experts state that the bird to blame for most of the vandalism on the Virginia islands is the fish crow, a species quite different in habits from the common crow. While mention has been made of this fact in the articles referred to, the difference is frequently lost sight of and the whole race of crows is condemned by the evidence obtained largely against the maritime species.

The number of eggs of other birds reported to have been found under crow nests also has been emphasized. Under a right interpretation, this evidence will have a less serious meaning, so far as other bird life is concerned. Scientists state that breeding birds readily replenish losses due to egg destruction, and under the conditions described the production

of two or more sets of eggs before a brood is brought forth is doubtless the regular occurrence.

The Biological Survey takes the attitude that on game farms and on reservations where both time and money are spent to maintain bird life in more than normal numbers, control of certain injurious species, including the crow, is warranted and even necessary. Government experts have done considerable experimental work and advise control measures in localities where the birds are injurious to crops. On the other hand, a careful study of the economic status of the crow demonstrates that over much of its range the bird probably does as much good as harm, and under some conditions its usefulness is pronounced. A full discussion of the crow's worth is given in *Farmers' Bulletin 1102, The Crow in Its Relation to Agriculture*, obtainable on application to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

The Kinglets

ON April the 14th I heard a tiny lispingsound and I knew the kinglets had arrived. I was returning from a neighbor's house, and stepping upon the mat on my front porch I heard something flutter and there on the trellis, not a foot away from where I stood, was a female golden-crown. I stood and talked to it several minutes, during which time it turned and faced me, looking directly at me. It then flew to a neighboring tree. I came in and opened my kitchen door and there at my feet was another one. I stooped down beside it and am quite sure I could have picked it up. It remained there about two minutes and then flew to a cherry tree. To me this was a very strange and beautiful experience. I wonder if there are any bird-lovers who can account for it. The only conclusion I can reach is that they had just reached their destination after migration and were resting, but it seemed a strange place to rest when trees are plentiful near by.

On April 18th, I discovered a horned lark right outside of my kitchen window. They live on the farm across the road all winter, but I have never seen one so near a house, as they seem very shy.

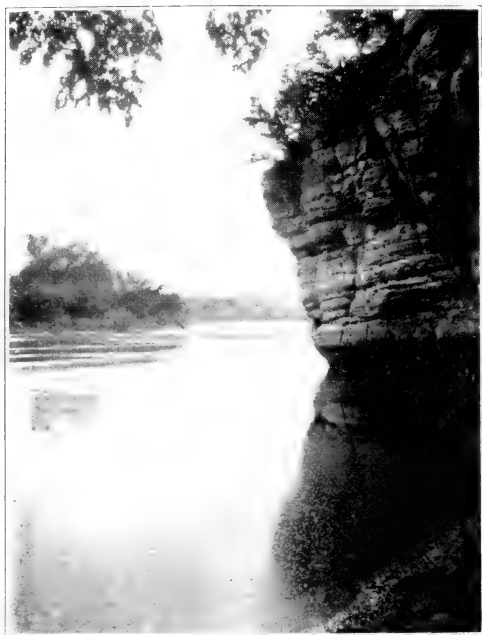
Each spring of the year surely brings us many new and happy experiences.

MRS. ROY CRYDER,

200 Blanchard Ave., Wheaton, Illinois, May 5, 1924.

Birds Notes of a Circle Tour

BY ELA BLISS MOYER



A SWALLOW CLIFF ON THE ROCK RIVER

NO season of the year affords greater pleasure to the nature-lover and bird-student than the delightful days of late May or early June. Woods and fields are resplendent in varying shades of green and yellow and pink; and every thicket, swale and marsh is populous with our little feathered friends, and vocal with their exuberant songs. Many of our transient bird visitors, it is true, have already pressed on toward their summer homes in the far north; but a goodly number—notably the warblers, thrushes, and flycatchers—still linger well into June in our latitude, especially since the season

has been somewhat cold or backward. Blossom-time, when the orchards, hawthorns, and wild crab thickets are masses of glorious color; when woodlands are carpeted with violets, cress, and wild geranium; when fields glow with phlox, dandelions, yellow mustard, and Swamp saxifrage: blossom time is the gala season for our whole bird-population; and their very joy of living in a world so beautiful bubbles over and bursts forth in choruses of overflowing song. He whose good fortune permits spending an occasional day in the woods or open fields at this season, if he goes with eyes and ears alert and heart receptive, cannot fail of a rich reward, and will return to take up daily duties refreshed and renewed in mind and body, with something new added to the gallery of memory-pictures which forms a treasure-house for the naturalist and lover of the out-of-doors.

With keen anticipation of the pleasure of a two days' outing, enhanced by the memory of many pleasant jaunts afield together in former

seasons, Mr. O. M. Schantz and I left LaGrange on Saturday morning, May 31st, for a drive through the beautiful lake region of Northern Illinois, to be followed by a visit to Grand Detour on the picturesque Rock River; both of these localities being of especial interest at this season to the bird student or botanist.

After an early breakfast, we motored leisurely along the River Road, which follows the Des Plaines River valley nearly to the river's source and borders several miles of the beautiful Forest Preserve region of Cook County. Here woods, composed largely of elms, ash, maple, willow, and a large variety of oak, skirt both banks of the Des Plaines, and interspersed are numerous thickets of flowering hawthorns and wild crab. These, owing to the unusual lateness of the season, were in full glory of white and pink bloom against the green background of the woods and hillsides. From the borders of the woodland in the early morning sunshine, poured forth a medley-chorus from the throats of brown thrashers, cat-birds, gold finches, towhees, indigo buntings, rose-breasted grosbeaks, and field and song sparrows. Along the roadsides and from the open fields came the bubbling songs of the bob-'o-links, the soft, sweet notes of the blue-birds, the "or-ka-ree" of the red-wing blackbirds and the clear, far-carrying notes of the meadowlarks. Barn swallows, swifts, martins, and bank swallows soared overhead or skimmed the fields; grackles and cow-birds were plentiful everywhere; occasionally a crow passed leisurely overhead, or a small colony of them scolded from the loftiest trees in the woods, where their full-grown young were already out of the nests and testing their squeaky voices; while along the little streams or over the pasture fields could be heard the "peet-weet" of the spotted sandpiper, the boisterous rattle of the kingfisher, or the plaintive "kill-dee kill-dee" of the killdeer plover. Now and then a sparrow hawk, or occasionally a large red-shouldered hawk, soared over the fields or woods; while flickers and red-headed woodpeckers were abundant, scores of the latter being observed along the fences and upon the telephone poles. Clean-flying mourning doves, almost invariably flying in pairs, but occasionally with a rejected suitor following closely behind, sped over the fields or passed overhead with whistling wings, giving an exhibition of great speed and grace in flight. Once a great blue heron passed overhead, his leisurely wing movement easily deceiving the beholder as to the remarkable speed at which he travels. Near the marshy portions of the numerous lakes or large ponds that are found as one leaves Cook County and enters the hill country of Lake County, red-winged black birds, swamp sparrows and marsh wrens were plentiful; and occasionally bitterns, little blue herons, and pied-billed grebes were seen; with here and there a few of the graceful little black terns, lazily tilting over the water. When we stopped near any of the wilder bits of woods, downy and hairy woodpeckers, nuthatches, chickadees, pewees, least and Acadian flycatchers, oven birds, scarlet tanagers, and occa-

sionally great crested flycatchers were observed; while in the thickets were yellow warblers, Maryland yellowthroats, chestnut-sided and black capped warblers, towhees, and indigo buntings.

After a leisurely drive, we arrived at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, where we took dinner. At about one-o'clock we proceeded around the lake toward Williams Bay, stopping at charming little Lake Como, where we secured a few photographs of some marvelously beautiful wild crab trees in full bloom, located on a sunny hillside, glowing in a riot of exquisite color against the green background of the sloping pasture.

Passing on through Williams Bay, we stopped at the Yerkes Observatory, where we called for a few moments on Professor Frost, whom we found on the veranda of his delightfully situated home adjoining the Observatory grounds, overlooking beautiful Lake Geneva. Upon learning that we had no mission other than to spend a few hours enjoying the woods, waters, and fields and welcoming our old friends among the birds, we were accorded a hearty welcome; and the professor, in spite of his misfortune of greatly impaired eyesight, showed us personally about the grounds, identifying and pointing out to us flowers and shrubs of especial interest or beauty, evincing a true love of birds and trees and flowers, as well as an accurate knowledge of ornithology and botany, which convinced us that knowledge and study of the wonders of myriads of other worlds revealed by the wonderful telescope had in no measure prevented him from fully appreciating and enjoying the beauties of our humble mundane speck in the universe.

We were loth to leave, but the wander-spirit was in our veins; so in mid-afternoon we motored on through the hills and past bountiful farms toward Belvidere, Illinois, our destination for the night. Here, again, we were most hospitably entertained by old-time friends. A shower during the evening freshed the earth and caused the fields and woods, on our departure in the following morning, to give forth an indescribable and elusive odor which to me is sweeter than rare perfume, and a tonic to every sense.

As we approached Rockford we found the character of the landscape growing more hilly, with more woodland showing on the distant ridges. Leaving Rockford, we did not follow the usual highway to Oregon, as we were told that we would have to make a detour and would not find the roads in the best condition; but instead, we drove south and east through beautiful hill country toward Grand Detour. Rich and fertile farms stretched as far as the eye could see on either hand; orchards, fields, and hillsides glowed with color; while in nearly every farmer's dooryard lilacs, columbine, iris, poppies, and other early summer flowers brightened the gardens and borders. The entire drive presented to view an unrivalled panorama of beauty, peace, and prosperity.

At Grand Detour we enjoyed a fine chicken dinner, and were fortunate in meeting acquaintances from Evanston and Glen Ellyn who

had also felt the call of the open road, and who knew the charm of this locality. It is indeed one of the rare beauty-spots of our great state, than which perhaps no other state in the Union affords a wider variety of beautiful and varied flora, fauna, and bird life. Here the beautiful Rock River makes a majestic horseshoe bend, and swings and winds through wooded hills and bluffs, with here and there rocky cliffs rising sheer from the water's edge, whose tops are accessible to those who enjoy climbing. The effort of the climb is amply rewarded by the enchanting view which is spread out on every hand from their summits. We crossed the river, which was at fairly full tide, in our friend's canoe; and after skirting the higher western shore for some distance, in company with Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Pattee of Evanston, we climbed to the top of the cliff which is shown in the accompanying illustration. In the crevices of the rock may be discerned numerous holes which were occupied for nesting places by a small colony of rough-winged swallows. On the summit of this rock we discovered in a large oak tree the nests of the white-breasted nuthatch and the great crested fly-catcher, the openings to the nests being not more than ten feet apart. We watched the birds for a time entering and leaving their nests, evidently feeding their young, and little disturbed by our near presence. Not a stone's throw away in another oak we discovered the summer home of a pair of hairy woodpeckers. From the summit of the rock we could see, through our field glasses, spotted and least sandpipers along a sandy strip on the farther shore. In the early afternoon a large number of nighthawks sallied forth and added to the charm of the scene as they darted about high in air securing their evening meal. Cedar waxwings were plentiful; and a considerable number of red-winged blackbirds nested in the rushes and low thickets on an island which we passed.

As the afternoon slipped away, we found it necessary to start for home and had the rare good fortune to hear the loud, clear and thrush-like notes of the Western meadowlark as we drove by a high field on our short-cut route to the Lincoln Highway.

Needless to say, our little outing added some fine memory-pictures to our store; and the fact that we did not escape the edge of a thunder-storm on our homeward drive which caught us just before we reached St. Charles, did not dampen our ardor, nor prevent us from resolving to revisit the beautiful Rock River region lying between Oregon and Dixon at the earliest opportunity. We identified sixty-one varieties of birds on our trip—a list which could doubtless have been surpassed easily had we devoted an hour or so longer to rambles afoot with our field glasses.

Fuertes Defends the Crow

(From the *Cornell Alumni News* of June, 1912)

LOUIS A. FUERTES '97 has written a letter to E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company protesting against the shoot-the-crow campaign conducted by that company, apparently to increase the sale of cartridges. The letter follows:

"I have just received your 'Truth about the Crow' and the letter requesting opinions concerning it. I don't agree with it in many ways, while holding no brief for the crow. While I know that all in the little booklet is more or less true, I think that like all propaganda, it is prejudiced and, therefore, to the uninformed whom it seeks to inform it is dangerous. The crow, if you follow the Biological Survey's estimates and investigations honestly and without prejudice, has many features and characteristics and habits of considerable merit, judging from our somewhat arrogant attitude of whether he is 'any use' or not. Even ignoring that, I don't worry much about him, as he has always been and probably always will be able to shift for himself against all the random persecution men can direct against him, and he is frequently too numerous for the good of the other life trying to maintain in the same competition. So much for the crow. What I do seriously worry about and condemn is the propaganda against hawks and owls in general, and against 'blackbirds,' herons, cranes, and kingfishers, which is nothing short of ignorant, and directly in the face of evidence of their value to man, and the appropriate place in the general association of animal life in which they naturally belong.

"The goshawk, great horned owl, cooper, and sharpshinned hawks are the only ones of the whole raptorial group whose activities are of economic importance on the wrong side of the ledger, the few other species living mostly on birds or game being too rare and local to merit persecution. But all the other little hawks and owls, like the screech owl, short-ear, barn owl, long-ear, barred owl, the sparrow hawk, red-shoulder, red-tail broadwing, and rough-legged hawks are of inestimable value to agriculture by virtue of their tireless warfare upon field and pine mice, grasshoppers, locusts, and other insects sufficiently large and numerous to be of serious danger to man's interest unless held in check.

"'Blackbirds' cover a multitude of virtues as well as sins, and your careless and blanket designation includes the valuable as well as the perhaps slightly destructive species.

"I hold that the control of these things lies, or should lie, with a well-informed government bureau, and should under no circumstances be turned over to the general public, under the direction and encouragement of an ammunition company anxious to equalize its business through

the year, and I further think that this unsound propaganda is likely to result, as a by-product of its lack of direction and generally inauthoritative nature, in the killing of vast numbers of birds and animals at the breeding season that should be conscientiously protected. A gun and a specious excuse to shoot it, in the hands of the average sportsman, even (to say nothing of the less careful group comprising the mere gunners and aliens), in the nesting and summer seasons, is a nefarious proposition, and while crows may be fair vermin for every gun, I feel you are making a very grave mistake in including other species where mistakes are so difficult to avoid, and I think such activities as club 'side-shoots' aimed at the list of birds and animals listed for killing by the Carthage Club, is nothing short of nefarious and degenerate, and absolutely and directly in opposition to all the good, hard, slow work of conservation education that is just beginning to bear fruit. I may be prejudiced myself though I try to see clearly in this matter.

"But to me there appears in this extension work of the Du Pont Company not one bit of the spirit or desire of the conservationist; on the other hand, from what I have seen and heard of it I get the impression that it is nothing but a rather cheap means of equalizing production and sales over a dull season of the year, and that in its moral effect it cannot fail to be a great backward step in this country just as the real conservation idea is beginning to bear fruit. Therefore, I deplore it, and wish I knew some way of effectively blocking your campaign and calling the Biological Survey's active attention to the evil phases of your plan, in an attempt to put this control where it belongs instead of inciting a well-meaning ignorant country into a campaign, in the large against its interests under the specious cover of your advertising propaganda.

"I trust that by your request for them you really wanted opinions. This is mine, and until you can convince me that my impressions are false I shall continue to hold them and to pass them on whenever I can. I don't believe in your plan. I don't think that it is at all appropriate for any ammunition company to put on a campaign like this, and I wonder seriously if the Biological Survey is going to lie dormant and tacitly agree to abide by all the 'authority' that you credit to it. And who is Frank Winch?"

Quail Increasing in Ohio; Squirrels Going Out

THE gray squirrel is practically extinct, the fox squirrel is getting rare, and the red squirrel, which came here within the last 70 years, is not wonderfully prosperous. I like to shoot rabbits, but no quail. When I seek permission to hunt, the farmer ties up the bargain with a string like this: "But don't shoot the quail!"

From Albert E. Andrews, Editor of "The Farmers' Guide," Huntington, Ind., November 20, 1923.

Farmers Argue Value of Pheasants and Quail

Special to *The Chicago Daily News*.

Bloomington, Ill., June 10.—Central Illinois farmers and city hunters are arguing over the question of antagonism between pheasants and quail. Some agriculturists deplore the activity of the state game department in seeking to increase the number of the former birds and in asking farmers to hatch the eggs under hens.

Heber Keirn, a farmer of Assumption, claims to have certain proof that wherever pheasants abound, quail cannot be found. He asserts that the larger birds drive away the smaller and destroy their nests and eggs. Among others, he cites the case upon his own farm. Quail have always been numerous there until the coming of the pheasants. Within a short time, he says, the quail disappeared and did not return until the pheasants had been driven off. He found that his neighbors report the same experience.

Keirn asserts that the quail are more valuable to the farmer, owing to their extermination of noxious insects, particularly chinch bugs, and is in favor of protecting the quail twelve months out the year, but wishes the season in which pheasants may be killed, lengthened to several months.

Starlings

Cleveland Plain Dealer,

May 25, 1924

AS if the lesson of the English sparrow were not conclusive, some wrong-headed individual introduced a number of European starlings into eastern United States a few years ago. The starling is a prettier and more interesting bird than the English sparrow. But he does not "belong." Just at present he is engaged in conquering America, and from present indications he will eventually be far more of a pest than the sparrow ever dreamed of being.

Only a few starlings have reached Ohio, but in many of the eastern states they have settled in great numbers and have become a serious menace not only to native bird life but also to the agricultural interests. English sparrows are ugly, pugnacious, unpleasing little creatures; but they have done comparatively little practical damage. It is reported that the starlings, which appear in immense flocks after the manner of our native blackbirds, are doing a great deal of harm in New England by eating young green crops. In addition the starlings make a great clatter and chatter which is disagreeable to American ears.

The utter folly of introducing European birds is by this time so well established that further demonstration or argument should be needless. Birds from overseas find conditions in America more favorable than in their congested homelands, and species which were harmless or even desirable in their natural habitats become prime nuisances when transplanted. Strict laws to prohibit the liberation of foreign birds in this country should be enacted and enforced.

Birds are beloved by thousands of Americans because they are a part of nature. Starlings and English sparrows are not a part of nature in this land. They are beyond the pale of the bird-lover's sympathy, and even if they did no harm they would be regarded as undesirable interlopers. The fact that they do a great deal of harm both to our native bird life and to our practical interests should make it impossible for any crank to add other avian undesirables to our American fauna.

Game and Fish Preserve Along the Mississippi River

(From *Chicago Tribune* of June 8th)

CONGRESS, when it rushed away tonight, left behind its official stamp of approval on one bill that is going to bring joy to thousands of nature lovers and to millions of wild animals, birds, and fish. That is the McCormick-Hawes bill providing wild life preservations along the Mississippi as urged by the Izaak Walton club of Chicago and similar organizations.

The bill, which went through both houses without opposition, authorizes an appropriation of \$1,500,000 to purchase land along the Mississippi River from Rock Island, Ill., to Wabasha, Minn., to be held forever inviolate from the encroachment of huntsmen and fishermen.

Altogether some 383,000 acres of land can be purchased. It is all overflow land of no value for agriculture and consequently can be bought cheaply.

This land will be sacred to the birds and animals, while the creeks flowing through it and the rivers will be sacred to fish. They may live there, build homes, and raise offspring without fear of man.

In Illinois, it is estimated, there will be 41,000 acres available, while in Wisconsin there will be 140,000 acres, 75,000 in Iowa, and 87,000 in Minnesota. It is estimated that the cost of these lands will be much less than \$5 an acre.

Birds Seen in the Forest Preserve

Common Tern
 Bittern
 Green Heron
 Black-crowned Night
 Heron
 Yellow-legs
 Spotted Sandpiper
 Mourning Dove
 Marsh Hawk
 Sharp-shinned Hawk
 Broad-winged Hawk
 Sparrow Hawk
 Belted Kingfisher
 Downy Woodpecker
 Red-headed Woodpecker
 Chimney Swift
 Kingbird
 Acadian Flycatcher
 Least Flycatcher
 Blue Jay
 Crow
 Bobolink

Cowbird
 Red-winged Blackbird
 Meadowlark
 Baltimore Oriole
 Bronzed Grackle
 Goldfinch
 White-throated Sparrow
 Song Sparrow
 Towhee
 Cardinal
 Rose-breasted Grosbeak
 Indigo Bunting
 Scarlet Tanager
 Purple Martin
 Barn Swallow
 Tree Swallow
 Rough-winged Swallow
 Red-eyed Vireo
 Prothonotary Warbler
 Northern Parula Warbler
 Yellow Warbler
 Myrtle Warbler

Magnolia Warbler
 Chestnut-sided Warbler
 Bay-breasted Warbler
 Blackburnian Warbler
 Black-throated Green War-
 bler
 Palm Warbler
 Oven-bird
 Water-Thrush
 Louisiana Water-Thrush
 Maryland Yellow-throat
 Wilson's Warbler
 Redstart
 Catbird
 Brown Thrasher
 House Wren
 Ruby-crowned Kinglet
 Wood Thrush
 Veery
 Robin



WAITING FOR THE COFFEE TO BOIL

The Storm and the Birds

WE went up to Pelican Lake again this year. We have a cottage there. It is eighteen miles north of Brainerd, Minnesota. The lake is four and one-half miles wide and six and one-half miles long; so it has some bad storms. There are two little islands in the lake that are covered with gulls and terns. These gulls and terns come out and fly over the water every evening, hunting for minnows. The storm came at night. The gulls and terns came out that evening for minnows. Then a bad wind arose and they could not fly back to the islands. The wind kept getting worse till at 11:30 it was a hurricane. The hail was as big as hens' eggs. The rain was coming down fast. This storm lasted till 2:30. At three o'clock there was another one which was worse still. It made the house shake. At five o'clock there was another bad storm.

The birds that were out were washed into the lake and in about two days washed up on the beach. These birds were of many different varieties. There must have been twenty-five different kinds. The waves were very big and would wash over the island easily. We went to the island the next day. It was covered with dead and wounded birds, some having lost one or both eyes. The next day we found a little tern swimming around with only one eye. We took him back to the island. The people who lived there said it was the worst storm they had had for twenty-five years. One of the farmers up there had to stay up all night to hold in his front window. The corn and grain were all knocked down about two days before cutting. We had many other bad storms.

BRUCE BRITTEN,

River Forest, Ill.

An Appeal from Massachusetts

Dr. E. W. Nelson,
Bureau of Biological Survey,
U. S. Department of Agriculture,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Dr. Nelson:—

MAY I ask your help in the matter of the Bobolink? Cannot the Biological Survey now rescind its order of January 17, 1919, permitting the killing of Bobolinks "because seriously injurious to the rice crop of the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida?" The rice growing has now left these states. According to the last census only seven-tenths of one per cent of the rice of the country is grown along the Bobolink migration route.

TREASURER'S ANNUAL STATEMENT

RECEIPTS

Balance on hand May 16, 1923	1,666.71
Dues	1,421.00
Sale of books and leaflets	162.26
Sale of check lists	37.25
Sale of bulletins	40.50
Liberty Bonds sold	2,000.00
Carrie V. Massey Bequest	955.00
Contributions for Bulletin	225.00
Interest	171.49
Miscellaneous receipts.	9.10

 \$6,688.31

DISBURSEMENTS

Bulletins, Spring and Fall	1,291.35
Books and leaflets	341.96
Postage	41.00
Check list	41.73
Clerical	153.90
Stationery and printing	78.00
Exchange on checks	5.97
Membership lists	24.22
Traveling and other miscellaneous expense	112.27
Investment of Endowment Funds	3,477.71

 \$5,568.11

Balance in Bank June 10, 1924 1,120.20

 \$6,688.31

ENDOWMENT FUND

U. S. Liberty Bonds	\$3,500.00
Middle West Utilities Bond	1,000.00
C. C. C. & St. L. Bond	1,000.00

(Mrs. Carrie M. Raymond Endowment)

 \$5,500.00

 Respectfully submitted,
 ORPHEUS M. SCHANTZ, *Treas.*

THE Illinois Audubon Society recommends the organization of Junior Audubon Societies under one or the other of the following plans:

First plan: Organize under the auspices of the National Association of Audubon Societies and take advantage of the special offer to pupils made possible by generous patrons of the Society. Each member paying ten cents will receive a set of six educational leaflets with colored pictures and outline drawings for coloring with crayons. Each member will also receive the Audubon button which represents a badge of membership in a Junior Audubon class. Each teacher who organizes a class of twenty or more receives a year's free subscription to *Bird-Lore*, the official organ of the Association. Address the Secretary, 1974 Broadway, New York City.

Second plan: Organize under the auspices of the Illinois Audubon Society. Each pupil is to pay fifteen cents for a copy of *Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard* published by the United States Government, copies to be obtained either from the Secretary of the Illinois Audubon Society or by sending directly to the Superintendent of Documents at Washington, D. C. To each member of a group provided with this beautifully illustrated bulletin the Illinois Audubon Society will give without charge the Audubon button of membership in the Illinois Society and will send to the leader of the group for a period of one year all the publications and special notices of the Society together with an illustrated certificate showing that the group is a member of the Illinois Audubon Society. Teachers wishing to enroll pupils under local plans may obtain Audubon buttons for two cents each.

Address the

Illinois Audubon Society

10 South La Salle Street

CHICAGO



THE
AUDUBON
BULLETIN

Summer, 1925



Published by
THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON
SOCIETY

Natural History Survey
Library

Illinois Audubon Society

Service

THE Society has two collections of hand-colored lantern slides of bird life. These are lent free of charge to any school or organization in the state but borrower pays express charges both ways.

The Society has traveling libraries of bird books which are lent to schools or organizations for a reasonable length of time, the borrower paying express charges both ways.

The Society publishes wall charts listing 200 typical Illinois birds and providing suitable spaces for recording migration and nesting data. Schools, Boy Scout organizations, and individuals as well, find these of great service. Price ten cents each.

The Society publishes a Pocket Check List of Birds with a colored zonal map. This list records every known species of birds that visits Illinois or nests within its borders. Included with this is a very useful key for the identification of nests. The Check List sells for fifty cents.

The Society publishes the Langdon Cat Circular which is invaluable in arousing interest in the question of protecting birds from marauding cats. Price five cents each.

The Society issues an illustrated card in the Italian language warning against violation of laws for bird protection. Price two cents each.

Address The Illinois Audubon Society

10 South La Salle Street, Chicago

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Mr. Orpheus M. Schantz

Secretary
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Vice-President
Mr. Jesse Lowe Smith
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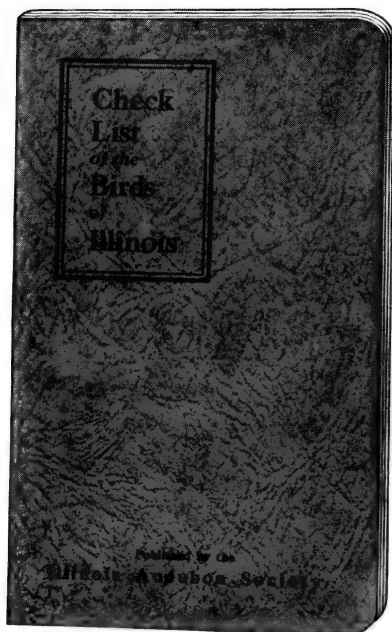
THE
AIMS & PRINCIPLES
OF THE
ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
ARE

FIRST: To encourage the study of birds, particularly in the schools, and to disseminate literature relating to them.

SECOND: To work for the betterment and enforcement of state and Federal laws relating to birds.

THIRD: To discourage the wearing of any feathers except those of the ostrich and domestic fowls.

FOURTH: To discourage, in every possible way, the wanton destruction of wild birds and their eggs.



The ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY'S Check List is one of the first State check lists issued.

A unique feature of the list is the zonal map of Illinois in colors.

It is a decided addition to ornithological literature, and can be used in bird study in the adjoining states.

Price 50c postpaid

The Audubon Bulletin

SUMMER, 1925

PUBLISHED BY THE
ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS

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SHEEPBERRY



HIGH-BUSH CRANBERRY



MOUNTAIN ASH



ELDERBERRY



HONEYSUCKLE



BITTERSWEET

CARL F. GROEMANN

SIX FRUITS ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR BIRD FOOD

List of Plants

Bearing Fruits Sought by Birds

INTRODUCTION

THE time is rapidly approaching—if, indeed, it is not already here—when our native birds will require all the help that we can give them. The “balance of nature” has been so profoundly disturbed through man’s influence that our wild life maintains a precarious existence, and very much of it will be gone almost before we realize it; in fact, not a few species, both of birds and other animals, as well as plants have become quite exterminated in Illinois within the memory of persons now living.

From constantly increasing clearing of woodlands and destruction of thickets along roadsides and fence rows, the birds are annually deprived of more and more of their shelter, nesting places, and food supply; and these must, so far as we are able, be replaced if we are to keep our feathered friends as near neighbors.

Fortunately many of the trees, shrubs, and other plants grown for ornamental purposes produce fruits which are relished by birds; and it is to acquaint the public with what kinds are best to plant that this list is issued.

Of course, not all of the species named in the list can be grown in every part of Illinois. A few of them cannot be grown in the more northern counties on account of the severity of the winters; and to inform each person interested in the matter as to which ones can and which cannot be grown in his own particular county or section, those suitable only for southern Illinois are designated by an “S,” while those best for the opposite end of the state are distinguished by an “N,” it being understood that those not thus designated may be grown in both sections. It may be remarked, however, that while most, if not all, of them marked “S” cannot be grown out-of-doors in the extreme northern portion of the state, on account of the “climatic handicap,” practically all of those marked “N” may be grown in the extreme southern portion, provided, of course, suitable soil and situation are selected; and in this connection attention may be called to the fact that the huckleberries and other ericaceous plants, which comprise the bulk of those growing naturally only in the more northern portion of the state, *require an acid soil*. Many

of the soils of the southern counties are acid, however,—in fact, most of them are, in many sections—and therefore there should be no difficulty in finding places where these plants might thrive.

I would suggest that the planting of these food-bearing trees, shrubs, and vines be not confined to the home grounds. There are many places on the farms, along the edge of woods, and other places in the country where they would not only beautify the landscape, but would add materially to the well-being of the birds.

ROBERT RIDGWAY.

COMMON NAME	SCIENTIFIC NAME
	<i>Trees</i>
Red Cedar	<i>Juniperus virginiana</i>
Hackberry	<i>Celtis occidentalis</i>
S Mississippi Hackberry	<i>Celtis laevigata</i>
Red Mulberry	<i>Morus rubra</i>
White Mulberry	<i>Morus alba</i>
Hawthorns	<i>Crataegus mollis</i> and others
Mountain Ash	<i>Sorbus americana</i>
Pin Cherry	<i>Prunus pennsylvanica</i>
Choke Cherry	<i>Prunus virginiana</i>
Black Cherry	<i>Prunus serotina</i>
Hercules Club	<i>Aralia spinosa</i>
	<i>Aralia chinensis</i>
	<i>Aralia manchurica</i>
Flowering Dogwood	<i>Cornus florida</i>
Black Gum	<i>Nyssa sylvatica</i>
Persimmon	<i>Diospyros virginiana</i>
Ash—different species	<i>Fraxinus</i>
Black Haw	<i>Viburnum prunifolium</i>
	<i>Shrubs</i>
Common Juniper	<i>Juniperus communis</i>
N Sweet Fern	<i>Myrica asplenifolia</i>
N Bayberry	<i>Myrica Carolinensis</i>
Sweet Bay	<i>Magnolia glauca</i>
Sassafras	<i>Sassafras varifolium</i>
Chokeberry	<i>Pyrus arbutifolia</i>
Juneberry	<i>Amelanchier canadensis</i>
Thimbleberry	<i>Rubus occidentalis</i>
Blackberry	<i>Rubus canadensis</i>
Dewberry	<i>Rubus villosus</i>
Sand Cherry	<i>Prunus pumila</i>
Beach Plum	<i>Prunus maritima</i>
Black Alder	<i>Ilex verticillata</i>
N Inkberry	<i>Ilex glabra</i>
Wahoo, Burning Bush	<i>Evonymus atropurpureus</i>

COMMON NAME

SCIENTIFIC NAME

Shrubs—Continued

	Buckthorn	Rhamnus cathartica
S	Carolina Buckthorn	Rhamnus Caroliniana
	Goumi (and other kinds of Elæagnus)	Elæagnus longipes, etc.
	Privet	Ligustrum vulgare
	Buffalo Berry	Shepherdia argentea
	Osier Dogwood and all other Cornels	Cornus stolonifera
N	Huckleberry	Gaylussacia frondosa
N	Black Huckleberry	Gaylussacia baccata
	Snowberry	Symphoricarpos racemosus
	High-bush Cranberry	Viburnum Opulus
	Arrow-wood	Viburnum acerifolium
		Viburnum dentatum
	Nannyberry	Viburnum Lentago
	Wayfaring Tree	Viburnum Lantana
	Common Elder	Sambucus canadensis
	Red berried Elder	Sambucus racemosa

Climbers

	Catbrier and other Smilaxes	Smilax rotundifolia
	Bittersweet	Celastrus scandens
	Virginia Creeper, Woodbine	Psedera quinquefolia
	Northern Fox Grape	Vitis labrusca
	Frost Grape	Vitis Cordifolia
	River bank Grape	Vitis vulpina
	Honeysuckles (all kinds)	

Trailing Shrubs

N	Cloudberry	Rubus Chamaemorus
N	Partridge Berry	Mitchella repens
N	Bearberry	Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi

Herbaceous Plants

	Millet	Paspaloidea
	Kaffir	Holcus Sorghum, var. Durra
	Pokeweed	Phytolacca decandra
	Sunflowers	Helianthus, many species

Six Plants Recommended for Planting in Every Small Yard

	Sheepberry	Viburnum Lentago
	High-bush Cranberry	Viburnum Opulus
	Mountain Ash	Sorbus americana
	Elderberry	Sambucus canadensis
	Honeysuckles	Loniceras
	Bittersweet	Celastrus scandens

Planting for the Birds

EXTRACTS FROM THE
UNIVERSITY OF IOWA SERVICE BULLETIN
OF MARCH 28, 1925

NO other group of animals commands such widespread and universal attention as birds; everyone is more or less interested in them. Why is this so?

"In the first place, with the exception of insects, birds are the most common form of animal life about us. Approximately 600,000 species of animals are known to science. Something like 18,000 kinds of birds alone are found in the world; about 1,200 different kinds are recorded from North America and of these approximately 350 occur in Iowa,"—and about 400 in Illinois.—"Not only is the number of species large, but also the number of individuals is considerable. Competent authorities estimate that there are in the United States 3,800,000,000 nesting birds of all kinds and that, in addition, 3,800,000,000 more birds pass through the United States in their migratory journey. Such an abundance of an active, graceful, beautiful and interesting type of animal life, many forms of which are further attractive to us by reason of their vocal ability, can not be easily overlooked.

"Moreover, birds offer unusual opportunities for cultivating the powers of observation as well as for purposes of study and recreation. In addition, they are desirable about our homes and on our farms for the economic benefits which they confer. They are man's only natural allies in the continuous warfare which he must wage against injurious weeds, mammals, and, above all, insects.

"The old idea that only three or four of our birds, the house wren, the bluebird, and the purple martin, commonly grouped as 'house birds,' could be induced to remain in the vicinity of human habitations has been dispelled. It has been shown that if suitable nesting and feeding conditions are offered, many other species will avail themselves of even the slightest encouragement. Some of these that can and should be induced to feed and nest about our homes are the following: kingbird, great crested flycatcher, phoebe, black-capped chickadee, tufted titmouse, white-breasted nuthatch, song sparrow, chipping sparrow, cardinal, American goldfinch, Baltimore oriole, rose-breasted grosbeak, tree swallow, barn swallow, brown thrasher, catbird, robin, wood thrush, red-headed, downy and hairy woodpeckers, sparrow hawk and screech owl.

"Besides these, fifteen or twenty other species can, without much effort, be induced to favor us with their presence for at least a greater share of

the time than if no encouragement whatever were afforded them.

"Actual counts of the breeding birds in definitely selected areas which represent as nearly as possible typical conditions have been made in various parts of the United States. Such bird censuses, as they are called, show that the average population is 2 birds per acre.

"The United States Biological Survey, estimating the value of each bird in the land at 10 cents, maintains that 'the birds of the United States prevent an increase in the annual damage done by insects of more than \$400,000,000.' This is a considerable item when it

is recalled that forestry and agriculture alone suffer an annual loss through insect damage of one billion dollars.

"Do not arrange the selected plants too formally or exactly; and do not clip or trim them too precisely. Strive to represent natural conditions and to eliminate artificial appearances; too often our arrangement is highly unreal, and the effort that has been made is altogether too apparent. You can not fool the birds!

"More than 100 species of birds are known to feed upon the fruit of blackberry and black raspberry. Among these are the towhee, cardinal, song sparrow, red-headed woodpecker, catbird, brown thrasher, tufted titmouse, olive-backed thrush, wood thrush, robin and bluebird.

"The most valuable native fruit for attracting birds in summer is the elderberry; 106 species of birds being known to feed upon it. This shrub is hardy and exceedingly easy to grow; it has a tendency to spread somewhat, and one need not fear that it will die out once it becomes established.

"Among the vines, the Virginia creeper is a favorite with birds, something like 40 species being known to eat its fruit; in addition, it is hardy, can be easily grown and possesses pleasing decorative qualities. More than 75 kinds of birds are known to feed upon wild grapes. It is unfortunate that this common and fruitful roadside vine is so frequently destroyed where it would be easily spared and as easily cultivated. The well-known bittersweet and honeysuckle are also highly recommended."



FLOCK OF CEDAR WAXWINGS IN MOUNTAIN ASH TREE IN WINTER

Shrubs that Produce Food for Birds

IN planting shrubbery about the house for ornamental purposes one should consider the use as much as the beauty, and select those shrubs that will bear food for the birds, specially those of which the fruit remains on the bushes practically all winter, or until eaten by the birds.

The Viburnums are generally the first choice of the birds. The Sheepberry seems to be a general favorite, and the berries are good food as long as they last.

The High-bush Cranberry seems to come next, in the choice of the birds, and its bright red berries last all through the winter and make an attractive looking shrub when the others are bare.

Elder berries both of the red and black varieties are always in demand, and all varieties of birds are fond of them.

The Coral berry or Indian Currant is eaten by a few birds for I have noticed the Purple Finch and Red Poll eat them on a number of occasions.

The Snowberry also is eaten by some birds.

Honeysuckles should be added to the list although the berries are eaten while ripe and are generally all consumed before winter. Another point in its favor is that the Honeysuckle bush is most generally chosen for nesting sites by many birds in our locality.

Sumacs are recommended by many people, but birds seem to avoid them until late in the spring, when they may be forced to take them without choice. The Japanese Barberries have attractive little red seed pods but I have never seen birds use them as food.

Among the trees the Mountain Ash would be my first choice, as the birds eat them from the time they are ripening until they are all consumed, or they dry and hang on the tree all winter. The wild cherries come next in attracting the birds and also dry on the tree. Mulberries are always eaten but the berries do not hang on the trees after the frost. Box Elder, Linden, and Cedars all produce good seeds for birds.

Among vines the wild grapes are our first choice as they dry on the vine and remain all winter. Bittersweet and Woodbine are also very attractive.

A good addition to the above list is a small patch of Sunflower or Hemp in the garden or along a path. These plants make good high lighting perches, also act as a screen, and produce an abundance of bird food. The Golden Glow is a miniature sunflower and it also attracts birds.

It is quite necessary to have shrubbery about your place if you wish birds to visit your yard, as the majority of small birds stay fairly close

to some shrub, and in case of danger they will dart through the bushes to conceal themselves.

Most any of the above will add to the beauty of your yard and produce the same effect as the shrubs that do not produce bird food, and we hope you will make some effort to help our little feathered friends in securing their winter food.

W. I. LYON,
Waukegan, Ill.

Letters Regarding Bird Feeding

In reply to yours of the 24th, I give you my choice of fruits and berries that our birds prefer to all others. Also some others that birds will feed on sparingly as a last resort but the latter shrubs are ornamental on any grounds. This I gained by being a life time with the birds and trees, making a close and careful study of both and being very careful not to vouch for anything I was not positive of.

I was right here when Passenger Pigeons, Ducks, Quail, Prairie Hens, Owls, Foxes, in fact most all the birds and animals reared their young about here.

I was seven years old before the C. & N. W. Ry. came. I only mention this to let you know that I had spent a long life with the birds and it makes me sad to think the dear old times are gone and the wild life as well.

Tartarian Honeysuckle	Berries ripen July, Aug.
Prunus Virginiana	Small tree, ripen Aug., Sept.
Prunus Serotina	Tree, Aug. to Oct.
Pyrus Aucuperia	Small handsome tree, fine for lawn, fruits heavily Oct. first until spring; all birds fond of it.
Viburnum Lentago	Small tree, fruits every year, black berries in large clusters, leaves turn red or scarlet in autumn, fruit hangs all winter.
Amelanchier Canadensis	June berry ripe in mid-summer, a very good small tree.
Juniperus Virginiana	Red cedar, evergreen, cherry birds, waxwings, grosbeaks, finches are found there in winter.
Juniper	Low bush form—Waxwings and crossbills feed on it in winter.
Viburnum Opulus	High-bush Cranberry, a very desirable shrub with clusters of scarlet berries in winter. Birds often feed on them when other berries become scarce.

I have never seen birds feeding on the barberry. They also will eat of the Box Barberry, Matrimony Vine, Prunus Pumila and some others

but the first named are their favorite food. I may also mention Siberian Crabs and apples when frozen on the trees which are very much relished in late winter by Bohemian Waxwings and Cherry Birds.

Very respectfully yours,

CHAS. W. DOUGLAS, SR.,
Waukegan, Ill.

Referring to the question of plants, shrubbery, etc., in attracting bird life:

We have found that the following list includes most of those of special value in our locality:

Native Elder	Sunflower
Mountain Ash	Wild (Fox) Grape
Buckthorn	Beta Grape
Sumac
Mulberry	Blackberries
Cedar	Raspberries
Hawthorn	Currants
Black Haw	Strawberries

The native Elder attracts more birds than any other shrub, especially the robins, grosbeaks, orioles, etc. The Mountain Ash is also specially attractive to the birds, and the others are very good. The Hawthorn is a favorite haunt of the warblers, kinglets and similar birds attracted by countless aphids frequently found in the foliage.

The two grapes are particularly good, as are also the berries, although the latter is often at the expense of the family table.

We have also a number of apple, plum and other fruit trees which are of course very attractive to the birds everywhere.

We have found that box trees in tubs around the house always draw the chipping sparrows for nesting, and the wild currants are favorite nesting places for the yellow warblers and the red-eyed vireos.

We have on our property an alfalfa field which the killdeer plovers seem to find very attractive for their nests. An undrained meadow in which are many native willows, cattails and marsh grasses attract in large numbers red-winged blackbirds, Maryland yellow-throats, green herons, bitterns and rails.

In addition to all the food, cover, etc., we have found that several bird fountains in the gardens with plenty of fresh water is more of a drawing card than anything else.

Very truly yours,

FRANK W. COMMONS,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Illinois State Park Bill

We are glad to note that House Bill No. 342, "For an Act in relation to the acquisition, control, maintenance, improvement and protection of State parks," introduced by Mrs. O'Neill, passed the legislature and has been signed by the Governor. This enactment will go a long ways toward establishing wild life sanctuaries.

States Approve Wild Life Haven

345,000-Acre Refuge on Mississippi Authorized

Christian Science Monitor, July 16, 1925

CHICAGO, July 16 (Special)—Signatures of Len Small, Governor of Illinois, and John J. Blaine, Governor of Wisconsin, have been affixed to the final State enabling acts necessary to establishment by the Federal Government of the upper Mississippi River wild life and fish refuge.

This information has been received at national headquarters here of the Izaak Walton League, sponsors of the great preserve bordering the four states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa.

Purchase of the first tracts of the refuge, which covers some 345,000 acres of bottom lands from Rock Island, Ill., to Wabasha, Minn., is expected to be started within the next few weeks. A total federal appropriation of \$1,500,000 has been authorized, of which \$400,000 is now available.

Harry B. Hawes (D.), Representative from St. Louis, Mo., author of the original bill in Congress providing for the refuge, recently returned from a tour of inspection of the region in company with a party of 50 Walton leaguers.



YOUNG ROBINS



WOOD THRUSH AND YOUNG

The Audubon Bulletin

SUMMER, 1925

PUBLISHED BY ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY

FOR THE CONSERVATION OF BIRD LIFE

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EDITORIAL

WITH this number we present a list of Trees, Shrubs, and Vines growing in Illinois whose fruits attract birds. Also a select list of six plants especially chosen for small yards which can be recommended both for ornamentation and bird food.

Again we have been honored by an introduction by Robert Ridgway whose wide experience with both birds and plants makes the introduction authoritative.

Another notable article gives incidents in the early ornithological ventures of Ruthven Deane, whose long and intelligent bird study has been an outstanding example of the delights to be derived from indulging in avocations. As one of the founders of the American Ornithological Union, and also one of its councillors, he has for almost half a century been a factor in the study of American bird life. Probably no man living

in America has had a wider acquaintance past and present, with ornithologists both here and abroad. His collections of rare books on ornithology, many of them autographed, his collection of pictures of ornithologists, and his bird lists from all portions of the United States make his library one of the unique collections of bird data in America.

New Endowment

DURING the year there has come to the Society a bequest of five thousand dollars which together with funds already held in trust will make the endowment fund \$11,500.00. The Directors hope that other bequests may follow, which will swell the endowment fund to an amount that will bring sufficient interest to pay for the services of a Field Secretary for at least six months of each year. Requests for lectures, and for plans for organizing new groups for carrying on bird conservation prove the need of a field secretary who can go when called for to carry the gospel of bird protection and study throughout the State.

From a Beginner in Bird Study

Mr. O. M. Schantz,
c/o Illinois Audubon Society,
10 So. La Salle St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Schantz:

I have had such a wonderful experience with birds out in this Grand Detour country on the Rock River that I thought you might be interested. I have been a member of The Illinois Audubon Society for about a month; this is my second year's experience at bird observation and identification; and my first year with bird glasses.

In the two weeks that I have been here, I have seen and heard about fifty varieties of birds. The first Sunday here, June 14th, I saw seventeen different kinds and I did not go off of the hotel grounds; the robin, Baltimore oriole, catbird, blue jay, red-winged blackbird, house wren, house sparrow, song sparrow, rose-breasted grosbeak, flicker, gold finch, red-headed woodpecker, downy woodpecker, purple grackle, blue-heron, mourning dove and sandpiper.

Monday I went to Marshmallow Rock where you went on May 30, 1924, and wrote about in the AUDUBON BULLETIN of Spring, 1924. There I saw a red-bellied woodpecker, a beautifully marked bird who hitched himself up the whole length of a very tall willow tree and then came and perched on a limb facing me so I had a wonderful view of him. On that trip I saw also a blue bird, towhee, and some chipping sparrows. Later

in the day while returning from Dixon, we saw a kingbird chase a hawk high up in the air; and the meadow larks on the fence posts along the road.

Wednesday my hike led me up into the woods to the north of the village and there I saw my first cardinal, both the male and the female, a flock of chickadees, a yellow warbler, cowbird, the bronzed grackle, crow, pewee, phoebe, brown thrasher, indigo bunting, least flycatcher, hairy woodpecker, golden-winged warbler, red-eyed vireo, field sparrow, vesper sparrow and the red-winged blackbird.

On the hotel grounds I found seven Baltimore oriole nests, and one nest of the warbling vireo. We often watched these birds feeding their young; and the joy of the coloring of the oriole, and the song of the vireo where like a tonic and we never grew tired of the experience. Mr. Hudson, the English naturalist, calls the sight and song of birds his medicine and they truly are a constant delight.

On the hotel grounds also I saw the cedar waxwing, a pair of them several times, and coming from a hike to Green Rock where States Attorney Brundage is building his summer home, I saw a dickcissel. He is a beauty, much more beautiful than pictures show him because his coloring is so unusual and varied.

At a Girl Scouts' Camp about five miles from Grand Detour, where I went to give some bird talks and hikes, I saw the killdeer, the white-breasted nuthatch and the black-billed cuckoo.

At White Rock, at Green Rock and other of the sandstone mounds about here, there were colonies of the rough-winged swallows. I also saw the orchard oriole, the herring gull, but I missed the bobolink.

The Baltimore orioles were more plentiful than the robins and the cat-birds gave us beautiful concerts all day long. In all a paradise of birds, trees and flowers, a delightful hotel, and a vacation all too short—of two weeks.

Most sincerely yours,

(MISS) CLARA L. MOONEY.

Publicity Given to Sycamore, Illinois, Conservation Plan

"I am very much interested in the novel plan of Mr. Louis Lloyd of Sycamore, Illinois, who has leased twelve thousand acres of river valley to the State of Illinois, which you described in the 1924 Bulletin.

"Would it be possible for you to obtain for me photographs of beautiful scenery along the Kishwaukee River Valley, together with a portrait of Mr. Lloyd? No doubt the chambers of commerce along the valley would gladly send photographs for so worthy a purpose and one that would bring tourist trade to their section.

"This seems to be a wonderful plan for conservation in every phase and if you can give me the main details I shall work it into a story that will awaken other sections of the country to similar action."

Thanking you, I am

Sincerely yours,

J. C. GILBERT,
The Dearborn *Independent*,
Dearborn, Mich.

Camera Studies of a Young King Bird



Calling for Mother



Hungry



Leaving the Nest



Tired and Sleepy

August 1934

A Commendable Deed Recorded

Illinois Audubon Society,
10 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:

Attached hereto is a copy of a letter just written the Boyle Ice Company in regard to an act performed by one of their drivers.

I do not know the man's name but I believe an act of this kind should be reported to you.

April 15, 1925

Very truly yours,

N. J. KENNEY,
President.

The Boyle Ice Company,
847 Larrabee Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:

Whenever an employe of this Company performs an act out of the ordinary and one which is entitled to the highest commendation, I always like to know of it and acting on the assumption that you feel similarly, it is my pleasure to report the following:

"Through some unaccountable means, late yesterday evening a robin with some string attached to its foot became entangled in the electric light wires immediately back of my house. This morning my children called my attention to it and before I had an opportunity to take action either to have the Fire Department or others rescue the bird and save it from death either by its own struggles or from starvation, your route man delivering ice to my residence, climbed the pole at considerable risk to himself and as the bird was in a difficult position to reach, spent some time in getting it released, whereupon it flew away and was saved as above outlined.

"It is true it was only a bird but I believe your man's thoughtfulness and the risk that he ran is well worth the time which I spend in writing this letter to you."

Very truly yours,

Signed by N. J. KENNEY,
President.

Illinois Audubon Society,
1649-10 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
Dear Madam:

In reply to your favor of April 16th requesting the name of our man who rescued a robin from a wire entanglement, received.

We have investigated this affair and we agree with you that it was a kindly act done on the part of the man. We have commended him very highly for it. His name is Joseph Bissen and he lives at 5138 No. Ashland Ave. He has worked for us for some time and we have always found him

kindly disposed to our horses, etc., and he will no doubt appreciate a letter of commendation from you.

Sincerely,

Boyle Ice Company,

By F. A. Westrich.

June 28, 1925.

Bird Study in the Lower Grades

LITTLE children naturally love birds. Birds cannot hurt them; they are small; there is a sense of freedom and joy and mystery about them as they fly off in the air, above the tree tops, into the deep woods, places children only dream about.

If one can add to this love an intelligent love of the birds, each year having them gain in knowledge about them and their ways, there need not be much doubt as to children keeping their interest and their love of birds after school days are over.

Knowing bird pictures is not knowing birds. A child may be able to name the most common birds in pictures, but when out of doors he may not recognize them. A real knowledge of birds can be obtained only through out-door observation. Keep seasonable pictures of birds where the children may see them at any time, but do not teach birds from bird pictures. That is unrelated to life and belongs to Tom Sawyer's school days. It is the bird on the wing, in the tree or on the fence post that counts.

Although little children readily learn to know the birds with striking colors and markings, they find it difficult to learn those with less distinctive characteristics, nor can they remain quiet long enough to await a bird's uncertain appearance.

There are many ways, however, to interest children in the fluff and feathers of bird life. The real joy of the study lies not in the mere fact of how many birds they know and have seen, although that appeals to the collective instinct later on. If they know a few birds they can watch for their coming and keep the time of their arrivals. They can notice what the birds use for their nests during the nest building season. They can notice whether they fly high or low, with fast or slow wings. They can compare their size with that of the robin. They will have many questions to ask if they feel there is a logical answer to be given them.

If a child says, "How can a bird fly?" and the answer is something like this, "God made them that way," we need not be surprised if the result is, not a deeper sense of reverence, but a growing indifference towards the truths of nature. "It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull," might be a good daily reminder for us teachers.

If, however, a bird's feathers were examined to see the hollowness of the quills; the lightness in weight noticed; if the bones of birds and

animals were compared; and if the bird's temperature was talked about, even though the child's questions were incompletely answered, it seems reasonable to suppose that the child or children would have a continued interest.

Why is a boy often cruel to birds? May it not be because birds have been accepted as part of the landscape—something that no more interest has been shown in than in a stone, or a stick or a fence by those about him, and he has had no feeling aroused in him for them.

True stories about birds and their relation to man would awaken a real interest, stories about real people and real birds such as are told in the AUDUBON BULLETIN.

Even little people like to think about such questions as these:

Why do not a bird's feathers wet easily in the rain?

How and where do birds sleep at night?

Why do they not fall off their perches when asleep?

Does a robin see or hear a worm?

Why do birds go South in autumn?

What do birds eat in winter time?

They love bird poems, especially where a refrain is repeated in imitation of a bird song, as "The Bluebird," and "Robert of Lincoln."

At first little people's eyes will see strange and wonderful sights where birds are concerned. But day by day intelligent and sympathetic direction will bring enthusiastic responses and one day the reward will be an independent and lasting interest.

E. CLAIRE KENNEDY,
Elm Place School, Highland Park, Ill.

Spring Notes at "Larchmound"

WE are having a peculiar spring February, March and April were abnormally warm and April would have been the warmest on record had not the last two or three days been cold reducing the mean temperature to 61.8°. The cold has continued since then, and the last two nights there has been a light frost, but not enough to hurt anything.

Notwithstanding the cool weather of the past eight or ten days the spring was early. Red and silver maples were in bloom February 22; the apricot on March 22; *Magnolia Soulangeana*, March 24; Bridal-wreath *Spirea*, March 25; pears (Kieffer), March 29; peach, April 1; cherry, April 4; apple orchards in fullest bloom April 12; flowering dogwood, April 14; the Chinese Shrub (*Kolckwiczia amabilis*) between the two *Deutzia gracilis*, which you photographed last spring, bloomed April 23 and is still in magnificent bloom, the two *Deutzias* flowering at the same time. The first garden rose to open was the "baby rambler" "Tip-top,"

on April 28, the climbing Kaiserin Augusta Victoria blooming the same date.

The brown thrasher arrived, in full song, March 11, and young of this species were out of the nest April 27. Young robins were out of the nest April 30th; but the first young birds that were noticed flying about were English Sparrows, practically fullgrown, on April 7, though your doves must have been out nearly as soon, as I saw a dove sitting on her nest on March 31. The next young seen at the feeding shelf, with their parents, were a family of tufted titmice on April 22.

Following are dates of "arrivals" to present writing:

Brown Thrasher.....	March 11
Chipping Sparrow.....	March 21
Bachman's Sparrow.....	April 9
House Wren.....	April 15
Catbird.....	April 19
Yellow Warbler.....	April 20
Bell's Vireo.....	April 20
Wood Thrush.....	April 21
Warbling Vireo.....	April 21
Orchard Oriole.....	April 22
Great-crested Flycatcher.....	April 22
Scarlet Tanager.....	April 23
Kentucky Warbler.....	April 23
Red-eyed Vireo.....	April 23
Summer Tanager.....	April 23
Yellow-breasted Chat.....	April 24
Baltimore Oriole.....	April 24
Humming Bird.....	April 24
Rose-breasted Grosbeak.....	April 25
Kingbird.....	April 26
Maryland Yellow-throat.....	April 30
White-eyed Vireo.....	April 30

Excepting Summer Tanager and Kentucky Warbler, which were first noted on Bird Haven (where they probably had been for several days, as they were plentiful and I had not been there for a week or more) all the above were first noted on "Larchmound"; and as some of them, especially the Kingbird, rarely appear on the place their actual arrival was probably earlier than the date mentioned.

ROBERT RIDGWAY,
Olney, Ill.

May 6, 1925.

Annual Outing of the Audubon Society, May 16

THE region visited last year, our first outing, was so attractive that many requested that the 1925 outing should be held at the same place, the Portage Tract of the Cook County Forest Preserve.

One hundred and fifty reservations proved the popularity of the excursion, and special cars on the Burlington were arranged for, but, "The Next Day It Rained." So in place of 150 only 55 came to the place of meeting, and then the party had to stay under shelter at the Riverside depot until a last heavy rain added to the moisture underfoot and the drops from trees overhead.

It had been cold until Thursday, May 14th, then on a warm wave the warblers arrived in myriads. So plentiful were they that it was difficult to get the party to really start for the woodland where the final checking up was to occur.

The rain, however, actually added much to the pleasure of the party, as the warblers remained closer to the ground and were much more easily identified. A word about the region visited may be of interest to those who could not attend.

Starting from the "Q" depot in Riverside the route followed the east bank of the Des Plaines River which is heavily timbered all the way to Ogden Avenue, not forest growth, but an artistic planting making an ideal river bank tree growth. Crossing Ogden Avenue and passing a disfiguring roadhouse and other unsightly buildings, among a growth of naturally planted trees, a wide open space in the Forest Preserve was crossed, dotted with here and there a venerable and ancient burr oak tree. Next came growths of native hawthorn—*Crataegus*—and wild crab-apple, *malus*, leading to an old dike or embankment, built to keep the Des Plaines River from "running away" during spring freshets and seeking the gulf of St. Lawrence through the great lakes in place of following its proper course down through the Illinois river to the Gulf of Mexico. East of the dike was Mud Lake a remnant of an old pond now gradually filling up; beyond this was the old Ogden ditch, formerly used to drain off the accumulated waters in Mud Lake.

Here, in the days of Champlain and Joliet nearly 250 years ago, the French Voyageurs crossed over from the headwaters of the south branch of the Chicago River into the Desplaines during stages of high water and thence went down to Fort St. Louis, now Starved Rock.

Conditions were ideal for birds of many kinds, and surely enough they were in evidence; shore birds, swimmers, flycatchers, redwings, a green

heron, a stray owl, the gorgeous cardinal and scarlet tanager, the Baltimore oriole, woodpeckers, and swarms of warblers.

In this immediate vicinity is an orchard of old hawthorns, whose gnarled trunks support a canopy of interlaced branches so dense that scarcely anything grows beneath them. And here the warblers each year find a bountiful supply of plant lice—aphis. In one widespreading hawthorn ten varieties of warblers were noted, some varieties numbering many individuals, and the warblers seemed almost as plentiful as the pollinating bees whose low hum might be plainly distinguished.

Sunday morning the writer made an early pilgrimage to the same region and in the two days the total identifications to his credit were 65. The Saturday group had over 70, and were only out about three hours. Blackpolls, baybreasted and the prothonotary, were among the more rare warblers.

As the woods were too wet for a picnic lunch, the party returned to the home of Miss Catharine Mitchell in Riverside, where coffee was served and notes were compared while eating.



WARBLER COUNTRY



MUD LAKE

Those who attended the outing were delighted with the "rainy day" excursion, and voiced their sorrow for those who were frightened by the rain.

There are many delightful bits of woodland in the Chicago region but none where, in so small an area, may be found more attractions for the different types of bird life, or more individuals at the mid-May migration time.

ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ.

Chimney Swift's Nest Discovered

THE Chimney Swifts have always puzzled me as to whether, when they suddenly dart from the sky, they enter the chimney or dart past it in quest of insects. It hasn't seemed possible that they would come so close to the ground.

On several occasions I went into the house and lighted papers in the fireplace expecting that the smoke would drive them out. Of course, I always had some one watch from the outside. No birds were ever frightened out by this process, so I came to the conclusion that the Swift did not enter the chimney. Not being able to be on two sides of the house at once, I was not certain that they darted by the chimney either.

While sitting by the fireplace one day I heard a noise as of young birds. Looking up the chimney through the flue I could see nothing, but the bird cries were more audible as I came nearer, and I was sure I would

soon find them. I then procured a hand mirror and fastened an extension cord to the electric light fixture; poked the light through the flue and used the mirror for a reflector.

About six inches down behind the flue on a projecting brick was the nest of the Chimney Swift with four young in it, away from all harm which might have been caused by smoke or fire.

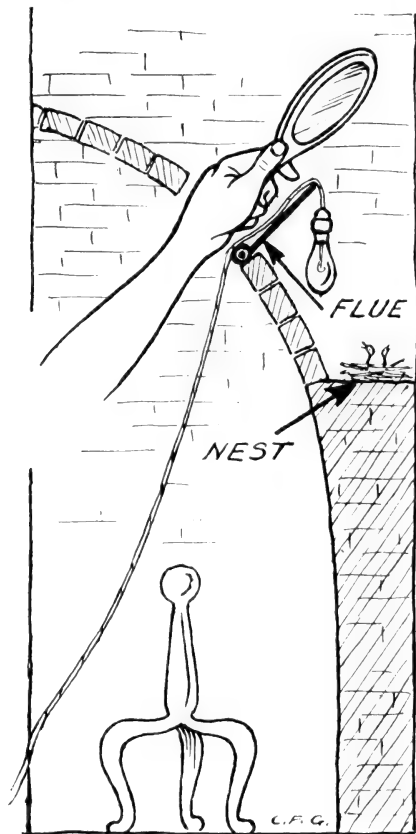
And so the mystery as to whether the Swift really entered the chimney was solved.

But it seemed that the strong light used, made them wary as they have not been heard since.

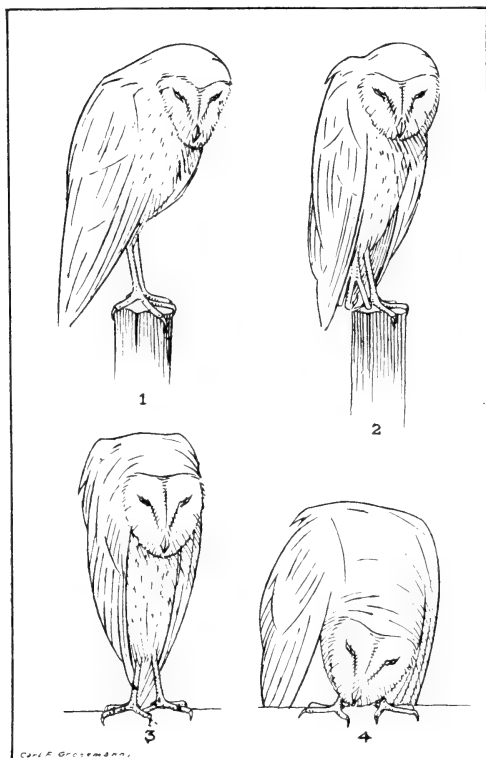
The accompanying illustration will show how the light and mirror were used in locating the nest.

FRED G. PAULUS,
Elgin, Ill.

[Ordinarily the Chimney Swift constructs a crude shelf-like nest, attaching it to the perpendicular wall of a chimney. This is an interesting departure from its habits.—O.M.S.]



Pen and Ink Studies of the Barn Owl



ATTITUDES OF DEFENSE

Fig. 1. Suspicion.

Fig. 2. Wings slightly drooping.

Fig. 3. Wings drooping, head lowered and moving slowly from side to side.

Fig. 4. Wings and head very low. Head moving slowly from side to side.

CARL F. GRONEMANN.

Lincoln Park Commissioners Provide Chicago with Ideal Bird Sanctuary

Dear Mr. Deane:

Mr. Eugene Pike, President of the Lincoln Park Board, asked me to see that the Audubon Society received this clipping. Will you see that the proper person gets it? Have just returned from Southern Illinois, got some fine birds for my new Group at Browning, 285 miles south. The season is a month ahead of us. Wild roses out and apple trees shedding blossoms.

Yours,
WOODRUFF.

Clipping from *Chicago Evening Post* of April 16, 1925

BY DEAN BERGEN

The Lincoln Park Commissioners leave nothing undone. We are now about to have the finest game farm in the country. The ground has been laid out with a big fence for protection. Swales and little lakes rest in the little valleys with the finest layout of natural brush that can be arranged in artificial landscape.

It is a beautiful spot—this game farm of Lincoln Park. Since the fence has been built swarms of song birds have found the place—where they are free to build their nests without disturbance. Within a week after the fence was built the birds found the swales and brush. Along the shores of the little lakes the plover scamper. A flock of dowichers came in early and are now growing fat on the natural food. Several pairs of mallards have found the ideal nesting place. Even the mergansers have discovered the lakes and swing into the sanctuary with all the boldness of their little habitats of the north, their wings stirring the silence of the glades.

After these years of nature study, we are surprised to learn how quickly the wild birds will take advantage of a place set off from the approach of man.

The farm is located just north of the Fish Fans club. The park will liberate every kind of a wild bird. Here the partridge, the pheasant, the quail, the wild turkey, the duck, the rail, the coots, the geese, the rabbit, the coon, the muskrat, the beaver and many more lives of the wild will have a natural place to live. True, they will venture from the bounds of the farm, but there they can return for safety.

For the convenience of the public the commission has laid the heads of the little lakes free from the fence. Here the lakes will protect the farm from trespass. This will give the public a chance to look at the wild birds without gazing through the fence. These approaches are laid out in the glades that drain toward the lower land along the Sheridan drive.

At the west end of the farm is another lake that likewise protects the ground from trespass. There is no fence at this end of the farm. Here the public may watch the wild life in its natural state. This lake drains into the lagoon on the north park extension. All the lakes are fed by city water power. The water will always be fresh and cold. The conditions for wild game are ideal.

We doubt if any city in the country will have such a perfect place for the liberation of wild birds. And with the coming of the game there will come the wild birds from the flight off the big lake. Next fall will see the wild ducks dropping in at evening. And the following spring will find these same wild birds nesting in the farm. This will insure the presence of the birds all summer. What a pleasure it will be for the hunters to go to this farm on a summer's evening to watch the teal and mallards work during the brooding season. The column will report the day the birds will be liberated. This farm is one of the big accomplishments of the commission.

The Blue Bird's Song

Drifting downward from above,
Come the Bluebird's notes of love;

Sweetest of all sounds we hear,
In the springtime of the year;

Dearest, tenderest tones, then given;
Echoes of the songs of heaven:

Sad, o'er life's incompleteness;
Glad, with some of heaven's sweetness;

Greetings to his loved one true,
I would waft them now to you,

Praying they may to thee bring,
All the sweetness of the spring,

All the brightness of the time,
When the year is in its prime,

All the glories that adorn,
The green earth again new born,

All the gladness God hath given,
Joy of life, and hope of heaven.

*H. M. Chittenden,
Paris, Ill.*



RUTHVEN DEANE—1925

Ruthven Deane—an Appreciation

BY WILFRED H. OSGOOD

A PROPHET is not without honor save in his own country." So it is written and so it often seems to be, but a rejoinder might be added to the effect that it depends upon the prophet. Outside of his home city and state, the subject of this sketch, Mr. Ruthven Deane, is one of the best known and best loved of American ornithologists. The same qualities which have given him credit abroad have endeared him at home, and the home folks, especially those of the Illinois Audubon Society, feel they would like to make public acknowledgment of their regard for him. The writer, although he would not yield to any of these in point of personal feeling, is here to be considered merely as the vehicle of their collective expression.

Mr. Deane belongs to the "Old Guard" of American ornithology, being one of the fortunate youths in Cambridge, Massachusetts, who found others of like tastes in the Nuttall Ornithological Club, who had a part in the founding of the American Ornithologists' Union and who from that day to this have never ceased their devotion to each other and to their chosen study. Although not actually present at the first meeting of the A.O.U., Deane's membership began in 1883, the year of its founding, and since then it has had no more loyal member. He removed early from New England to make his home in Chicago and although meetings of the Union were invariably held in eastern cities, his record of attendance is scarcely equaled by that of any other member.

Unlike several of his early associates, he did not take up ornithology as a profession but rather as a very absorbing hobby. Being quite successful in business and evidently satisfied with a modest competence, he was able to retire before the age of sixty. Thenceforward, he maintained a small office in the business district of the city, ostensibly for convenience in managing his estate, and spent an hour or two there daily, but visitors to this office were likely to find his desk more occupied with ornithological correspondence than with business. His cozy apartment on North State Street has been for years and still is a storehouse of ornithological lore, and the passing bird men who have spent delightful evenings there include practically all those who ever visited Chicago. To ornithologists the country over, the one principal attraction of the great middle western metropolis has been Ruthven Deane.

As a young man in Cambridge, in company with William Brewster, Henry W. Henshaw, C. J. Maynard, Henry Purdie and others, Deane was an enthusiastic collector and formed a nearly complete collection of skins of the smaller North American birds. Besides specimens collected

and prepared by himself, others were obtained by exchange and his very strong collecting instinct was given its first serious exercise. A special hobby was albinos and for years after he had ceased general collecting, he continued to pick up albino birds and to publish notes about them in ornithological journals. This special collection was later deposited in the Chicago Academy of Sciences and more recently was presented to the Field Museum, where it forms a great part of what is probably the largest collection of albino birds in America.

The historical and biographical side of ornithology early became very attractive to Mr. Deane and all his life he has shown even keener interest in manuscripts, books, and personalities connected with birds than in birds themselves. He was born a bibliophile, and not unnaturally, for his father, Charles Deane, was a noted collector of books and a distinguished writer in the field of early American history. His own library, while not especially large, is chosen to represent many sides of natural history and includes various scarce items and quantities of associational material, letters, autographs, portraits, reviews and comments, practically all gathered and arranged by himself. Here, as elsewhere, the human intimate personal relation dominates his interest. His well-known collection of portraits of ornithologists, his studies of Audubon and Auduboniana, his searching out of living descendants and relatives, not only of Audubon but of many less known early ornithologists, all testify to the same characteristic.

A great phrase maker and keen judge of men, no less than former President Roosevelt, once characterized Ruthven Deane as a "heart ornithologist." This is related by Col. E. B. Clark, a friend of Roosevelt as well as of Deane, and occurred on one of Roosevelt's visits to Chicago. Knowing that Roosevelt would always find time to meet an ornithologist, Clark arranged for his two friends to come together and in doing so, remarked that perhaps it wasn't necessary to explain who and what Mr. Deane was. To this Roosevelt quickly replied, in effect: "I should say not. I haven't met him, but I know of him and he is what I call a heart ornithologist." It would be difficult for those who have known him long and intimately to come nearer the truth in so few words.

There is perhaps nothing for which Mr. Deane is so well known as his voluminous correspondence and his wide acquaintance among naturalists. In late years, one of his especial hobbies has been the collecting of bookplates and in this his correspondence has gone far beyond ornithological circles but has not diminished what may be called his regular output. Many of his letters to his confreres, perhaps most of them, are simply "heart" letters, sending a word of congratulation on some work performed, a bit of news, a new joke with an avian turn to it or, surest of all, a warm sympathy if all is not well. His eye for personal news of ornithologists is phenomenal. Doubtless often through his personal correspondence, but sometimes by means which to the rest of us seem

almost occult, he is always the first to know of any slight happening to any of the fraternity of bird lovers. If one suffers an illness, has a business reverse, acquires a sudden fortune, gets married or divorced, has an addition to his family or changes his residence from one street to another, Deane may be depended upon to have the information forthwith, not only as to the main facts but also as to the causes, accessories and implications.

The Illinois Audubon Society has especial reason to appreciate and to honor Ruthven Deane, for, more than any other man, he has from the beginning had the relation to it of parent, guardian, and guide. For sixteen years he was its President and during that time it grew, prospered and became firmly established. His popularity and his devotion to the Society caused him to be re-elected year after year from 1898 until 1914, and after retirement from office he has continued active in the Society's interest and jealous of its welfare. To detail his work in this connection would be practically to give a history of the Society.

Probably if Mr. Deane were to write his reminiscences, the early collecting days and the friendships of those times would loom larger in it than later achievements. Those friendships have never been permitted to grow cold and the associates of youth have been warmly cherished in spite of separation and changing circumstances. Some of the best loved of them, notably William Brewster, who had great influence upon Deane as a boy, have now passed away. In his "Birds of the Cambridge Region," Brewster does not fail to recall his especial collecting companions and one of his pages gives such a beautiful picture of Deane's early surroundings that it may well be quoted here.

"Some of the pleasantest recollections of my boyhood relate to the country traversed by Vassar Lane, and extending west and east from the site of the old Cambridge reservoir at the junction of Reservoir and Highland Streets to Fresh Pond, and north and south from Concord Avenue nearly to Brattle Street. Through this area, now so thickly settled, there was not then a building of any kind. Most of the land was occupied by broad, smooth mowing lands; hobbly and, in places, boggy pastures; and fine old apple orchards, many acres in extent. There were also one or two bushy swamps, several groves of large oaks, a conspicuous cluster of tall white pines, a few isolated shell-bark hickories of the finest proportions, and a number of scraggy wild apple trees. There the dandelions and buttercups were larger and yellower, the daisies whiter and more numerous, the jingling melody of the Bobolink blither and merrier, the early spring shouting of the flicker louder and more joyous, and the long-drawn whistle of the meadow-lark sweeter and more plaintive than they ever have been or ever can be elsewhere, at least in my experience. It was here that I spent most of my school holidays in the early sixties collecting birds in company with Daniel C. French, now an eminent sculptor, or with Ruthven Deane, the well-known ornithologist. In early

spring we pursued the shy Redwings from tree to tree or beat the wet hollows for Wilson's Snipe, often flushing the latter birds by scores, but only very rarely and by the merest chance bringing one to bag. The migrating Warblers, Vireos, Sparrows, Flycatchers, etc., which frequented the orchards and scattered groves and thickets later in the season, proved easier of capture and supplied us with many a specimen whose novel beauty or imagined rarity thrilled our youthful senses with wonder and delight."

Another of Deane's boyhood friends, Henry W. Henshaw, writes:

"There are not many whose acquaintance with Ruthven Deane goes back so far as mine and I can recall many happy days spent in his company in the forest and swamp searching for birds. It is a far cry back to the time of the sixties when Ruthven Deane, Henry Purdie, and other boys, including myself, collected birds in Vassar Lane, Cambridge.

"Fresh Pond, too, with its broad expanse and mirror-like surface had its special attractions at all times of the year, but especially in fall, when migrating water birds in good numbers tarried here on their way south for rest and food. Both Deane and Brewster owned skiffs on the pond, were very skillful with the oar and paddle, and daybreak often found the twain afloat and endeavoring with varying success to outwit the wary ducks and geese.

"I recall an experience of our collecting days which we considered then a good joke on Ruthven Deane. He and I had found the nest of a Red-tailed Hawk, a capital prize at that time, which was built in the top of a tall and venerable oak. As I never was an adept at 'shinning a tree,' Ruthven was elected to do the climbing, at which he was past master. He had progressed well up towards the nest when suddenly we heard the near-by call of a Great Crested Flycatcher, a rare bird in our experience and which, indeed, I had never seen up to that time. Thus suspended between heaven and earth, 40 or 50 feet up a slippery tree trunk, Ruthven was unable to do anything more than hang on, and watch my successful efforts to stalk and collect the rarity while he voiced his opinion of my reprehensible conduct in thus taking advantage of a brother collector.

"There were no Audubon Societies in those days and our bags were limited solely by our sense of the fitness of things, but we never indulged in slaughter. I am sure that all told the series we collected made no appreciable difference locally in the number of birds. It would be difficult, however, to overestimate the pleasure we derived in adding to our series an occasional rarity, and the zest we took in hunting for nests and in studying the habits of our common birds. In those and subsequent years were laid the foundations of the ornithological knowledge which in various ways was to lend effective aid to the movement for the preservation of bird life, and which found its highest expression in such organizations as the Audubon Society of Illinois."

Mr. Deane's habit of keeping in touch with ornithological news through correspondence evidently began early and one of its results was the forming of new contacts with men who soon became warm personal friends. This is illustrated by Dr. A. K. Fisher, who writes: "My first acquaintance with Mr. Deane came through correspondence which was prompted by a note that I published in the *American Naturalist* in 1875 on the occurrence of a rare warbler. In a letter which was received after this informal introduction, he told me of the plan which was being carried out by the young ornithologists at Cambridge of publishing a journal of ornithology which would begin with January, 1876. He seemed very enthusiastic over the plate of the Brewster Warbler which was to appear as a frontispiece of the journal which subsequently was merged into *The Auk* when the American Ornithologists' Union was formed. I did not meet him personally until the spring of 1879, when he called at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, which was the beginning of an endearing friendship."

One of Deane's earliest associates in Cambridge was C. J. Maynard, who writes as follows: "One spring day about 1867, when I was placing some mounted birds that I had furnished for study in a cabinet in the Kendall School on Appian Way, Cambridge, and some of the boys were gathered about watching me and asking questions or making comments, one of them remarked that he had seen a Woodcock in a marsh or open meadow that morning. Thinking it was rather unusual to see a bird of this species in an open section during the daytime, I said, 'Are you sure it was not a Snipe?' Quick as a flash the boy answered, 'Don't you suppose I know a Woodcock from a Snipe?'"

"That boy was Ruthven Deane, as I knew a few days later when I was introduced to him by our mutual friend, William Brewster. Deane and I soon became fast friends and from his very evident knowledge of birds I soon became convinced that he did indeed know a Woodcock from a Snipe. Some time later, when Mr. Deane had begun his business career, there was scarcely a Sunday when he did not drive out to my laboratory in Newton to have a chat about birds and to tell me the ornithological news which he had a marvelous faculty of gathering. I always looked forward to his visits with pleasure.

"Upon my return from a trip to southern Florida, in June, 1871, I found a letter from Messrs. Brewster and Deane who were then at Upton, Maine, on Lake Umbagog, on a collecting trip, asking me to join them there, as birds were very abundant. I gladly accepted this invitation and found that birds were indeed abundant and we secured many valuable specimens, learning much of the avifauna of that section.

"I am, however, reminded of one disagreeable feature of that trip by a letter recently received from Mr. Deane under date of Jan. 17, 1925. After speaking of the appearance of Part 1 of Mr. Brewster's "Birds of Umbagog," he says: 'What an age ago it seems when we were in that



RUTHVEN DEANE IN EARLY YEARS

region collecting birds and fighting mosquitoes.' This is certainly true that we were literally fighting these little torments, for they came in swarms and covered our faces, necks, and hands with their poisonous punctures, but we got a fine collection of bird skins just the same.

"Mr. Deane had a wide acquaintance among ornithologists which he began to make quite early. I remember being with him about 1875, in the Museum of the Boston Society of Natural History, looking over the birds, when an elderly gentleman appeared whom Mr. Deane at once recognized and introduced to me as George N. Law-

rence of New York; thus I owed my first acquaintance with this celebrated ornithologist to Mr. Deane.

"About 1873, in spite of the fact that there were only two or three periodicals in the world devoted wholly to bird study, Mr. Deane and I were ambitious enough to propose publishing a magazine, the first in America, which should be devoted wholly to ornithology, and we issued circulars concerning it. This endeavor, however, failed on account of the refusal or neglect of most ornithologists to contribute to it. It was to be called *The American Ornithologist*."

Chicago and Illinois are proud of Ruthven Deane. Their pride carries with it a large measure of affection and a deep sense of indebtedness. He is a friend to all who love birds, an energetic worker in all their activities, an inspiration to younger men and a many-sided power in the community. As the years pass on, his interest never lags and no one expects it to do so for many more years to come.

Quail Investigation

MEMBERS of the American Ornithologists' Union and of the Inland Bird Banding Association have been sent copies of a reprint of the preliminary report of the Co-operative Quail Investigation provided by Mr. S. Prentiss Baldwin, of Cleveland, Ohio, and written by Herbert L. Stoddard.

The members of these organizations are especially invited to co-operate with the investigation by sending information and suggestions to the field headquarters, addressing Co-operative Quail Investigations, Beachton, Grady County, Ga.

The present report recites in brief the principal findings of the first six months' study—March 17 to September 30, 1924—of the life history of the bobwhite in southern Georgia and northern Florida. In the region between Thomasville, Ga., and Tallahassee, Fla., are numerous large estates, the winter homes of sportsmen, among whom quail shooting is a leading recreation. A committee of these sportsmen has made available a liberal fund to the U. S. Department of Agriculture for three years, with which the Biological Survey is to make a thorough investigation of the life history of the bobwhite quail and of all factors affecting its abundance.

One outstanding point in the findings for the first half year is the tremendous destruction of quail nests and eggs—60 to 75 per cent. It is doubtful whether this means that this proportion of pairs is entirely prevented from rearing young, but even so it is obvious that the number of birds produced in the area can be very greatly increased if only a part of this nest destruction is prevented. This is certainly a feasible first step in augmenting the numbers of quail, and the most urgently needed help for the quail so far revealed by the investigation is a campaign against ground vermin.

It is confidently expected that numerous interesting and valuable findings will result from the co-operative quail investigation, which will be by far the most complete study ever made of the life history of an American bird.

E. W. NELSON,

Chief, Bureau of Biological Survey.

“Puss Preys Upon White House Birds, So Cal Ousts Him”

From Chicago Evening Post, June 12, 1925

WASHINGTON, June 12.—(AP)—Blackie, coal-black White House cat, has incurred official disfavor and has been shorn of his rank.

Although fed plenty on choice scraps of food from the President's table, Blackie developed an appetite for birds and squirrels. Lately he has

done so much day and night prowling around the White House grounds looking for easy prey that Mr. Coolidge decided to give him away.

Today Blackie is in new surroundings at the home of a White House secret service man on the outskirts of Washington.

The cat is the third White House pet to fail to measure up to official requirements.

Tige, a feline of an unusually dissolute nature, would not stay at home and has been given up as a hopeless case, while Paul Pry, the airedale pup, became so officious that he had to be muzzled.

Everybody's Say-So

From Chicago Evening Post, June 26, 1925

CHICAGO, June 23.—To the Editor of *The Post*. Sir: There is no motion in heaven or earth more beautiful than the flight of gulls. It is the perfection of motion. The spirit follows it with utter accord. There is nothing in it to disturb or agitate or discompose the onlooker. There is nothing of the disconcerting, staccato flight of the swallow, the spasmodic flickering of butterflies, the brief voyagings of bluebird and finch and sparrow, the awkward travel of crows, or the sinister spiraling of the hawks. It is all curves, significant curves, the tracing of continuous beauty in the air.

The motion is so leisurely as to take the weariest spirit with it, yet so sure as to summon and allure into the infinite reaches of blue space. It is a rhythm allied to all great rhythms. As one watches the motion of the white wings, one is aware of all other sure and beautiful rhythms in the universe, the flowing of calm rivers to the sea, the cruising of clouds, the turning of the earth-sphere, the on sweep of the golden hours.

It is a motion of which the eyes and the soul could never tire. It is reposeful, even as it is pauseless. It is continuous, yet gracefully deviating. It is a poem written on the sky, with even cadence, yet with diversity of winged phrasing. No storm or rush of wind alters its dignity, its surety, or its grace. It is unerringly beautiful. It is the perfection of winged motion.

JULIA COOLEY ALTROCCHI.

NOTICE

*If you have any good bird news,
send it in to the Editor*

Birding in the City

CONTRARY to popular belief birds can be as readily seen in the city as in the country. Not only are they seen as readily but also more easily according to some people. For in the country there are so many birds that it is hard to see them accurately and to keep track of those seen. The object of this discourse is to show those people who live in the city and are unable to be in the country very long that they are unhandicapped, and that by going to certain "birdy" places they can see just as many birds as their friends in the country.

The first and easiest method for people in the city to study birds is by the backyard method. A feeding station, bird bath, and bird houses are put up as a means for attracting the birds. From twelve to about forty birds may be seen by this method. Among the many bulletins which may be had on the subject of attracting birds are the following: "How to Attract Birds in East Central States," Farmers' Bulletin 912—five cents; "How to Attract Birds in Northeastern States," Farmers' Bulletin 621—five cents, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.; "Attracting Birds About the Home," Bulletin 1—fifteen cents, National Association of Audubon Societies, New York; "Food, Feeding and Drinking Appliances and Nesting Material to Attract Birds"—seventeen cents, Massachusetts Department of Agriculture, 136 State House, Boston 9.

The various cemeteries offer another way to study birds. As they are easily accessible, and as no hunting goes on the birds come to know the cemeteries as a place of refuge. Many caretakers of cemeteries see to it that the proper trees and shrubs that attract birds are set out. Oakland, Graceland, and Rosehill cemeteries are among those that bird lovers visit for the birds to be seen.

The parks are among the most favored spots for bird observations during the autumn, winter, and spring when there are not so many people around. Garfield, Jackson, Lincoln, and Washington parks offer a great field of work to energetic ornithologists.

The lake shore is one of the best places for observing birds, but which few people seem to know. During the spring migration especially the birds make considerable use of the sheltered places for stop-overs. All the ducks, wading birds, and other water birds may be seen at some point on our lake front. The harbors (Belmont, Chicago, and Wilmette for examples) are sometimes literally covered with ducks during a stormy or windy period when the lake outside is too rough for them. Where the lake shore is more of a cliff or high stone breakwater, swallows, warblers, and other birds will be found during migrations.

It is possible for a person to see upwards of 100 different kinds of birds in the city in one year without going to the country or the surrounding forest preserves. In conclusion it might be said, "Don't get discouraged in the study of birds just because you live in the city."

ROLAND WILLIAMS.

Will the Wild Turkey Come Back?

In the national forests of the southern Appalachians, forest rangers report wild turkeys in increasing numbers and attribute the increase to the better protection of the forested regions from fire. A report of the North Carolina Geological Survey calls the wild turkey "the largest and noblest game bird found in the United States," and says that it is fairly common over a large area of North Carolina, wherever sufficient forests yet remain. In the San Isabel national forest of southern Colorado forest officers report flocks totaling at least two hundred. The Tonto and Sitgreaves forests of Arizona also report them in increasing numbers, and they still are found in other wooded or mountainous sections of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona and in the great marshes of the Gulf States.

A striking instance of the valiant effort which this noble bird is making to again assume its old-time place in American forest life, aided and abetted by Uncle Sam himself, is found in the Wichita National Forest and Game Preserve in southern Oklahoma.

GAME REFUGE IN NEW MEXICO

The city of Santa Fé, New Mexico, is rejoicing in its Santa Fé Canyon Game Refuge. The local paper thus plans for its future:

"Every possible assistance should be given the Santa Fé Game Protective Association in its enterprise of securing a shipment of deer from the Kaibab forest wherewith to stock the Santa Fé Canyon game refuge.

"One hundred deer would be a handsome start toward a woodland zoo at Santa Fé's back door. With proper protection there are sufficient bear in the protected area to increase rapidly if shooting is prevented; turkey and grouse should have a chance to multiply, the woods could be easily stocked again with Chinese pheasants with excellent prospects of a rapid increase in the number of these beautiful birds; the big blue tuft-ear squirrels will get a run for their money, and there is no limit to the variety of wild life that will have an opportunity to thrive.

"This game refuge can be made a very valuable asset to Santa Fé. People will come far to feed brown and black bears out of their flivvers and see the graceful deer quenching their thirst in the crystal waters of the Santa Fé River. Keep it full of trout and the Canyon will be one

of the most popular recreation places in the Southwest. Naturally the district is a forest paradise, with scenery unequaled, and every natural beauty to delight the visitor. The whole community should get interested in this project. It is going to take co-operation by everyone who goes into the woods to protect the wild animals."

KANSAS WANTS STATE BIRD

On January 29th all Kansas schools are asked by the Kansas State Audubon Society to vote for a State bird. There is much to be said, and being said, in favor of many different songsters. Prof. Wooster, Department of Biology, Kansas State Teachers' College, sums it up neatly when he says:

"A bird which is selected to be the State bird of Kansas should come as near to filling all the following conditions as possible:

"1. Common all over Kansas.

"2. Typical of Kansas and the Middle-West and its conditions as possible.

"3. Likable and popular and familiar to folks generally.

"4. Economically valuable—at least not questionable in its habits.

"5. Attractive or even beautiful in color and form.

"6. A good singer.

"7. As near an all-the-year resident as possible.

"Of course, no one bird can fulfill all these conditions ideally, and not all of these conditions are of equal importance; but the bird selected should come as near satisfying all these items as possible."

So far the birds most prominently mentioned are meadowlark, cardinal, bob-white and prairie chicken, with many ardent advocates for each.

Massachusetts Audubon Society Bulletin, Vol. VIII, No. 9.

Birds of a Small City Park

ON the east a small park covering a couple of city blocks. On the west a sidewalk-charted prairie. This is briefly the Indian Boundary Park region. A couple of large apartment buildings face the east end of the park. A row of cottonwoods obstructs the view of the prairie at the west end. An asphalt street and bungalows bound the south end, and to the north are some truck-gardens with green-houses beyond.

Walking west through the park one may pass, successively, the duck-pond, the children's bathing pool and playground, a broad stretch of lawn with a large tree in the center, a pergola, another narrower lawn partly occupied by tennis courts, then a sidewalk, and a road which has been in various stages of upheaval. The park, which is about three years of age, shows an average variety in park planting and an unusual excellence of landscape gardening. When we arrived in this neighborhood in March the fields west of the cottonwoods were quite marshy. The prairie, as I have already mentioned, is plotted with sidewalks, which stand rather high above the level of the ground.

In the duck-pond opposite the apartment buildings is an islet covered with cat-tails. There Mrs. Fulton and I observed for several days a red-wing who we hoped might settle down for the summer. The pond is abundantly stocked with fish. Probably this is the cause of our having the kingfisher as an early morning visitor. Across the pond and over the lawns to the north the barn swallows skim. In the truck gardens to the north we frequently saw the killdeer, and there also the kingbird has a perch. As we walk along the north edge, in an area just hidden from the playground by trees and bushes, the warblers flit during their spring migration. Of these I will append my list, with notations:

Wilson's, abundant
Waterthrush, abundant
Yellow, abundant
Chestnut-sided, common
Magnolia, common
Cape May, fairly common
Palm, fairly common
Redstart, fairly common
Myrtle
Maryland yellow-throat
Blackburnian
Black-throated green
Bay-breasted

The complete list of birds seen in this not apparently exceptional city neighborhood for six months is sixty-five. (Other warblers seen this season on the north side, but not observed in the Indian Boundary Park region, were the Mourning Warbler, Ovenbird, Blackpoll, Black-throated Blue, and Black and White.) Perhaps the prettiest sight of the season was a white-blossoming tree literally full of Wilson Warblers, near the pergola. I particularly delighted in stalking the white-crowned sparrow. He was very shy and difficult to observe, since he kept his distance on the white crushed-stone paths of the park. One fine day I had a close-up view when he was hiding in a white-blossoming tree on the northwest corner of the park. The tree, by the way, earlier was occupied by the ruby-crowned kinglet. The white-throat we also saw feeding beneath a bush.

We have now approached the sacred vicinity called "Mockingbird Area." One morning I saw a dark bird on the lawn with white markings on his wings, strangely reminiscent of winter days in Florida. I was startled, as my glance over the lawn had come to be quite cursory. I have the habit, by the way, when I make a good find, of dodging behind bushes and making a dash for our apartment breakfast-room. The performance, which must appear strange alike to the birds and to our neighbors, has a double object—that of getting the bird-glasses and telling Mrs. Fulton. "I've found a mockingbird—a mockingbird!" I shouted. Here ends the anecdote; otherwise I might betray who used the glasses next. Suffice it to say we had several observations, with and without glasses, as we saw him at least once each day from March 13th to 17th.

In March the fields west of the cottonwood row were decidedly marshy. Here we found the sora and the bittern. The sora I could only observe on the wing, although I made several observations. The black head and yellow bill, however, made it easily distinguished. The bittern I had stirred up, and noticed, had alighted near the path on the west side of the cottonwoods, which the children call the "jungle path" on account of the high weeds and grasses. The next morning I was looking for him, but was none the less startled when I did see him. I was standing still when I heard a slight sound. Looking a few feet in front of me, to the left of the path, I could barely distinguish his outline. It was early in the morning and the sun's rays were slanting. He was moving his long neck around in a leisurely way, not quite striking the perpendicular posture in which we most often see him pictured. He let me approach to within a few feet before he took flight.

Near the center of the row of cottonwoods there was a slight break through which one could walk. Here, in the fork of a tree, a mourning dove had built her nest. First, I spied the mother bird on her nest—several days later I peeked into it and saw a young bird within. That evening I discovered the road builders had driven a truck through at this point and had bruised the tree and damaged the nest. A few twigs and a

cotton string tied to horsehair were all that remained of the nest. The mother bird stayed around for a day or two—then she left.

A block west of the cottonwoods there is a depression between the sidewalks, on which the wet weather formed a long, shallow pool. Here I found sandpipers and plover, picking their way and teetering along its margins. One morning a pair of yellowlegs had joined them. (Walking on a high sidewalk, so that one's approach may be detected half a mile away, is a strange method of observing birds.) They flew off and alighted in another swamp, not far distant. These birds are the refined comics of spring—I take it. They never fail to put me in a jovial disposition.

One morning I arose early enough to see the bitterns take their flight eastward. There was a dull overcast sky and a high wind blowing from the west. Conditions had changed greatly in the prairie marsh during the weeks of our acquaintance—and this morning as I watched them I thought that they were leaving us for good. True enough, from that day forward I saw them no more. Nor did I see the sora or the yellowlegs again. A long drought set in, the sandpiper pool dried up, the earth became hard and cracked over the whole prairie. The persistent sultry call of the dickcissel might be heard everywhere across the fields: chu chu, chee chee chee-ee. The mahogany back of the male is rather striking in bird coloring. There was one pair in which I was particularly interested. They were always to be found in the vicinity of a stone pile in the weeds just beyond the end of a sidewalk. I suspected that they might be nesting, as they showed some anxiety on my first few visits. This pair were early arrivals and stayed late.

The meadowlarks' song from the prairie reaching almost to our back door enhanced our breakfast hour. They remained abundant, in spite of a large black cat who constantly roamed the fields. Perhaps this raider accounted for a few bobolinks, as well. As for the sparrow population, the chippies were few, the vesper fairly common, and the song sparrow delightfully in evidence from the first day of our arrival. The swamp sparrow I saw only once—during the wet season.

To return to the park: the view opposite our windows was particularly full of interest. One cold June day I watched the sparrows clinging to the nearly perpendicular side of a park sign. The indigo buntings on this same day were not able to content themselves so easily, but spent the time flying distractedly from one bush to another. Over the signboard was a robin's nest which the children liked to watch. (One of the pair of robins seemed to be greatly concerned over the evening tennis matches, and would never leave the ground for her nest until the nets were folded.) On a high bush, a few feet within, the goldfinches built and reared a family. The last day of July the fussing and chattering of the robins led to my discovery of four kingbird fledglings. I had often seen the kingbirds in pursuit of the yellow-billed cuckoo, who could be seen almost

any afternoon flying low over the lawns, and even occasionally between the apartment buildings.

And, finally, our habit of keeping an eye on this corner of the park from our sun-parlor windows was responsible for our second "find" of the season. It was a Sunday morning, July 19th to be exact, following a Saturday of road-making. There in the freshly upturned soil of the road stood the new bird, facing us, head erect—the Prairie Horned Lark!

LESTER B. FULTON

August 10, 1925.

7000 North Rockwell St., Chicago.

Publications Received

The July quarterly news letter of the Michigan Audubon Society contains many items of interest to bird lovers, not only of Michigan but to those of Illinois and adjoining states.

Reports of the survey made by Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Hastings, of South Lyon, and Professor and Mrs. Norman L. Wood, of the University Museum at Ann Arbor, for the purpose of establishing a sanctuary for the Kirtland Warbler, is a notable effort to protect a rare species.

A visit was made to the gull and tern colonies on Beaver Island, where the birds were found in fine condition, and the island was actually crowded by the avian population. Dr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Lincoln, of the United States Biological Survey, were already on the island, also Dr. and Mrs. Frank N. Wilson, of Ann Arbor. Michigan's wonderful forested area should be an ideal breeding ground for the myriads of birds that visit Illinois during both the spring and fall migrations.

The June number of the *Wilson Bulletin* is filled from start to finish with good items. Bird banding and general information about what the birds are doing in the territory covered by the *Bulletin* are treated in a most interesting and spritely manner.

In "Notes Here and There," delightfully intimate items are given describing the vocations of some of its members. What people do for a living is always intriguing, and to know of the perfectly fascinating "jobs" that some of the bird fans work at, is quite enlightening. Who would guess from Albert F. Ganier's title that he was one of the best ornithologists in Tennessee or how could one tell that Brockway Crouch, merchant of Knoxville, would almost close up his florist shop for the day, if he should hear even a rumor of a new bird visiting H. P. Ijam's bird sanctuary.

In the Ohio notes one finds a banker and a dahlia expert associated with zoölogists and other wise people. One wonders also does Dr. George R. Mayfield of Nashville ever forget and address the birds in German when listening to their songs? We shall look forward with anticipation to the continuation of the biographical notes.

"The Season" contains personal notes about the goings and comings of our bird friends from Massachusetts to California covering the April 15-June 15 period, and is full of carefully taken data as to the movement of bird life over widely separated sections of the United States. Readers of the Audubon Bulletin should have Bird Lore on their library tables.

Bird Lore for July-August is as always an encyclopedia of bird news, and the current number is always just a step ahead of each previous one. The controversy of the house wren bids fair to "start something," and if it is carried on without making enemies of friends it will be quite illuminating in its treatment of the life of birds as an example of the constant battle between animals for food, homes, and the "pursuit of happiness." It will also throw light on "the survival of the fittest."

For those seeking the last word in ornithological information we cheerfully recommend The Auk, which for over 40 years has been to Scientific Ornithologists what the Toronto Globe of Ontario has been to the Scotch Canadians, their Bible. The nearly 200 pages of the July number contain so much valuable and first-hand material that it is quite beyond the possibilities of our space to review it.

Having The Auk to read and refer to is like taking a postgraduate course in ornithology. From the Audubon Bulletin to The Auk is a far cry but even the layman might do worse than to begin with the Bulletin for primary study and interest, preparatory to graduation with The Auk.

The State of Pennsylvania has issued an attractive report of its work for bird protection. Bird houses, bird enemies, and bird foods are carefully and intelligently discussed. No state in the Union is doing more for the protection and preservation of its wild life than is Pennsylvania.

"Birds I Have Known" by R. H. Laimbeer, recently published, is a most interesting account of the pleasure of the author in attracting the birds around his home. It contains effective suggestions for every bird lover and particularly for those who think they know nothing of how to start the good work.

MEETING OF THE WILD LIFE SCHOOL

MCGREGOR, IOWA, AUGUST 8-20

Beginning with 1918 this unique out-of-door school has grown to be a very important event. The names of the faculty insure the success of the venture, and this year's program makes one wish that all could attend and get inspirations for greater love and understanding of the things under the open sky.

TREASURER'S ANNUAL REPORT, JUNE 9, 1925

RECEIPTS

Balance on hand, May 12, 1925	\$1792.14	
Dues collected	11.00	
Books and Leaflets sold	8.25	
Check Lists sold	1.50	
Interest on Bonds and Daily Balances	54.39	
		<u>\$1867.28</u>

DISBURSEMENTS

Books and Leaflets	\$9.00	
Directors' Meeting (Net)	8.00	
Second Excursion (Net)	31.95	
Membership Cards, etc.	46.00	
5000 Buttons	60.64	
Exchange on check05	
Bond and Acc. Interest	976.25	
Sundries	6.72	
	<u>1138.61</u>	
Bank Balance, June 9, 1925	728.67	<u>1867.28</u>

INVESTMENT OF ENDOWMENT FUNDS

U. S. Liberty Bonds—4¼%	\$3500.00	
Mrs. Carrie M. Raymond Bequest—C. C. C. & St. L. Bond	1000.00	
American Tel. & Tel. Bond	1000.00	
Philadelphia Suburban Water Co. Bond	1000.00	
		<u>\$6500.00</u>

(Signed) O. M. SCHANTZ,
Treasurer.

THE Illinois Audubon Society recommends the organization of Junior Audubon Societies under one or the other of the following plans:

First plan: Organize under the auspices of the National Association of Audubon Societies and take advantage of the special offer to pupils made possible by generous patrons of the Society. Each member paying ten cents will receive a set of six educational leaflets with colored pictures and outline drawings for coloring with crayons. Each member will also receive the Audubon button which represents a badge of membership in a Junior Audubon class. Each teacher who organizes a class of twenty or more receives a year's free subscription to *Bird-Lore*, the official organ of the Association. Address the Secretary, 1974 Broadway, New York City.

Second plan: Organize under the auspices of the Illinois Audubon Society. Each pupil is to pay fifteen cents for a copy of *Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard* published by the United States Government, copies to be obtained either from the Secretary of the Illinois Audubon Society or by sending directly to the Superintendent of Documents at Washington, D. C. To each member of a group provided with this beautifully illustrated bulletin the Illinois Audubon Society will give without charge the Audubon button of membership in the Illinois Society and will send to the leader of the group for a period of one year all the publications and special notices of the Society together with an illustrated certificate showing that the group is a member of the Illinois Audubon Society. Teachers wishing to enroll pupils under local plans may obtain Audubon buttons for two cents each.

Address

THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY

10 South La Salle Street

CHICAGO



No. 17

1926

THE AUDUBON BULLETIN

SPRING AND SUMMER



PUBLISHED BY
THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON
SOCIETY

Illinois Audubon Society

Service

THE Society has two collections of hand-colored lantern slides of bird life. These are lent free of charge to any school or organization in the state but borrower pays express charges both ways.

The Society publishes wall charts listing 200 typical Illinois birds and providing suitable spaces for recording migration and nesting data. Schools, Boy Scout organizations, and individuals as well, find these of great service. Price ten cents each.

The Society publishes a Pocket Check List of Birds with a colored zonal map. This list records every known species of birds that visits Illinois or nests within its borders. Included with this is a very useful key for the identification of nests. The Check List sells for fifty cents.

The Society publishes the Langdon Cat Circular which is invaluable in arousing interest in the question of protecting birds from marauding cats. Price five cents each.

The Society issues an illustrated card in the Italian language warning against violation of laws for bird protection. Price two cents each.

Address The Illinois Audubon Society

137 South La Salle Street, Chicago

President-Treasurer
Mr. Orpheus M. Schantz

Secretary
Miss Catharine A. Mitchell
Riverside

Vice-President
Mr. Jesse Lowe Smith
Highland Park

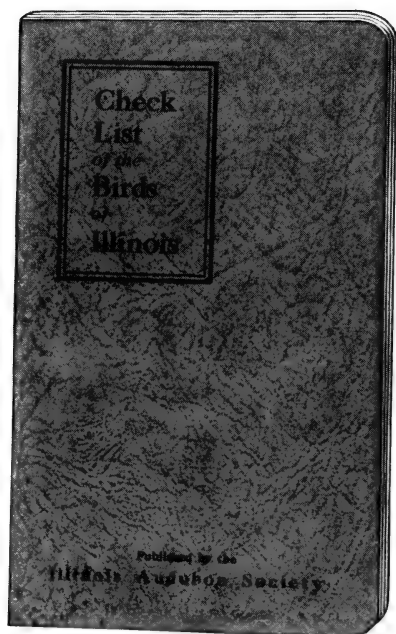
THE
AIMS & PRINCIPLES
OF THE
ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
ARE

FIRST: To encourage the study of birds, particularly in the schools, and to disseminate literature relating to them.

SECOND: To work for the betterment and enforcement of state and Federal laws relating to birds.

THIRD: To discourage the wearing of any feathers except those of the ostrich and domestic fowls.

FOURTH: To discourage, in every possible way, the wanton destruction of wild birds and their eggs.



The ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY'S Check List is one of the first State check lists issued.

A unique feature of the list is the zonal map of Illinois in colors.

It is a decided addition to ornithological literature, and can be used in bird study in the adjoining states.

Price 50c postpaid

The Audubon Bulletin

SPRING & SUMMER, 1926

No. 17

PUBLISHED BY THE
ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY

FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS

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YOUNG MOURNING DOVE

Photograph by Auguste Mathieu

The Mourning Dove

(*Zenaidura macroura*)

(*carolinensis*)

THERE has been much controversy over the standing of this beautiful northern member of the Pigeon family as to whether it shall be classed as a migratory bird, sportsmen contending that it is not, and bird conservationists equally insistent that it is. It remained for the bird banders to prove its standing, and in an earlier number of the Bulletin was published the results of the trial of a hunter in Georgia, in whose possession was found a banded dove. A wire was sent to the Biological Survey in Washington, D. C., giving the band number, and the records showed that the dove had been banded in Waukegan, Illinois, by Wm. I. Lyon. This record not only proved the hunter guilty of shooting a migratory bird out of season, but positively established the dove as a migratory bird.

As one travels across Illinois either by train or by automobile, pairs of doves fly across the highway or along the railroad right of way, seemingly in such numbers that it does not seem possible that their number might decrease from year to year.

The opening of the hunting season, however, sadly diminishes the dove population, for their size makes them an easy mark for the man or boy with a gun.

Contrary to general understanding that seed-eating birds, when young, are reared on insects, the young of the mourning dove are fed by the regurgitation of partially digested food by the parent birds into the ever-ready throat of the young. Young doves are entirely dependent on the parent birds until fully grown, hence the destruction of the adult doves results in the starvation of the young.

Mourning doves are quite irregular in their nesting habits and it is not unusual for nestlings to be found after the open season for shooting begins. The destruction of the adult doves may then automatically cause the death of the young.

On account of its size and it being primarily a seed eater, the mourning dove is of the greatest value because of the enormous number of weed seeds eaten every day during the summer.

If one will multiply the number of doves noted on a journey by 5000, a very good estimate may be made of the value of this delightful summer resident to the farmer, as a low estimate of the number of seeds consumed by each adult mourning dove runs from five to eight thousand per day.

This beneficial bird should be included with the quail in a campaign to educate rural communities as to the great value of both to the farmer and orchardist.

Ridgway Memorial Fund

THE small amount of the pension allotted to employees of the Government on their reaching the retirement age is a serious matter to thousands of faithful servants of Uncle Sam. Many men leave work that they enjoy doing because of fear of the future.

Others remain loyal to their departments and stay in spite of almost certain penury at the end of a life of service. One of the finest examples of long years of faithful and unselfish service is that of Robert Ridgway, noted ornithologist and botanist of our own state.



Photograph by Orpheus M. Schantz

RUTHVEN DEANE, ROBERT RIDGWAY, R. F. POWERS

At the meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union in New York City, in November, 1925, Dr. Frank M. Chapman presented the idea of making Bird Haven a wild life refuge as a memorial to Mr. Ridgway. The project was endorsed by the American Ornithologists' Union at this meeting, and a committee authorized to consist of a representative from the American Ornithologists' Union, one from the Wilson Ornithological Club, and one from the Cooper Ornithological Club of California. These two other organizations later also gave their approval.

The committee formed to take charge of the project consists of Dr. Harry C. Oberholser, Chairman, representing the American Ornithologists' Union; Mr. Percival B. Coffin, of Chicago, representing the Wilson Ornithological Club; and Mr. Harry Harris, of Eagle Rock, California, representing the Cooper Ornithological Club. Representatives who will head committees in the various states of the union and in Canada, for the raising of the fund necessary, are now being appointed and will be announced in the near future.

At the last A. O. U. meeting held in New York the question of Mr. Ridgway's service to the country and to ornithology was discussed and without any opposition it was decided that a fund should be raised sufficient to provide some income for Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway during



Photograph by Norman McClintock

A GROUP OF VISITORS AT LARCHMOUND

their lives, as well as to the perpetual care of Bird Haven, Mr. Ridgway's wonderful place near Olney, Illinois.

To this end a committee has been appointed and a Board of Trustees selected to raise the necessary funds and provide for their proper investment.

The Fund Committee will plan a campaign covering every State in the Union, and an opportunity will be given for all bird lovers to contribute according to their ability, towards raising this fund and thereby proving the appreciation of those who know of Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway

and their priceless aid in caring for and disseminating knowledge of the birds.

The Directors of the Illinois Audubon Society, after hearing of the plan for a Ridgway Memorial, decided to aid the movement by having a motion picture made at the Ridgway home, Larchmound, and at Bird Haven, showing the bird life at both places, and including in the picture the activities of Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway in their daily service to the bird life of Illinois.

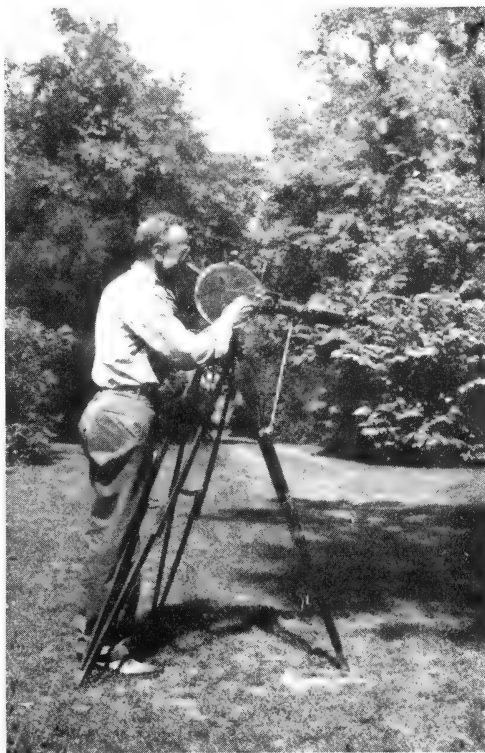
Arrangements were made with the famous naturalist-photographer, Norman McClintock, of the University of Pittsburgh, to make the film. On the third of June Mr. McClintock reached Olney, and on the fourth of June, Mr. Ruthven Deane, for more than 50 years an intimate friend and correspondent of Mr. Ridgway, and the President of the Illinois Audubon Society, Mr. Schantz, joined Mr. McClintock.



Mr. Ridgway and Mr. Deane had not seen each other for forty years, and it may easily be imagined that there was much to talk about. With a background of wonderful bloom of roses and flowering shrubs, the picture man with his Akely machine began the task of filming the birds, Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway, and Mr. Deane, as they wandered about the place among

the wonderful plant life that with loving care Robert Ridgway has brought to a perfection and beauty difficult to find elsewhere.

Mr. Ridgway's wide knowledge and his long connection with the U. S. Museum has enabled him to select plant life that would thrive at Larchmound and Bird Haven, so that he has on his sanctuaries a marvelous collection of both native and introduced plants, which have under the wizardry of his understanding of their requirements, become a part of the famous arboretum at Olney. It is planned that in the Autumn the film will be available for use, and through this film thousands of bird lovers will have an opportunity to see on the screen the wonders of Larchmound and Bird Haven with Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway ministering to the needs of the birds. Southern forms of many birds meet their northern relatives at the Ridgway bird tables and partake of the bounteous repasts of ground raw peanuts, sunflower seed and corn that are constantly spread for them. No birds are forgotten and a special suet post has been prepared for the woodpeckers.



Photograph by Orpheus M. Schantz

FILMING LARCHMOUND

The Ridgway Memorial

AT THE meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union in New York City, in November, 1925, Dr. Frank M. Chapman presented the idea of making Bird Haven a wild life refuge as a memorial to Mr. Ridgway. The project was endorsed by the American Ornithologists' Union at this meeting, and a committee authorized to consist of a representative from the American Ornithologists' Union, one from the Wilson Ornithological Club, and one from the Cooper Ornithological Club of California.

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Unique Nesting Sites

In June

WHILE on a visit to the Mississippi Bluffs at Savannah, in June, Mrs. F. T. Baroody, the Bird Lady of Savannah, piloted the editor to many of her favorite bird haunts. The climax of the day's outing was the introduction to a pair of blue-winged warblers as they came to drink and bathe in a tiny brooklet in a thicket of willows. Never having seen this rare warbler before, it was a very great privilege to sit and watch them from the vantage of a worm-infested thicket as they preened their feathers after the bath.

To the same thicket came a pair of Kentucky warblers, also a rare treat, but more shy.

The beautiful bluffs of the Mississippi at Savannah with their strikingly eroded forms are a part of the unique unglaciated area that includes the four corners of Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin.

The region is ideal for bird life, as its varied topography provides all sorts of conditions for their feeding and nesting.

On the rear of a deserted cabin we found the nest of a house wren,



Photograph by Orpheus M. Schantz

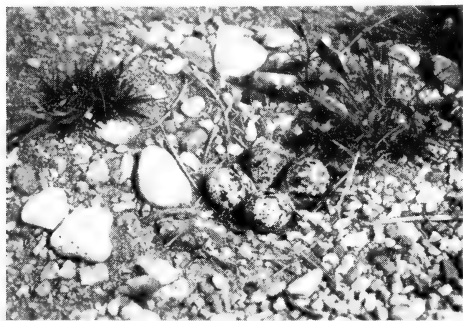
NESTING SITE OF CHICKADEE

hidden in the folds of a weather-beaten cotton undershirt, which had been hung out and forgotten.

Along the automobile highway, which ran parallel to the main line of the Burlington Railway, the young men who were surveying for the new Government highway which is to connect the Arsenal at Rock Island with the proving grounds at Savannah, discovered in the top of a cedar fence post a bird's nest which they were unable to identify.

Seeing the "Bird Lady" drive by they hailed her and showed her the nest of a chickadee about eight inches below the top of the decayed center of the post. Not only is the Savannah region noted for its bird life, but its plant life is equally fascinating, being quite different from that of the glaciated areas adjoining it, and containing many species that are rarely found so far south. During the same outing the writer spent a couple of days in the far-famed Apple River Canyon in Joe Davies County, Ill., where were found pink May apple blossoms, a tiny northern pink primrose, several hundred miles south of its normal habitat, a colony of the rare Fee's Lip fern, and an ugly sluggish rattler, who, after being tethered, would obligingly rattle when poked with a stick.

Savannah is located at the lower end of the Mississippi River wild life sanctuary, and during the writer's visit it was reported that over eight hundred acres had been favorably passed upon for purchase.



NESTING SITE OF HOUSE WREN

Farther north, in Iowa, at MacGregor, the Session of the Wild Life School convenes in August of each year, to which come in increasing numbers nature lovers from the surrounding regions of the adjoining states. This interesting vacation school should appeal to naturalists from nearby Illinois.

O. M. S.



Photo by Orpheus M. Schantz

STEAMBOAT ROCK, APPLE RIVER CANYON

Wild Life School at McGregor, Iowa

EACH year shows an increasing interest in the American School of Wild Life Protection, so that a real institution has now developed from a tentative venture in the beginning.

Less than ten years ago this vision of practical Utopia presented itself to Dr. Geo. Bennett. Under his direction it is now carried through to complete success by a group of the finest educators in Iowa, aided by the U. S. Biological Survey and other able patrons.

There is a rare charm about the little town of McGregor. Rich in natural attractions it is unusually well adapted to the purposes of the school. From the wooded bluff-top over which the campus stretches, one has a splendid view of the meeting of the waters of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers. The lotus beds lie before one; Indian mounds of indefinite age are found not only on the school grounds, but for miles

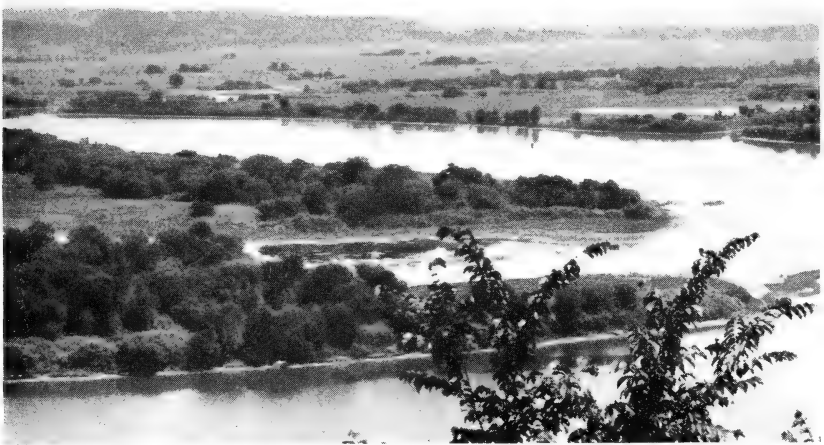
to the north and south along the tops of the bluffs. Wild flowers abound, and birds of lowland and hill are equally in evidence. The forests show specimens dating back before the arrival of the white man to this country, while the colorings of the St. Peter's sandstone paint pictures on the hillsides.

More than two hundred and fifty regular students enrolled during the 1926 session. Besides these there were many transient visitors, the people who drift in for a sample their first year and return for the entire program later.

New members on the regular faculty were Dr. A. O. Thomas of the University of Iowa, in the Department of Geology, and Prof. G. B. McDonald, Iowa State College, in Forestry. The bird instruction was carried on as usual by Dr. H. C. Oberholser, representing the Biological Survey, and Dr. L. T. Weeks. Dr. Weeks took daily early morning field trips and read from his books of bird poetry. Dr. Oberholser's lectures included a moving picture of bird life in the Pacific Islands, which is quite the finest thing of its sort in the possession of the Government.

Dr. Thomas S. Roberts, who came with his colleague, Mr. Kilgore, from the State University of Minnesota, as a guest member of the faculty added very much to the school's Department of Ornithology. He gave the history of the establishment of bird study in Minnesota, describing the appeal made by the university to the children of the public schools. Six reels of moving pictures were used as examples of his educational material.

MRS. E. T. BARODY.



MISSISSIPPI RIVER, MCGREGOR, IOWA
HORSE SHOE ISLAND

IN MEMORIAM

Within the year two of the founders of the Illinois Audubon Society have crossed the Great Divide—Mrs. Emma S. Adams and Miss Mary Drummond. Miss Drummond was for many years the devoted secretary of the Society and gave much of her time and money serving the cause which she so deeply loved.

After it was no longer possible for her to attend meetings, she kept in close touch with the activities of the directors, aiding by council and generously giving when money was needed. In her will she provided for a bequest of \$3,000.00, which will be added to the endowment fund, increasing it to \$14,500.00.

Mrs. Adams had not been active in the Society for many years, though like Miss Drummond she had been made an honorary director. Also with Miss Drummond she had for many years been a faithful and active bird lover, not only serving as a director, but exerting an influence for bird study and conservation.

The passing of these faithful women leaves only a very few of the original founders of the Society still living.

Within the month another former director has suddenly departed this life, Frank Morley Woodruff, for many years curator of the Academy of Sciences. Outside of Mr. Woodruff's ornithological work, he was widely known for the habitat groups representing the natural topography of the Chicago Region, which were produced in wonderful perfection through enlargements made of the photographs taken by him.

These groups are a principal attraction in the Academy of Sciences exhibits in Lincoln Park, and are visited annually by many thousands from all sections of the city and visitors from other cities and the country.

Mr. Woodruff was widely known as an authority on shore birds, and as an expert taxidermist. His great collection of colored slides was purchased by the Society of Visual Education, and covered not only ornithology, but plant life and the varied scenic attractions of northern Illinois.

Mr. Woodruff was active in the Adventurers' Club, and had a wide acquaintance among naturalists.

A short sketch of Mrs. Drummond's life will appear in the next Bulletin.

The Audubon Bulletin

SPRING & SUMMER, 1926

PUBLISHED BY ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
FOR THE CONSERVATION OF BIRD LIFE

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EDITORIAL

IT WAS hoped that the present issue of the BULLETIN might be announced as the Spring number, and again establish the publication of two bulletins in one year.

But again it has been found impossible to get it out in season, and the term Spring and Summer is found more appropriate. During the past year three of the older directors have finished their labors, notice of their demise being made under Obituary.

The Memorial Fund for the perpetuation of Bird Haven, Robert Ridgway's contribution to the Natural History of Illinois, seems at this writing to be an assured success.

A part of the Illinois Audubon Society's contribution to the raising of the fund was the making of 1000 feet of film by Norman McClintock, of Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway, their home grounds at Larchmound, Olney,

Illinois, and the Bird and Plant Sanctuary, Bird Haven, a few miles outside of Olney. The film is to be used when feasible, to show the work done by Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway, and to acquaint their friends and admirers with the beauties of their surroundings.

The endowment fund has been increased \$3,000.00 by a bequest in the will of Miss Mary Drummond, making the total of the endowment fund \$14,500.00, and bringing the Society much nearer the point of being able to have a permanent paid Secretary.

In this number is the second appreciation of a living Illinois ornithologist, that of Stephen Alfred Forbes, head of the Biological Department of the University of Illinois. There are few men living in the United States who have done more to bring before the youth of the country the necessity of understanding the natural resources of the country, and the great need for conservation of all forms of animal and plant life.



Photo by Howard Taylor Middleton

GREAT CRESTED FLYCATCHER

At an age when most men have retired from active life, either from mental or physical incapacity, Dr. Forbes is the active head of his department in one of the greatest universities in the United States, constantly contributing to the intimate knowledge of the resources of the State as evidenced in the forest, streams and prairies, and their relation to the welfare of the people, present and future.

It is gratifying to be able to give honor to Dr. Forbes when he may be able to read our appreciation of his long and efficient service.

Plans are being made to have the President devote the winter months to a campaign for a larger membership in the Society throughout the State and to stress the value of Bird Conservation.

A True Bird Tale

TO HAVE a real live chickadee come and live in the school room with me and my children, was the delightful experience I had one whole day in October. Donald had found him that morning, asleep as he said, at the foot of a tree. "I just picked him up, cuddled him warm in my hand and brought him to you." I looked the bird over but could find nothing the matter with him, so I perched him on a little jar of twigs on my desk. He stretched himself a bit, looked inquiringly around, then murmured a happy little song to himself. Suddenly he flew over to where the children and I were sitting on the little green chairs at a reading lesson, perched on my shoulder and "Dee-deed" with all his might, and then fluttered from book to book.

The children fairly held their breath for fear of frightening him. Phyllis offered him a cookie, which he pecked at daintily. Flo remembered the chickadee fare on the lunch counter at the window and fed him bits of suet and nut meats.

We talked about him, sang about him and wrote about him. We carried him down to a music appreciation lesson where he outdid the victrola. He liked best sitting on the finger of my left hand, and being fed dainty morsels of hard-boiled egg that I had brought in my lunch. Through the whole hour he stayed with me, he either perched on my shoulder or on the back of my chair. He posed with me several times as if having his picture taken was an everyday affair.

In the afternoon while the little folks were busy cutting, our dear little friend flew among them, sometimes alighting on the arm or knee and even perching on Mary Jane's pencil while she carried him off to show the children in the next room. Dick had a big red apple in his desk which seemed to attract him. With lifted head, but shaky feet, he whistled sweetly for us. How we laughed over him, loved him and wished that he might stay "forever." But as night drew near, and we opened wide our door, he flew—strong once again—into the blue.

"Good-bye, good-bye, little bird, come back again," the children called, "we can never forget you."

And the memory of that visit is still sweet, the happiest and fullest day of our lives.

GENEVIEVE ZIMMER,
Grant School, Moline, Illinois.



STEPHEN ALFRED FORBES

Stephen Alfred Forbes An Appreciation

Frank Smith—Urbana, Illinois

THE very interesting article on Ruthven Deane, Chicago's much loved ornithologist, which appeared in a recent number of the Audubon Society BULLETIN is introduced by a statement to the effect that whether or not the old proverb concerning the lack of honor for a prophet in his own country expresses the truth "depends upon the prophet." Doctor Stephen A. Forbes of Urbana, Illinois, is another Illinois ornithologist who is honored and appreciated at home as well as abroad. I have designated him as an Illinois ornithologist because he is an Illinois man who has been very much interested in the birds of the State and has contributed much to our knowledge of them and to an appreciation of their important relation to agriculture and to our welfare in other ways. The designation is misleading in so far as it conveys an implication that his interest in the birds has been chiefly in the accumulation of collections of specimens, or of data pertaining to local distribution, or in morphological and taxonomic studies. Doctor Forbes has been interested in the birds because they are members of the great complex group of animal organisms, including man, which exists in Illinois, and because he has been interested in a study of the interrelations and interdependence of the various members of this complex group.

Endowed with an unusual mental equipment and actuated by a strong desire for service, Doctor Forbes has found his vocation and avocation in the promotion of an extensive series of investigations and publications, in part his own and in part by numerous other scientists whose aid he has been able to enlist in carrying on the work of the Illinois Natural History Survey and of the office of the State Entomologist. These activities cover a period of more than fifty years.

Following four years of service in the War of the Rebellion, during which, at the age of 20 years, he became a captain, Doctor Forbes studied for a time at a medical school and taught a few years in public schools.

He then, in 1871, became connected with the State Normal University at Normal, Illinois, first as student and later as a teacher of zoölogy. In 1872 he became Curator of the Illinois State Museum of Natural History at Normal, which later, in 1877, was converted by legislative enactment into the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History with Doctor Forbes as Director. His relations to the work of preparation of

teachers of zoölogy and to the Museum of Natural History as Curator brought a realization of the great lack of knowledge of most kinds of animal life in Illinois, and also of the desirability of the introduction of natural science into the public schools of the State with the objective methods of instruction in the same. Not content to merely follow the custom of most naturalists of the time and build up collections and make systematic studies of them with the descriptions of the new species that happened to be included, Doctor Forbes realized the importance of careful and extended investigations into the life histories of these animals and of their relations to their surroundings. He did noteworthy pioneer work in these fields of investigation long before the term ecology came into general use.

Thoroughgoing studies of the food of many common kinds of birds, of many of the important types of fishes, and of the relations of useful and harmful insects to each other and to crops, were the basis for a series of papers, useful not only to the teachers of biology and to scientists, but to agriculturists and those interested in fish cultural problems. In order that such papers might be available to the teachers of the State and to agriculturists and others most interested, Doctor Forbes established a series of bulletins of which the 6th volume is now current. The first one appeared in 1876 as Bulletin No. 1 of the Illinois Museum of Natural History and contained six papers dealing with zoölogical and botanical groups. The next Bulletin appeared in 1878 as Bulletin No. 2 of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History and contained seven papers of which six were concerned with animal groups and of these, two by Doctor Forbes dealt with the food habits of fishes.

Bulletin No. 3 appeared in 1880 and most of the papers contained therein dealt with the food of fishes and the food of birds. The latter subject was discussed in a paper of 76 pages with numerous tables dealing with the results of an examination of the stomachs of 315 specimens of birds belonging to the Thrush family, including the Robin, and to the Mockingbird family, including the Catbird and Brown Thrasher. These had been collected at various times of the year in various parts of the State. An additional series of 108 stomachs of Bluebirds was also carefully studied. Accompanying this mass of data were especially able discussions of the economic importance of the various species and their relation to agriculture and horticulture. Other papers during the next three years extended the list of bird species studied and contributed further to an understanding of their economic value and relations.

A tribute to the importance of these contributions is found in the well-known Manual of Economic Ornithology by Weed and Dearborn and entitled "Birds in Their Relations to Man." The dedication of this book is as follows: "To Stephen Alfred Forbes, Director of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History whose classic studies of

the economic relations of birds will long remain the model for later students, this book is gratefully inscribed." A further tribute is found in a review by Dr. Elliott Coues in the Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club (1883). The article considered was by S. A. Forbes and entitled: "The Regulative Action of Birds upon Insect Oscillations." A two-page review begins: "Our best authority upon the insect food of birds has continued his observations upon the subject." The final paragraph of the review is as follows: "We trust Professor Forbes will not desist from his good work. Such exact data as these are just what is required for the solution of the general problem which is offered by the relation of the bird-world to agriculture."

In a six-page article in Volume VI of the above named Bulletin (1880) J. A. Allen discusses literature dealing with the relation of insectivorous birds to man and gives chief attention to the papers of Doctor Forbes and one paragraph is as follows: "To Professor Forbes is due the credit of not only first directing attention to the subject, but of first instituting systematic research respecting the relation of birds to predacious and parasitic insects." Foreign recognition of the value of these contributions is found in reviews of some of his papers and in the award of first-class medal of the Societe d'Acclimation de France for scientific publications (1886).

In 1882 Doctor Forbes was appointed State Entomologist and in 1884 the range of his duties became still more complex and his opportunities for public service still further increased by his appointment as Professor of Zoölogy and Entomology at the University of Illinois at Urbana. This appointment involved the removal of the headquarters and equipment of the office of State Entomologist and of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History from Normal to Urbana and also involved the planning, supervision and much of the instruction in the courses offered in Zoölogy and Entomology. The multitudinous duties in these three lines of service, as State Entomologist, Director of the Natural History Survey work and Professor of Zoölogy and Entomology were successfully performed during a period of 25 years and then in 1909 a separate Department of Entomology was organized and Professor Forbes was made head of this department and relieved of responsibility for the work of the Department of Zoölogy. During the period 1888-1905 he also served efficiently as Dean of the College of Science.

In 1917 a reorganization of the work of the State Laboratory of Natural History and of the State Entomologist led to the merging of the activities of the two into one organization, the Division of the Natural History Survey of the State of Illinois, Department of Registration and Education, with Doctor Forbes as Chief of the Division. In 1921 he was relieved from responsibility for the work of the Department of Entomology and thus permitted to give more attention to the work of the Natural History Survey in which he is still actively engaged

after more than fifty years of productive work in extending our knowledge of biology in the State.

After undertaking work in the University of Illinois, in addition to his other activities, the opportunities for extensive work along ornithological lines were necessarily decreased, but still some noteworthy things have been accomplished. An examination of the general introduction and of the preface to the well-known work of Robert Ridgway on the Birds of Illinois reveals the fact that it was undertaken at the request of Doctor Forbes and that it was a publication of the State Laboratory of Natural History.

Among the educational exhibits at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893, were some by the State Laboratory of Natural History and by the University of Illinois. One of these was an exhibit of birds that attracted much attention and favorable comment and which was planned by Doctor Forbes, who secured the services of an especially competent taxidermist, Charles F. Adams, for its preparation and installation. It included a collection of 53 common game birds of Illinois mounted as dead game; a series of four "biological groups mounted in various naturalistic attitudes, with natural accessories indicating haunts, habits and the like," and "a general collection of all of the birds of the State grouped according to their distribution within the State at different seasons of the year." This last collection included about 700 specimens, most of which were well mounted and the habitat groups included two especially attractive ones of Wild Turkeys and Prairie Chickens. These collections ultimately were deposited in the Natural History Museum of the University where they are objects of much interest to visitors and especially useful as part of the equipment utilized in the courses in ornithology. In an article by Frank M. Chapman in *The Auk* (Vol. X) entitled "Ornithology at the World's Fair," in his discussion of the various state exhibits we find the following statements: "In this department Illinois is easily leader. Its collection, placed in the State Building, is well mounted and the method of arrangement is one which might well be followed in the display of similar collections."

Beginning with the establishment of the Biological Station on the Illinois River in 1894, the major part of the activities of the State Laboratory of Natural History, not utilized in the solving of entomological problems related to agriculture and horticulture, have been devoted to an extensive and thorough study of the highly important and extremely complex series of organisms in a river system. A splendid volume of the fishes of the State by Forbes and Richardson and several volumes devoted to various other kinds of animal forms and of their relations to each other, have been a part of the results of this work, and an increased knowledge of the complex results involved in river pollution is another important outcome.

Relatively little time has been left for problems in ornithology, but Doctor Forbes in 1905 undertook a new kind of investigation of the birds of Illinois which has produced interesting results. An understanding of the general purpose of this investigation and of the method of operation is made clear in the following quotations from two of the five papers already published in which the data are presented and discussed. These quotations will also serve to give something of an idea of the clear-minded, comprehensive point of view with which Doctor Forbes has attacked such problems and of his unusual skill in giving expression to his thoughts. The general purpose of the studies is given in the following excerpt from a paper entitled, "An Ornithological Cross-Section of Illinois in Autumn," published in 1907 in the *Bulletin of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History* (Vol. VII): . . . "In special ecology the species is the all-important, dominating center; in general ecology each species takes its appropriate place—dominant, important, subordinate, or insignificant—according to its dynamic value as a part of the whole."

"Precise studies in animal ecology have heretofore been made mainly in the special field, necessarily so in the beginning since a knowledge of the ecology of species must precede that of groups or assemblages of species. These special studies are, however, merely preliminary to a general study of the dynamic system of organic life as exhibited in its larger and more complex units. Without the corrective and organizing influence of such a study of the system as a whole, our ideas of that system must be badly proportioned and correspondingly inadequate or misleading—a fact readily illustrated by the state of our knowledge and opinion respecting the ecological significance of birds.

"To learn what we now know of the effects of the activities of birds has required much difficult, expert, time-consuming study, especially of the details of their food, since it is mainly through the food relation that birds affect the welfare of other animals and of plants. These studies, although both qualitative and quantitative as related to the welfare of the various species of birds themselves, have been qualitative only as concerning the relation of birds to the general welfare; and we have little but vague estimate and doubtful surmise in place of a definite knowledge of the relative ecological value of the various species, and equally little knowledge, in consequence, of the total significance of birds as a class. We do know fairly well (owing, in part, to the early work of this Laboratory¹, but mainly to that of the United States Biological Survey) the principal features of the food of many species of our common birds, but we cannot lay these data together for an intelligent estimate of the total effect of the life of birds on their environment except on the supposition that the various species are about equally abundant wherever they occur. That this is not the fact is

¹See *Bull. Ill. State Lab. Nat. Hist.*, Nos. 3 and 6, Vol. I.

obvious to everyone, and it must be equally obvious, consequently, that until we know how abundant, on an average, the various species are in the various parts of the country and throughout the country at large, we can make little definite application, either scientific or strictly practical, of the knowledge we now have. Our present information in this field is like a chain, one of the links of which is missing and has been replaced by a piece of twine. To substitute iron for cotton at this point is the object of the studies now in progress in Illinois on the local distribution, average numbers and ecological preferences of the various species of Illinois birds."

The general method of procedure followed in acquiring the data is presented in the following quotations from a paper entitled "The Orchard Birds of an Illinois Summer" by Stephen A. Forbes and Alfred O. Gross, published in 1921 in the *Bulletin of the Illinois State Natural History Survey* (Vol. XIV). The expressions "plankton method" and "plankton net," when used, refer to a net and methods for securing the minute floating and free-swimming organisms from the open water of a lake or river and determining the exact and relative numbers of each kind.

Having realized for many years the urgent need of numerical data concerning the species of birds in the State as indispensable to their valuation as ecological, and especially as economic agencies, it occurred to the senior author in 1905 that an equivalent of the plankton method might be used in the ornithological field by putting in place of the plankton net, two men who should walk in parallel lines a definite distance apart, should identify and count all the birds flushed by them or crossing their track on a strip of a given width—say 150 feet—and should make at the same time a precise record of the kinds of surface and situations which they were traversing, of the distances traveled over each successively, and of the kinds of birds seen and the numbers of each kind on each such section of the 150-foot strip. The product of such a series of expert observations would be like that of a huge net a hundred and fifty feet wide, drawn in straight lines across every kind of crop or other surface vegetation,² by which all the birds found there should be caught and held until they had been identified and counted. The data so obtained would evidently be quite as useful for their purpose as those of the plankton net, and the results of their collation and analysis would be quite as dependable.

A satisfactory test of the method having been made during the summer of 1905 on a 400-acre grain and stock farm belonging to the University of Illinois, two assistants were engaged, both students of the University at the time—one the junior author of this paper, who

²Forests of tall trees were avoided since the birds there could not be listed exhaustively; and in orchards, the more open woods, patches of close shrubbery, and the like, the strip surveyed was usually narrowed to sixty feet.

was responsible for the identification and counting of the birds, and the other a companion, whose duty it was to walk at a measured pace at a fixed distance to the left of his leader, and to count and record the number of steps taken over each kind of situation. It was the original plan to devote a single year to these observations, dividing each of the successive seasons between the three sections of the state—northern, central, and southern—in such a way that we might have a detailed and carefully shaded picture of the bird life of each section in all four seasons of the year. This plan was carried through successfully for a year, beginning August 29, 1906; and additional trips were made for special purposes during the later summer of 1908 and the entire summer season of 1909 These trips, all taken on foot, aggregated 2,825 miles, and on them 64,685 birds were recognized and counted.

The data obtained from the various trips and records made during these investigations have been the basis for two papers by Doctor Forbes and three papers with the joint authorship of Doctor Forbes and Professor Alfred O. Gross of Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine. These papers have been published in the *Bulletins of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History* (Vol. VII and IX) and of the *State Natural History Survey* (Vol. XIV).

Comparatively few people are in a position to realize the extent and importance of the services which Doctor Forbes has rendered to the people of Illinois and of the country, because they involve such a wide range of activities. His election a few years ago to membership in both the National Academy of Sciences and the American Philosophical Society is evidence that their scientific importance is recognized. To achieve distinction in the fields of economic entomology, ichthyology, ornithology, taxonomy of Crustacea, as well as in the complex subject of river biology and stream pollution, and also to perform efficiently the administrative duties of the various positions he has filled is enough to make three or four men widely known and appreciated. It is in part due to an unusual mental equipment and ability to distinguish the essentials, and also to his ability in enlisting loyal service from competent assistants who have been glad to serve under his leadership."

Purple Martin in Winter

GENE STRATTON-PORTER once wrote about having seen a purple martin near her home in winter; I think it was in the month of February, but I am not certain. She thought it had come north to see if its summer home was all right. I have had a similar experience twice within the last four years. Once while I was putting up a new tree swallow house (Feb. 24, 1923) I saw a bird flying slowly toward me in a southerly direction, and as it was only about seventeen feet from the ground at the time, I had no difficulty in identifying it. It flew directly over my head and kept turning its head from side to side as though it was on the lookout for a new home.

Yesterday evening at twenty minutes after three o'clock I was watching from a window when I saw a bird with the characteristic shape and flying movements of a purple martin, flying toward me. I gained a vantage point from where I could view the approaching bird.

It flew about fifteen feet above the ground so that I had a good view of it. I could see the short stream-line body with its forked tail and the steel blue plumage.

The steady movement of its wings also helped me to identify it, for it was flying slowly in a westerly direction.

I have studied birds as a hobby since 1918, and I began to keep a notebook in 1922, since when I have kept it quite regularly day after day, although I missed jotting everything, sometimes for several days. However, I have always tried to list the birds I would see each day.

During the month of January, 1925, I saw the following birds in and about the order in which they are listed: red-headed woodpeckers, red-bellied woodpeckers, several downy woodpeckers, one hairy woodpecker, several flickers, bluejays and grackles, in flocks, juncos, wrens, cardinals, titmice, several sparrow hawks, one red-tailed hawk and two other large ones that I could not identify, a screech owl, robins at intervals, and one time I estimated a flock of over fifty robins in a field two blocks from home. I also saw a gull, a large flock of wild ducks, goldfinches, meadow larks in abundance, and bluebirds.

The purple martins begin to arrive here about March 28, and have done so since I first began to notice them in 1921.

CHESTER L. CONLEY,
Metropolis, Illinois.

*Photo by Howard Taylor Middleton*

CATBIRDS

Annual Outing

THE Third Spring Outing was held in the Portage Tract of the Cook County Forest Preserve on Saturday, May 22nd. The date was a week later than usual on account of the unusually cool weather having retarded the migration. One hundred and five enthusiastic bird lovers braved adverse weather predictions for the day and all appeared well repaid for their venture. Not so many warblers were seen as on previous outings, due to the advanced condition of the foliage. Among the high spots of the day was a great flight of Gulls and Terns, that were in plain sight most of the afternoon. The Spring migration in the Chicago region was about normal and no diminution of any particular species was noted.

Winter Birds at the Shelf

THEY have just as much personality as people have. A certain Blue Jay that comes to the shelf is as greedy as any human glutton. He takes chunks of bread in his mouth as long as he can get more in, and finally flies away with his mouth wide open, the last two or three pieces plainly visible. But for all his greediness he is a bold, gay fellow, and so handsome that it is hard not to like him. He is generally cheerful and he is devoted to his family. If he discovers a fresh lot of some favorite food on the shelf, before helping himself he shouts for the rest of them to come. "Jay! Jay! Hey-fellows! Come on—Eats!" And they all come, feeding together much more peaceably than some other families who bear better names and have better manners.

Juncos stay in flocks during the winter but they fight incessantly. As though a puff of wind had blown gray leaves, they come, thirty or forty of them, and at once a fight begins. Amusingly like two little cocks, they dash at each other, beaks pointing up as they chatter. After a short verbal warfare they come together, often flying several feet into the air. They like the millet seed, and stay all winter with us year after year. They do not go in holes in trees as do the woodpeckers, chickadees and nuthatches, and so suffer more in very cold weather. Often in the early morning their feet are so numbed and frozen that they cannot stand, but half lie on the ground, balancing with their wings. Even then they fight.

The Cardinals are more phlegmatic and slow moving. They are not particularly quarrelsome during the winter, though toward spring, the males fight a good deal. There seems some sort of unwritten law among them that Lord Cardinal is always first. They come to the shelf together and Lady bird sits patiently on a near-by branch and watches him eat. He is most deliberate about it. When he is quite full he flies away and leaves her to eat alone. His manners do not improve toward spring as do some of the others. However, she does not seem to mind.

Nuthatch is abominably rude to his mate all winter. He chases her away viciously if she comes near when he is feeding. Even with his mouth full of sunflower seeds he dashes at her and is not content till she goes away. But toward spring what a change! He comes hitching up the tree toward her saying softly, "tick-tick," and offering her some choice bit of suet or nutmeat. It is a satisfaction to be able to record that she does not accept his advances graciously. She still remembers his treatment of colder days.

Downy woodpecker is another rude gentleman during winter months. He shifts for himself and lets his mate do likewise. He does

not stop at that though, for he drives her off the place if she dares approach when he feeds. But as spring comes he grows less self-centered and begins to play hide and seek clumsily, finally permitting her to come on the suet tree while he is eating. Eventually she grows so bold that she chases him away till she has had her fill of suet. She is now the boss of the family and takes every advantage of her chance to bully him.

Chickadee, the friendliest and sweetest natured of them all, is not afraid of any other bird. Possibly because he is so free from guile himself he suspects no evil in others. But though he is generous and friendly, he will not be imposed upon. When Nuthatch dashed at him, plainly aiming to drive him from the shelf, Chickadee hopped nimbly into the air and was back at his walnut lunch again before Nuthatch had recovered his balance and turned to renew the attack. At the second rush Chickadee stopped eating and went for that Nuthatch in a manner that left no doubt as to his intentions. He was not disturbed again. He never seems to mind the cold or snow, and never whines as his cousin, Tufted Tit, does when things do not go to suit him. "Chickadee-dee-dee," he calls cheerfully. Even in winter he finds heart to sing his "pee-wee" song. He is the most animated and busy little creature imaginable all day, but his day is short. Sleeping in a dark place, a hole in a tree or possibly in a nesting box, he goes to bed at about four o'clock, when most of the other birds are still feeding. That may account for the way he rushes back and forth, from suet to sunflower seeds, and then over to the window to try the black walnuts. However, he starts the day with the sun, and is industriously tapping at the window shelf before we are up.

Tufted Tit has many of the same habits as Chickadee, but he is not quite so friendly or cheerful. He is a little afraid of the window shelf, though he will follow us and call to us when we are outside. He has a distressing habit of sitting on a branch over the shelf and crying plaintively. Chickadee is too busy to cry. He is not still long enough to feel sorry for himself.

Redhead is the most truculent of our shelf patrons. When he comes to feed, he announces himself with a loud "kr-ruk, kr-ruk" and even Blue Jay steps to one side and discreetly vanishes. Downy lighted on the suet tree while Red was there. Red stopped eating, raised his head and looked at Downy—a withering look, and Downy hastily hitched up the tree. While he remains he has the place to himself. Fortunately there has never been more than one of him, so that he has been rather amusing.

No one who has never had a winter feeding shelf really knows birds. It gives an unlimited opportunity to get acquainted with the bird personalities, and is worth many times the effort expended in the entertainment it affords.

LILLIAN CRAMP.

The 44th Annual Meeting

of the

American Ornithologists' Union

Ottawa, Ontario, October 12-13-14, 1926

Victoria Memorial Museum Building

THE Ottawa meeting of the A. O. U. stands out as one of the high spots in the many years of this organization's history, because of the fact that it was the first meeting ever held outside of the United States.

When Ottawa was decided on in 1925 as the next meeting place, the members who knew the Canadians on whom would fall the arrangements for the program and entertainment, immediately decided to be present in person, for they knew that it would be very worth while.

They attended, and no one who participated will forget the cordial reception accorded to all; the fine program, the many motion picture reels, and the versatility of the entertainment committee, as evidenced by the Annual Dinner menu and program, the Auklet, the generous souvenir, *The Birds of Western Canada*, presented to each person in attendance at the meeting, and with it all a most delightful hospitality by both the Canadian Ornithologists, the Ottawa Naturalists, and both branches of the Canadian Government.

The program consisted of 57 numbers (15 of which were technical), all of which were of very high character, covering every phase of bird study and conservation.

The members in attendance came from British Columbia to Nova Scotia and from Maine to California, and the subjects covered bird news from the Tropics to the Arctic circle, and from the open seas to the mountain tops of Central and South America.

Two members of the union had just returned from expeditions to Labrador and Baffin Land.

One could not sit in at the meetings without being impressed by the fascinating interest of bird investigation, and by the absolute value of the research work to science and to the economic life of America.

The ornithological collections of the Victoria Memorial Museum were opened to the visitors, and were supplemented by an unusually fine exhibit of paintings by Canadian, English and American artists.

A fine collection of books and pamphlets written about the birds of Canada was shown, a feature of which was the showing when possible

of a likeness of the author with each book. Many of the photographs were loaned from the Ruthven Deane collection of Photographs of Ornithologists.

On Tuesday evening a *Conversazione* was held in the Museum Building, which afforded an opportunity for getting acquainted, and on Wednesday evening 180 ornithologists and their friends sat down to a sumptuous dinner in the Chateau Laurier.

Luncheons were served each day in the Museum Building by the Ladies of Christ Church-Anglican to which was added the novelty of buffalo meat contributed by the Canadian Government.

On the last evening of the meeting, a number of Canadian Ornithologists held open house, and the visiting members made the rounds as far as possible.

A special feature of the picture exhibit was the collection of drawings and paintings by Robert Ridgway, who at the age of 5 years began to make pictures of flowers and birds to aid in identifying the wonderful things that he saw.

He ceased active painting at the age of thirty, at which time he was doing exquisite work with tropical birds, to take up his special work which was later to make him the foremost ornithologist of America. On Thursday afternoon was shown the film of Mr. Ridgway's home after an announcement by Dr. Frank M. Chapman of the purpose of the Ridgway Memorial Fund.

A number of the members motored through to Ottawa from points east, passing on their way the snow-covered Catskills and Adirondacks, and arriving in the beautiful Canadian Capitol City to find that here no frost or snow had made appearance.

The Ottawa meeting will be remembered by all who attended, for the delightful hospitality and friendliness, the sprightliness of the program, and the originality of the dinner menu and its clever accompaniments.

We feel sure that this will not be the last meeting held in Canada, and that the visit across the border did much to further cement the friendship and co-operation between the Ornithologists of Canada and the United States.

Three members of the Illinois Audubon Society attended: Messrs. Deane, Lyon and Schantz, Messrs. Lyon and Schantz taking part in the program.

O. M. S.

Banding Gulls and Terns

WHEN the Inland Bird Banding Association was formed, its officers undertook the job of starting a campaign to band birds that nested in colonies. The Islands of the Great Lakes offered the best opportunities, so a list was made of all the known nesting sites available and volunteers were called for to band the young birds upon these islands. W. S. McCrea of Chicago was among the first to take up the work; and in 1922 he banded eighty Herring Gulls and forty Caspian Terns.

In 1923 Mr. F. C. Lincoln of the Biological Survey joined with Mr. McCrea and they banded four hundred and fifty Gulls, two hundred Caspian Terns and a hundred Common Terns. In 1924 the record increased to five hundred Caspian Terns, one hundred and forty-four Common Terns and three hundred Herring Gulls. In 1925 they banded nine hundred and forty-five Herring Gulls, six hundred and fifty-one Caspian Terns and one hundred and seventy-four Common Terns. Unfortunately, in 1926, Mr. Lincoln had been away and Mr. McCrea was not well so there was no work done in the Beaver Islands in Lake Michigan.

Walter S. Hastings of South Lyon, Michigan, went to the Lone Tree Islands in 1924 and banded one thousand, one hundred and fifty-six Common Terns. In 1925 he banded fifty Herring Gulls, one thousand, four hundred and seventy-four Common Terns and in 1926 he banded



HERRING GULLS

Photo by Walter E. Hastings

two thousand, two hundred and eleven Common Terns. Mr. Hastings spends a great deal of his time in photographing the birds and we are very greatly indebted to him for many fine pictures that have appeared in our AUDUBON BULLETIN.

W. B. Purdy of Milford, Michigan, banded one hundred Common Terns in 1924, two hundred Herring Gulls, one thousand, five hundred



Photo by Walter E. Hastings

CASPIAN TERN COLONY

Common Terns and one hundred and ninety-six Black-crowned Night Herons in 1925, and one thousand, two hundred Common Terns in 1926. Most of these birds were banded on the St. Clair Flats.

The Rev. Geo. Luther of Detour, Michigan, has also kept systematically at banding and in the last three years has banded close to five hundred Gulls and Terns.

Prof. Wm. Rowan of the University of Alberta formed a party to go

to Beaverhill Lake during the past nesting season and was accompanied by a number of very prominent ornithologists. Their party was successful in banding seven thousand, three hundred Franklin Gulls.

In 1924 the writer and his son, Geo. R. Lyon, made a trip to Green Bay and joined forces with Harold Wilson of Ephraim, Wis. They were successful in banding five hundred and thirty-three Herring Gulls and one hundred and twenty-six Caspian Terns.

In 1925 the writer was joined by Dr. Lewy and his son; but we arrived too late for the Herring Gulls, only finding eight that we could band; however, we were successful in banding one hundred and fifty-two Caspian Terns and two-hundred and twenty-three Common Terns.

In 1926 the party consisted of C. C. Miller, H. C. Wilson, J. Gundlach, H. Anderson, Geo. R. Lyon and Wm. I. Lyon. We had an exceedingly profitable season and two thousand, eight hundred and forty-seven birds were banded, all told. Over two thousand of these were Herring Gulls and three hundred and ten were Caspian Terns. There were also about three hundred Common Terns, but our most thrilling event was the finding of a mixed colony of Herring and Ring-billed Gulls.

While we were working along in the weeds and brush, someone in advance discovered a smaller Gull much lighter in color. Immediately, on careful observation, we found we were in a mixed colony of the Ring-billed and Herring Gulls. It was very hard to tell this difference in the downy chicks as they were so nearly alike, and a number of them were banded before we noticed the difference; even then it was hard to decide.

It took much longer to get the Great Blue Herons down out of their nests than to band them. They were large and just learning to fly, but once we got them down, we could set them on the trees and leave them to be fed by their parents.

The need for conservation was the outstanding feature of the trip. Not many years ago, the Gulls and Terns nested on Chamber's Island in Green Bay, then it became inhabited and the birds had to move on. Next Eagle Island, then Big Strawberry were taken up and we found Little Strawberry and Jack Islands had been cleared and the owners very desirous of getting rid of the Gulls. This leaves only Hat Island and the Sister Islands for the Gulls to nest on in the lower part of Green Bay. If there is not some action taken to preserve these islands, in a short time there will be no place for the Gulls and Terns to nest in Wisconsin, except the small island that is just outside of Death's Door Channel, which is very low. Gravel Island, as it is called, is a government bird reservation; but it is only large enough for a limited number of birds to breed upon.

We are in hopes of finding a way to obtain more of these small islands and have opened negotiations to get prices on some of them, to see if we cannot find purchasers who will convert them into bird reservations.

WILLIAM I. LYON.

Bird Interest at the S. I. N. U.

WE ARE located in the southern part of Illinois at the foot of the Ozark range. A lovely shaded natural campus surrounds the buildings, making it an ideal place for bird study.

In the fall we discussed with the training school children the migratory and permanent resident birds and decided to care for the latter all winter. We tied suet on the bare trees and bushes and spread crumbs outside on the window ledges. The birds would come up hopping, stop, cock their heads to one side in a saucy manner, look, hop a little closer as if not quite trusting the situation, then fly back to a branch and finally stoop over and take a bite. Then with whirr of wings and a cheep, as much as to say "thank you," they would fly away.

One morning early in March a streak of red flashed past my window. There were two red birds investigating the bushes on the east side of the training school, perhaps for a nesting place but more likely just stopping long enough for the season to change farther north. They stayed around for several days and then left. Although we saw many others after that we did not feel quite sure they were the two of early March. Some cardinals stay here all winter.

Everyone was all agog wondering who should find the next bird. On the twelfth of March a little fourth-grade girl came in and reported that she had seen a bluebird that morning. Before long others were coming in with similar reports. Then followed in rapid succession robins, goldfinches, titmice, red-wing blackbirds, mocking birds, and cat birds; but the climax was reached when the martins came and actually built their home about a mile from the campus.

With all the birds coming and nesting came the problem of how to keep them near us to cheer our hot Southern Illinois summer days and evenings. The birds were here, the children were eager to learn about them, and interest ran high.

"Can't we make bird houses? Can't we have feeding stations?" were some of the questions asked.

With enthusiasm running high we dug out all the old plans of bird houses. Every plan book heard of was searched, letters were even written to bird house companies and plans were constructed on paper. Everyone was busy from the third grade to the sixth. Ribbon prizes were offered for the best planned and constructed bird houses. The children lived and talked birds, bird houses and plans for a week before April sixteenth, Arbor Day in Illinois.

The evening of the fifteenth of April we had forty-seven bird houses to exhibit. True and honest workmanship were the standards of the judges. There was every conceivable style of bird house, from a

great big box that was so large it would have held twenty families to a tiny little wren house made from a gourd. One was a submarine, all partitioned into cozy little berths, one a tin can all camouflaged with bark until it was quite beautiful. Even a log cabin syrup can with a pained sign "For Rent" was there. Surely the birds couldn't refuse to stay here with all these inviting houses to let.

The children came bright and early, and all the time before school was spent in going from room to room talking, examining, and discussing the prizes and bird houses. From their pictures you can see how interested they were. Of the forty-seven houses built, six are feeding stations and thirty-five are actually occupied by birds. Of these, twenty-four are inhabited by wrens, eight by martins, two by sparrows and one by a bluebird family.

A wren house was put up close to a window on the east side of the training school. It was the usual kind with slanting roof and little landing place below the entrance. A pair of wrens decided it would be just the thing for their home and a splendid location to bring up their family. They were busily at work all day building their nest and we could hear their happy chirping outside of the classroom window. Of course we were all delighted to have them there. A few days later we heard a clatter out in the bushes as if someone was dreadfully excited. On investigation we discovered a family of English sparrows had built their home close at hand between the spouting and the brick wall on the opposite side of the window. The wrens tried to continue building. But just as soon as the mother wren would fly to the roof of the house with a wisp of hay in her mouth, look about and then hop into the entrance, there would be Mr. Sparrow perched on the little landing shelf as much as to say, "I dare you to come out." After a series of failures the wrens have finally given up the idea of building their home there and have chosen a nesting place under the eaves of the green house. The sparrows are still in their insecure gutter home and are busy feeding the babies that have come to live there.

We have decided that in making our next wren home not to put a porch on, and to make the entrance about the size of a quarter. The wren doesn't need the landing place and we only encourage the sparrow. I've been told that cats like to climb the poles of wren houses and it is easier for them to get their breakfast on the landing.

The fifth and sixth grades are planning to make a map of the campus and sketch in all of the bird nests, keeping track of the kind of birds, when they came, and just where the nests are built, as well as how many broods of birds are hatched in a season. Just how successful we shall be remains to be seen.

HILDA ANNA STEIN,
Supervisor of Nature Study.

Editorial Notes

Monitor April 8, '26

THERE is something strangely touching in the story related in *Our Dumb Animals* about Jack Miner's literally "Winged Words." For this famous bird lover, who has learned how to win by the thousands, to his home in Kingsville, Ont., the wild fowl on their flights, and then, gently restraining them for a little, to band painlessly their legs, so that their later journeyings may be traced, has made these wonderful children of the air bearers of many a Christian message. On one side of the aluminum tag is printed his name and address, while on the other is printed a verse of Scripture. And the response he sometimes obtains is really quite thrilling. Recently, for instance, two of these bands were returned from far away Cape Dufferin, and the note accompanying them said that the writer had received them from two Eskimos who wondered what the writing on the bands was and who, when told that it was from the Bible, became greatly interested, so that "I read most of the chapter to them."



Photo by Auguste Matthieu

YOUNG BLUE BIRD

Bird Study in High School Biology

Jerome Isenbarger, Crane Junior College, Chicago, Ill.

THERE is no subject which is more worth while in high school biology from the esthetic side or from the point of view of science and pure natural history than the study of birds. The living bird may be studied in its own habitat, free and happy and engaged in its natural activities. The field study of birds arouses interests which are abiding. Aside from the fact that bird study provides for a worthy use of leisure time in the open air, it also shows the relation of birds to man's welfare and stresses importance of protection and encouragement. It is important for everyone to know that with a sufficient bird population, the greater part of the loss of \$1,049,500,000 each year, due to insects, could be saved to the people of this country.

Field work on birds should extend throughout the year along with observations on insects, trees, fungi, weeds and flowers. The study may assume the form of a survey of a suitable selected plot. In the country districts an ideal site could include the orchard and house lot. Location in the city is no excuse for omitting this essential part of the biology course. The nature of the work must be varied to meet the conditions. I have conducted field work from five different schools in Chicago, three of which were in the congested districts, and I have found plenty of suitable spots easily accessible. The limited scope of this paper will not permit a detailed outline of the different types of field work which may be carried on in any given plot. One main line of investigation might be to determine whether there are enough birds in the area to hold the insects in check. This study would lead to the problem of determining what special features attract the birds to nest on the plot. The question, "Why is the bird here?" calls for much clear observation. It is equally important to study the elements which account for a scarcity of bird life. The pupil must determine what necessities are absent. From these considerations it is only a step to the problem of determining what may be done to attract the birds to any given location.

Other lines of bird work that may be taken up relate to the destruction of weed seeds and the control of rodents. The problem will involve a study of bird migration and means of providing for the winter birds so that they may be attracted within easy range of observation.

The spring migration calls for a study over a wider field with the emphasis on identification and related details. The opportunities offered

for bird study in Chicago and its immediate environs is a source of wonder. We have the parks, open spaces along the boulevards, several wooded tracts and forest preserves along the river, all within the city limits. On the north side we have been allowed access to Rose Hill Cemetery, a veritable bird paradise during the spring migration. Here may be found pied-billed grebe, great blue heron, little blue heron, various species of ducks, loon, coot, thrushes, whippoorwill, barn swallow, chimney swift and a great list of others. Wild mallard ducks rear their young on the banks of the lagoons. In the back yards in the residence districts, where there is a considerable growth of shrubbery, may be found, especially during the migrating season, many different species. In our own back yard, we have had such visitors as chewink, different thrushes, white-throated sparrow, brown thrasher, several species of warblers, scarlet tanager, catbird, cedar waxwing, Bohemian waxwing and many others.

With all of those opportunities for study, I felt justified, while teaching that work in the Senn High School, in requiring every member of the classes to know at least twenty-five birds. Most of the pupils learned to know many more than that number. As I remember, the greatest number to the credit of any one pupil was 150 different species. The greatest number of different species for all members of the classes for any one season was 250. Of course there were mistakes, and some dishonesty, but experience in checking up reports enables a teacher to reduce dishonesty to a minimum which is almost negligible. Various contests add to the interest in this work. Trips are taken after school hours and before school hours by the different classes accompanied by the teacher, but after the work is well started, the best work is done by the pupils themselves, either individually alone, or in small groups. I remember one pupil who was severely reprimanded by his parents when he returned home from a bird trip on a Saturday evening as late as nine o'clock. By Sunday morning he had the enthusiasm of the whole family aroused to the extent that they consented to go with him for an all-day trip on Sunday. For this work the pupil should have a pair of field glasses (cheap ones will answer), a note book and a bird guide such as Reed's or Chapman's. Several laboratory copies of Chapman's "Birds of the Eastern United States" should be available.

I have seen no better treatment of general methods of bird study than that found in Hodge and Dawson's "Civic Biology." Hodge's "Nature Study and Life" is also suggestive. Hornady's "Our Vanishing Wild Life" is a good help to give a background for this and similar studies on conservation of our wild life.

In order to make any kind of a study of the economic relations of birds to man, we must know birds. Being able to identify birds, to name them, is not enough. The pupil should have some knowledge of scientific classification. The laboratory should have mounted bird

skins representing all of the orders of local importance and all of the common families of perching birds. The different external characters which are used in identification are characters which are adaptations to the environment, so that important biological principles are stressed in such a way as to make permanent impressions. An excellent aid in class work in connection with bird study is the stereopticon lantern. Slides made from photographs of the living birds are available, which offer studies in color, habits and habitats of birds which aid in preparing for the field work. Other slides which show diagrams giving a graphic representation of economic importance of the different species help in fixing the importance of this relation.

Most of the success or failure of bird study in the high school classes depends upon the teacher. He must develop an enthusiasm for the work that is contagious. He must realize the social importance of the information and training that bird study gives and attack the problem as a civic duty. The conservation of our wild bird life is a national, state and community problem and must depend upon each citizen knowing the different species and actually doing his part.



Photo by Auguste Mathieu

BROWN THRASHER

Quincy District

The Eagles at Warsaw

FIFTY years ago there was a number of large pork-packing houses on the banks of the Mississippi River just south of Keokuk, Iowa. In those days bacon and ham could be bought from 7 to 12c a pound. The coarser grades of meat were not even salable, and the converting of these into by-products was unknown. The entrails and unsalable portions of meat were thrown into the river, thus making a wonderful feast for all the carrion and semi-carrion types of birds which gathered there for the food which was so abundant.

Hundreds of Bald Eagles came down from the Northland each winter and fed upon this offal which they seized as it floated down the river, dragging it to a convenient sand bar, where they fed like gluttons until they were scarcely able to fly away. No longer does Keokuk have its pork-packing establishments along the river, yet the eagles have returned yearly to the never-to-be-forgotten land of plenty.

This past week 18 of these beautiful big white-headed birds were seated in the top of two sycamores which overlooked the river. In the earlier part of the season there were many more. However, it seems that several men locally have been shooting these magnificent American birds, one of them making skins and sending them East where they are sold for decoration purposes, while another has shot them merely to secure the large feathers of the tail and wings and also to possess the talons. (Western firms will pay \$2.50 a dozen for such feathers which they sell to the Indians.)

Warsaw and Hamilton are particularly lucky in having these big birds in their vicinity, and I am glad to report that the majority of the natives are proud of the confidence which the birds have shown in their locality.

Robins have been reported practically every week during the winter, while the first Bluebirds, Meadow Larks, and Killdeer were reported in quantities February 28. On Sunday, February 14, hundreds of Red-headed Woodpeckers were common in the lowland woods, and numbers of them have been seen daily since. A number of Northern Pileated Woodpeckers have been reported from the heavy woods on the Mississippi River islands, and if these birds are not on the increase, they are at least more numerous in these river islands than most persons believe.

A large nesting site of Great Blue Herons on Shadrew Island was the scene of a murderous attack during the nesting season last year. A tall sycamore contained from 14 to 20 nests, and these were shot into and many of the old birds and young were killed and wounded. The act was

particularly resented by the farmers in that neighborhood who fear that the herons will not come back another year.

For a number of years the average date on which Chimney Swifts have last been seen at Quincy, Illinois, has been October 17. The fall of 1925, however, was a marked exception. The last Swift left exactly a month later, or November 17. During this last month the birds weathered three distinct winter storms when the temperature was below freezing, and their only safety lay in the warm chimneys where they took refuge. Several of these flues I tested with thermometers and found them to be ventilators in which the air was from 65 to 70 degrees, so that the Swifts suffered no inconvenience except hunger.

During one of these periods of cold the weather was about 30 degrees for three days. Many of the birds were found dead about town. However, not one of the birds that I banded was found about the chimneys or streets of Quincy, so that I think most of them passed on southward before it was too late. Two Humming Birds were brought to me which had suffered from the cold and which I was able to band and revive sufficiently to assure their escape. They were about three weeks later in leaving this year than usual. An American Bittern was brought to me in a starved condition after one of these cold spells, having been caught by a farmer in one of his corn fields, where it was trying to secure something to eat. The bird was dangerously weak. However, I took it to a frozen swamp where I broke the ice and fed it a very hearty meal of small dead sunfish. After banding it, I released it in the cat-tails, where it revived sufficiently to travel 20 miles north on the next day's south wind. It remained for two weeks at Lima Lake, when it was killed by a thoughtless hunter who reported the occurrence to me in order to find out about the band which was on the bird's leg. (This killing is against the federal law.)

The water which rushes through the huge dam across the Mississippi River at Keokuk was open during the entire winter, and Golden Eyes, Buffleheads and Fish Ducks were there in numbers during the entire winter season.

The Quail came through the hunting season well, and with a dry spring we should have an increased number of them.

The first Northern Shrike recorded in several years was seen at Clayton, this county, recently.

Finally, increased activity has been shown in trying to save the great Lima Lake. This 10,000 acre swamp is the finest haven for swamp and water birds left in the State! Literally thousands of Rails, Coots, Ducks, and Gallinules go there yearly and it is hoped to save it as a State park or State game preserve. A few individuals are trying to force its drainage. We still have hopes of reserving it for the good of bird life.

T. E. MUSSELMAN,
Quincy, Illinois.

SPRING

Spring came today!
How do *I* know? Why, say—
When the wind blows warm
And the smoke hangs low,
When willow twigs glisten
Near the dogwood's red glow;
When the sky is clear blue
And the sun shines bright,
I just *know* Spring is here!
Don't you think I am right?

Spring came today!
How do *I* know? Why, say—
When the Robin's clear call
Sounds from far and near;
When the Red Wing whistles,
"I am here! I am here!"
When the Wild Geese fly high
Toward the frozen North,
I just *know* Spring is here
When Pussy Willows burst forth!

Spring came today!
How do *I* know? Why, say—
When the grass grows green
And a faint perfume
From the sodden earth
Seems to scent the room,
When the maple sap drips
And the lilac buds swell,
I just *know* it is Spring!
Do you s'pose I can't tell?

—GEORGIA DOUGLAS CLARKE

Interfering With Nature

By

JACK MINER, KINGSVILLE, ONTARIO

IN GLANCING over the many articles written on the crow in our Canadian papers, I notice several writers fall back to this old worn-out argument, "interfering with the balance of Nature." Now, dear readers, I would like a full explanation of the meaning. Does it really mean that no person should attempt to assist Nature? If that is what you are trying to tell me, let me kindly say you are wrong, for I have tested it out and know if man will take God at His promise and work in harmony with Him that man can even change the migrating route of the fowls of the air.

Now remember, I only have an A. B. C. Sunday School education, but there are a few of His lovable promises I have been privileged to test out and I know they are true. For illustration, I ask you to read Genesis 1:21-26 and 28 when He said let man have dominion over all. Could anything be written plainer? Last summer our Nettie raised sixty bred-to-lay Plymouth Rocks. We killed and ate twenty-two of the twenty-five roosters. The pullets started laying in October. Now, if we had left the twenty-five cockerels with the thirty-five pullets, would we have had eggs all winter? Don't forget the fowls of the air are all ours and they will come to us for our assistance and protection.

Forty-eight years ago this spring our family moved here on the farm that was then all woods, but on our arrival we were terrorized by the rattlesnake stories we heard and really I was expecting to see snakes as large as clothes props that would strike you at a distance of ten or fifteen feet away and then all was over except a brief report in the weekly town paper—"Those who knew him best, loved him most," and so forth. Well, in a few months I got well acquainted with these rattlers, but, believe me, they were only a little larger than our largest garter snakes and could only strike about a foot or eighteen inches. I have killed as high as six on one Sunday. In fact, I would hunt for hours to find a rattler just to tease him and get him striking a stick. But in a few short years the danger was all over, for, where the snakes were, grew the fields of waving wheat and corn, but, mind you, in order to do this we had to "interfere with Nature." Which was for the best for humanity—a rattlesnake jungle or a productive grain field?

My esteemed friend, Mr. Thos. Baty of London, Ontario, kindly says: "If Jack ever had a pet crow, he never would kill it." Really this makes me laugh. Say, I wonder if there is a man in America who has gathered up more pets from the woods than I have. Crows, crows, why bless your

life, I have had them by the dozens and I will admit they are just as cute as they are black. I once had one that would say "Look out!" so plain and sharp that he would cause you to flinch, but I never kept but one to be over a year old. Then he, like all the rest, died guilty of murder in the first degree.

In 1898 I enclosed four acres with a wire fence seven feet high. There I raised English and ringneck pheasants for profit. This pheasantry was right alongside of my brick and drain tile manufacturing plant. I could watch my machinery and overlook the pheasantry all from the same spot. In this way I made my hobby more than self-sustaining and gathered stores of knowledge about the enemies of our birds and let me say to any young man, breeding game birds for profit is a lovable occupation and there is good money in it. The seven-foot fence is not necessary. All that is required is a dog-proof fence, but, remember, unless you educate yourself how to destroy their many enemies, you had better give up the job about two weeks before you start, for this little innocent-looking weasel that is no larger than a Northern Ontario chipmunk will kill from twenty to thirty of your baby pheasants in one night and crawl through one-inch-mesh wire netting to do it, but, remember, you are "interfering with the balance of Nature" if you kill him.

I believe the indoor naturalist calls him the Mouse Weasel because the majority of his food is mice. Crows must be checked or they will steal every egg laid unless your brood pens are under netting. But, after the young pheasants are hatched, I found the hawks and weasels their worst enemy. Fifty rods due north of this engine room door is an elm tree and morning after morning have I seen a crow perched in the top watching my neighbor's turkey hen come through the line fence just ninety rods east of the tree. Mr. Crow would sit and watch and the very minute the turkey came out of the fence row and started back toward home, he would fly straight over and get the egg she had laid. This could all be seen with my field glasses. Smart? I should say so. They are the shrewdest thieves of the bird family, but you say to kill one you are "interfering with the balance of Nature" for God put them here. Yes, I say, God also put the bedbug here, but He gave man dominion over them and the present generation wouldn't hardly know one if they saw it. Crows! God did not put them here to control our poultry, nor our song, insectivorous and game birds. He did not even allow them the privilege of controlling themselves. He left all of this for man to do. Please think that over and look up what he says regarding this point. And, as for the grasshoppers the crows eat, this turkey hen's family would condense them all into a Thanksgiving dinner or into twenty-five or fifty cents a pound, just as you choose.

Now, I am not contradicting a word which has been said about the crows eating a few wire worms and grubs and so forth, but here is what I know about it. If he can find them, he will rob at least one hundred of

our more desirable birds' nests in order to raise his family of four or five, while, if any one of these murdered song and insectivorous birds were left to mature, it would do twice as much good as a crow ever did.

Now, if a man wants to make money, that man must study money. The prospector is more apt to find earthly gold than the astronomer. In other words, if a man concentrates on one line he is more apt to catch something on that one hook.

My friend, Mr. Baty, says if I had had a pet crow to study their habits I would know more about them. Let me reply to my friend and kindly say, when he has studied them enough to catch them by the thousands he will know more about them. Personally I have studied birds more than I have my financial obligations and I am glad of it. They have brought me closer to God and man. If my life's study hasn't taught me something about the habits of the crow, how did I catch five hundred and ten of those organized murderers at one catch? Will you please think that over? I do wish there was nothing but good in the ways of all birds for I don't want to kill any of them, but how can I be humane and protect a baby murderer?

In the spring of 1914 I drove to Point Pelee, a distance of about fifteen miles, where my intimate friend, Mr. Forest H. Conover, and I pulled three hundred and sixty little red cedar seedlings out of the sand. There was none of them over a foot in height. I brought them home and planted them in the clay on May 15, 1914. I cultivated them for five years and today fully ninety-five per cent of them are over twelve feet high and have been bearing fruit for the last three or four years. Now, isn't that "interfering with Nature?" This is where the five robins that wintered here got their food and, oh say, this winter we have had a cardinal added to the songsters and there hasn't been a day but what he has sung for us and he has fairly set me Cardinal crazy, or wise, and is going to be the cause of more of my "interfering with Nature," for I am going to import some of these winter and summer singers. I am going to put a pair in each cage. Then, in March, I will let the male bird out, but will feed him on the outside of the cage. Here he will stay, just fluttering and singing among the trees, but he will not go far from his mate, who is still in captivity. Then, after he has got well acquainted with the whole outside proposition, I will let her out and in this way I expect to have the whole place cardinal with song.

Dear readers, don't let me try it first. Jump in ahead of me. It can be done. Yes, if you are privileged to live in the country, you can make your home into a little earthly heaven by "interfering with the balance of Nature," as you call it, but, as I term it, "assisting Nature," for you can get seedling trees from our government forestry departments, free of charge. If you will plant five hundred of them in the proper place and formation around your home, by cultivating them the same as you would hills of corn for the first five summers, which will not take you

over one day a year, in ten years' time these trees will be from twelve to fifteen feet high and will break the wind off your home and, on a cold wintry day, will reduce your fuel bill and, if you can be big enough to ignore the criticism of men and take God's promise as a guide, your assistance will double and treble the quantity and quality of the birds at your home every year.

Scotch pines I planted on a sticky clay field in the spring of 1914 have now grown into a lovely little forest, but the lower limbs are bent by the weight of from three to five thousand mourning doves that have roosted there during August, September and October of the last few summers.

This beautiful frosty morning that father used to call "the 17th of Ireland," I awoke before the stars had closed their eyes and how could I go to sleep again and miss such a musical feast, for that cardinal I had mentioned apparently had his voice focused right on my open window, saying in distinct tones: "Good cheer! Good cheer! Good cheer!" This is mingled with the low notes of the song sparrows and even the robins are trying to join in the chorus. The lovable mourning doves, one of God's chief mourners, in low voices, are saying: "Khoo-coo-coo!"

In spite of all this, I will admit I was about to doze back into dream-land again when, all at once, the honking of at least a thousand wild geese seemed to echo from every spot on the premises saying: "Home again!" Really, my thoughts drifted nearly one-half century back to the morning we left Ohio, when a dear old Yankee by the name of Calvin Pease said to me: "Good-bye Jackie." Then, as he gripped father's hand, which I believe was for the last time, he said: "John, do you think you can make a living over in Canada for your big family?" Father apparently gripped his hand tighter and he looked him square in the face and replied: "Calvin, we are going to make more than a living—we are going to make a life," but never did the interpretation of this statement ring louder in my living room than it did this morning, March 17, 1926.

JACK MINER,
Kingsville, Canada.

Treasurer's Report May 31, 1926

RECEIPTS

Balance June 9, 1925.....	\$ 728.67
Dues collected.....	1,230.00
Books and Leaflets sold.....	477.07
Contributions towards 1925 Bulletin.....	159.00
Sale of Liberty Bond.....	101.11
Interest on Bonds.....	272.00
From Spring Outing.....	6.24
Joanna Peters Bequest.....	5,000.00
	\$7,974.09

DISBURSEMENTS

Books and Leaflets.....	\$420.50
Office Furniture.....	128.35
Expense of Moving.....	15.65
New Set of Slides.....	110.05
Lantern.....	51.30
Clerical.....	39.00
Telephone.....	3.50
Exchange.....	5.75
Supplies, Printing, Etc.....	246.10
1925 Bulletin.....	791.56
5000 Commonwealth Edison Bonds.....	4,648.13
	\$6,459.89
Balance May 31, 1926.....	1,514.20

\$7,974.09

Invested Funds

U. S. Liberty Bonds.....	\$3,400.00
Carrie M. Raymond Bequest—C. C. C. & St. L. Bond.....	1,000.00
American Tel. & Tel. Bond.....	1,000.00
Philadelphia Sub. Water Bond.....	1,000.00
Commonwealth Edison Bonds.....	5,000.00
	\$11,400.00

(Signed) ORPHEUS M. SCHANTZ,
Treas.

**A GLASS IN THE POCKET
IS WORTH TWO AT HOME**

	MIRAKEL VEST POCKET BINOCULARS	
5 Power		7 Power
\$25		\$35
5 ounces		7 ounces
WIDE FIELD		

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Appalachian Forest Experiment Station

For Sale by the Illinois Audubon Society



No. 18

1927

The
AUDUBON
BULLETIN

SPRING AND SUMMER



PUBLISHED BY
THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON
SOCIETY

Illinois Audubon Society

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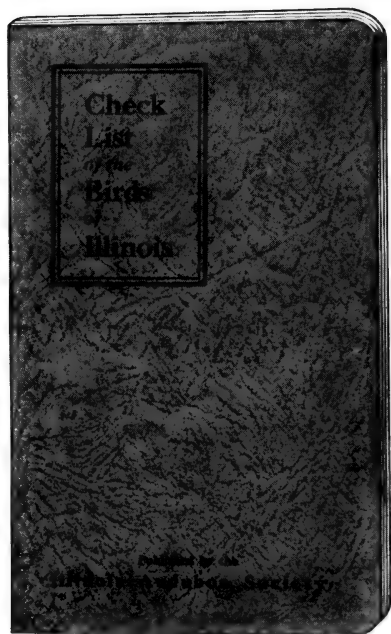
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The Audubon Bulletin

SPRING & SUMMER, 1927

No. 18

PUBLISHED BY THE
ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS

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Photograph by Orpheus Moyer Schantz

BEECHES AT DANVILLE, NEAR VERMILION LAKE

Pilgrimage to Bird Haven

ON THE 18th of May a party of six started in an automobile from Berwyn, a west side suburb of Chicago, to drive to Olney for the purpose of visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ridgway at their home, Larchmound, and Bird Haven. The party consisted of Mr. Benjamin T. Gault, for many years authority on the birds of northern Illinois and author of the "Check List of the Birds of Illinois"; Mrs. W. D. Richardson, actively associated with bird conservation in and around Chicago, former president of the Chicago Ornithological Society; Miss Catharine A. Mitchell, one of the best known conservationists and bird lovers among the members of the Chicago Woman's Club; Mrs. E. T. Baroody, a recent acquisition to the Chicago group of Bird Enthusiasts, who for years had for her bird study region the Mississippi River and its wooded banks at Savanna, Illinois; Mr. Edward F. Hulsberg, of La Grange, naturalist during the summer for a number of years at Culver Military Academy, and one of the best whistlers of bird-notes in the middle west, and the president of the Illinois Audubon Society, Mr. Orpheus Moyer Schantz.

One of the objects of the pilgrimage was the exhibition of the Ridgway-Bird Haven film at the convention of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs at Danville. The film was shown to a representative group of women interested in conservation and accompanying the exhibition a statement was made of the object for which the film was taken, viz., the creation of a memorial fund which will have for its object the taking over and care of Bird Haven as a wild life sanctuary in honor of the greatest ornithologist in the United States, Robert Ridgway.

Owing to the copious rain fall the country along the route was beautiful beyond description. At Danville the party stopped long enough to visit the new Vermilion Lake created for the purpose of furnishing water for the city of Danville and having the appearance already of being a natural part of the landscape.

In this region a few beeches are found and the frontispiece of the BULLETIN shows the wonderful beauty of young beech trees.

On the lake shore the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alden F. Barker has been located with a view looking up the lake which it would be difficult to surpass in Illinois. By the location of bird feeding stations the birds have already found a welcome abiding place and Vermilion Lake and its shores will soon become one of the most attractive places for bird study in Central Illinois.

The continuation of the journey to Olney and Danville was made under very trying circumstances; for at seven o'clock a terrific storm broke which continued for more than five hours, making the driving very slow and dangerous until the party reached Lawrenceville, the first town where shelter could be found.

Early on the morning of May 19th the pilgrims reached Olney and, after securing accommodations at the Hazel Hotel, motored to Larchmound, where they found Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway waiting for them. The entire forenoon was spent in the delightful company of the birds and our hosts. One wonders whether the birds or the Ridgways have the stronger claim of ownership in Larchmound. The nesting birds were evidently shy of strangers and were not as friendly as they are when there are no visitors present. Robert Ridgway's intimate acquaintance with the plant life of Richland County is evidenced in the wonderful growth at Larchmound and in the shrubbery, the trees, and the rustic summer house are birds' nests of many kinds.



OVERLOOKING VERMILION LAKE

At Larchmound may be found the Northern and the Southern Robin, the Southern Meadowlark, and other species that here find a common meeting place, and create an over-lapping of species that adds to the interest of the Ridgway sanctuary. In the afternoon the party with Mr. Ridgway as guide visited Bird Haven and here both the birds and the plant life showed the intimate knowledge, and love of Mr. Ridgway for his home region. The growth of plant life at Bird Haven has been remarkable, for in 1872 much of what is now covered with fine timber was a corn field. The annual growth of hardwood trees such as the white oak, sugar maple, and others is a revelation to those familiar

only with the slower growth farther north. Bird Haven has been developed primarily as an arboretum for the plant life of the region around Olney and with this development the care of the birds has been the most important object of its arrangement. In a hurried visit it was impossible to see many of the birds that are summer residents at Bird Haven but



MRS. ROBERT RIDGWAY AT LARCHMOUND

many birds rare in the north are regular occupants of the hospitable facilities in this beautiful and attractive bit of woodland. A winding stream, shady slopes, thickets, tall trees, and the cross vine, trumpet creeper, wild grape, and other vines are draped over trees and shrubs, all helping to make Bird Haven a paradise for wild bird life.

Returning to Larchmound the party left Mr. Ridgway and proceeded to the hotel where later at dinner Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway were entertained, it being their first visit downtown in the evening in four years. After dinner, at the Elks Hall the Ridgway film was shown for the first

time to Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway and their friends. The novelty of seeing themselves walking around in their own grounds ministering to the birds and entertaining their friends was a delight to these dear people. The day ended with a little informal reception by the friends in Olney and each member of the party took away delightful memories that coming years cannot obliterate.

On Friday morning, May 20th, the members of the party started for home and enjoyed thoroughly the beauty of the region through which



THE PILGRIMS AND FRIENDS AT VERMILION LAKE

they had come in the storm in the dark two nights before. Reaching Danville a stop was made to visit Mrs. Frank H. Lewis of the Danville Garden Club, who served a delightful luncheon and exhibited for our entertainment an albino robin sitting on its nest. This was quite a coincidence as in Olney there is a colony of about 200 pure white albino squirrels, an unusual occurrence in the animal world. The remainder of the journey home was made under ideal conditions and each member of the party will treasure the delightful memories of the visit.

A wire from Mr. Ridgway on Tuesday, May 25th, advised of the sudden death of Mrs. Ridgway, which came as a terrible shock and also brought to us the realization of the great good fortune that attended our trip as we had been privileged to have an intimate visit with Mrs. Ridgway and had given her a very great pleasure.

LIST OF BIRDS SEEN AT OLNEY

Pied-billed Grebe	Phoebe	Northern Yellow-Throat
Great Blue Heron	Wood Pewee	Canada Warbler
Upland Plover	Acadian Flycatcher	Redstart
Bob-white	Blue Jay	Catbird
Mourning Dove	Crow	Mockingbird
Turkey Vulture	Meadowlark	Summer Tanager
Barred Owl	Southern Meadowlark	Bewick's Wren
Black-billed Cuckoo	Orchard Oriole	House Wren
Hairy Woodpecker	Bronzed Grackle	White-breasted Nuthatch
Downy Woodpecker	Song Sparrow	Florida Nuthatch
Red-headed Woodpecker	Cardinal	Blue-gray Gnatcatcher
Red-bellied Woodpecker	Purple Martin	Wood Thrush
Northern Flicker	Barn Swallow	Veery
Southern Flicker	Yellow-throated Vireo	Robin
Chimney Swift	Tennessee Warbler	Southern Robin
Ruby-throated Humming- bird	Magnolia Warbler	Brown Thrasher
Kingbird	Oven-bird	Tufted Titmouse
Crested Flycatcher	Kentucky Warbler	Chickadee

ADDITIONAL BIRDS SEEN ON TRIP FROM CHICAGO TO OLNEY

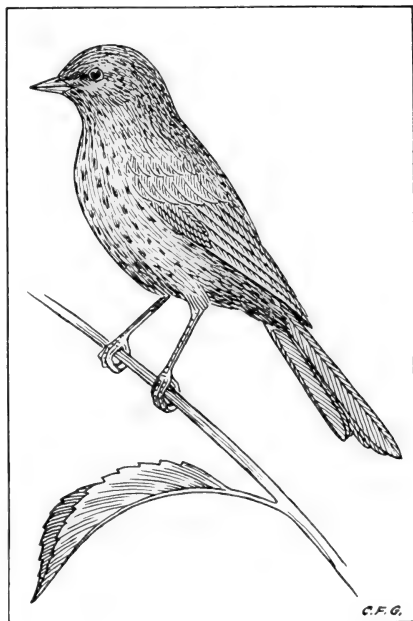
Killdeer	Goldfinch	Tree Swallow
Sparrow Hawk	Field Sparrow	Bank Swallow
Belted Kingfisher	Vesper Sparrow	Migrant Shrike
Nighthawk	Towhee	Bay-breasted Warbler
Bobolink	Indigo Bunting	Blackburnian Warbler
Cowbird	Dickcissel	Bluebird
Red-winged Blackbird		

ADDITIONAL BIRDS SEEN ON TRIP FROM OLNEY TO CHICAGO

Herring Gull	Yellow-legs	Grasshopper Sparrow
Black Tern	Marsh Hawk	Rose-breasted Grosbeak
Pectoral Sandpiper		

What Warblers Do for Us

THE short period of time during the bird migration in which the Warblers may be seen is no doubt one of the reasons why so little is known of their great value as destroyers of insects. The thirty or more varieties of Warblers that are summer residents and migrants in Illinois do a service for the welfare of plant life that is beyond one's ability to estimate. Their small size, activity, and habit of wandering



Drawn by Carl F. Groneman

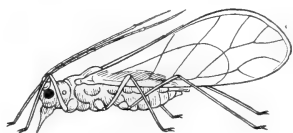
YELLOW WARBLER, ACTIVE DESTROYER OF APHIDS

from bush to tree with great rapidity accounts for the fact that so little is known by the average bird lover of their food habits. During the height of the Warbler migration the aphids or plant lice, which have already made their appearance and the different members of this family, form the principal food of the smaller Warblers. The native hawthorns are particularly infested by aphids as are also roses, both cultivated and wild, the members of the viburnum family, golden glow, pansies, and many vegetables.

Quoting from Edward Howe Forbush, State Ornithologist of Massachusetts, in "Useful Birds and Their Protection," the following about the food of the Redstart, one of our common summer residents, is of interest and demonstrates the value of the Warbler family.

"The habits and haunts of the Warblers are so varied that, collectively, the species of this family exert a repressive influence on nearly all orders of insects, from those that live on or near the ground to those that frequent the very tree-tops. The Oven-birds, Water-thrushes, Yellow-throats, and the other ground Warblers search the ground, the fallen leaves, and undergrowth for the species most commonly found there as well as those that fall from the trees. Where grasshoppers are plentiful the ground Warblers sometimes feed largely on them. The bugs that are found so often on berry bushes, are not overlooked, notwithstanding their rank taste, which is so well known to all who have picked blueberries from the bushes. The eggs of bugs are also eaten.

"The insect food of the Redstart is perhaps more varied than that of any other common Warbler. Apparently there are few forest insects of small size that do not, in some of their forms, fall a prey to this bird. Caterpillars that escape some of the slower birds by spinning down from



Drawn by Carl F. Groneman

GREEN APHIS X 12

the branches and hanging by their silken threads are snapped up in mid air by the Redstart. It takes its prey from trunk, limbs, twigs, leaves, and also from the air, so that there is no escape for the tree insects which it pursues unless they reach the upper air, where the Redstart seldom goes, except in migration. It has been named the fly-catcher of the inner tree tops, but it is a flycatcher of the bush tops as well. While there are few small pests of deciduous trees that it does not eat in some form, it is not confined to these trees, but forages more or less among coniferous trees. Also it is seen at times in orchards, and gleans among shade trees in localities where the woods are cut away. It is impossible to weigh the pros and cons of this bird's food, for no thorough examination of it has ever been made. It is an efficient caterpillar hunter, and one of the most destructive enemies of the smaller hairy caterpillars. It catches bugs, moths, gnats, two-winged flies, small grasshoppers, and beetles. It probably secures a larger proportion of parasitic Hymenoptera and Diptera than most other Warblers, occasionally destroying a few wasps; otherwise, its habits seem to be entirely beneficial."

The Warbler migration in Illinois is dependent very largely on weather conditions and when, as in 1926 and 1927, and at intervals in many other years, there have been periods of cool cloudy weather the Warblers have lengthened their visits several weeks beyond the normal

time that they usually remain with us. Frequently Warblers that should have been well on their way by the third week of May remain with us until the first week of June. During the time of their stay the progress of the natural growth of plants and the increase of their insect enemies have provided an abundant larder for the Warbler host. In the spring of 1926, while making a bird census, the writer halted before a huge hawthorn tree (*Crataegus Mollis*) and in a few minutes nine varieties of Warblers were noted and many members of the several varieties.



Photograph by Carl F. Groneman

WOOLLY APHIS

The tree in question stands out by itself in the forest preserve region and on close inspection was found to be infested with thousands of green aphids. In addition to the plant lice Warblers destroy great numbers of other insects and their eggs. They destroy the larvæ of the larger moths before they have grown to large size. The value of the Warbler throng to woodlands is incalculable. Dr. Forbush intimates that even the larger birds which apparently need a greater amount of food, are not more beneficial than the Warblers, who destroy the insects when they are still very small and can be consumed in very much larger numbers. Those who are familiar with the rapid spreading of insects when they once get

started may have some conception of the awful amount of insect life that might be produced if their increase was not checked by birds. The Yellow Warbler which frequently nests in residential communities is one of the most useful of the Warbler tribe in gardens. No part of the tree where insects may be found is left unvisited.

Of the forty Warblers that are listed by Mr. Benjamin T. Gault in the "Check List of the Birds of Illinois" twenty-three are summer residents and seventeen transient visitors. Of the twenty-three summer residents sixteen nest in all portions of the state, three are listed as residents of the northern section only, three in the southern section only and one in the northern and southern sections with the possibility of its being found in the central section.

The Oven-birds, Water-thrushes, Yellow-throats, and other ground Warblers are usually found feeding on the ground and, therefore, because of their size and the different class of insects found on the ground they are of very great value in gardens and among the shrubbery. Summing up the food requirements of the Warblers places them among the most valuable of our bird families, and the Mississippi Valley with its great number of streams, is the most traveled migration route for Warblers on the continent. On account of their small size and activity they are not so much preyed upon by enemies but there is a great loss of Warblers during migration on account of severe storms. They are our most abundant bird family and are spread over a very large portion of North America during the summer season.

SOME COMMON BIRDS WITH THEIR PRINCIPAL FOOD

The Robin eats principally angleworms, cutworms, white grubs and many other insects and wild fruits.

The Bluebird thrives on cutworms, caterpillars of various kinds, and grasshoppers.

The Wood Thrushes eat insects to the amount of 71% of their total food, and wild fruits.

The Kingbird's diet consists mostly of flying insects but also of beetles, and weevils. It is known that Kingbirds destroy honey bees but apparently not a sufficient number to be of serious importance.

The Meadowlarks eat insects that are found on the ground, among them large numbers of cutworms and grasshoppers. And during the time when the insects are not active they consume great quantities of weed seeds.

All of the native sparrows are valuable because of the feeding of insects to the young and later as they reach maturity feeding on weed seeds.

Of the Woodpecker family the Flicker is the only one of our Illinois group that feeds from choice on ants which consist of 45% of its food. The Flicker also eats weevils, grasshoppers, crickets, and many other insects that are found on the ground.

The Downy and Hairy Woodpeckers feed on the insects that are found on trees, both those that are found on the limbs and branches and those that burrow into the tree.

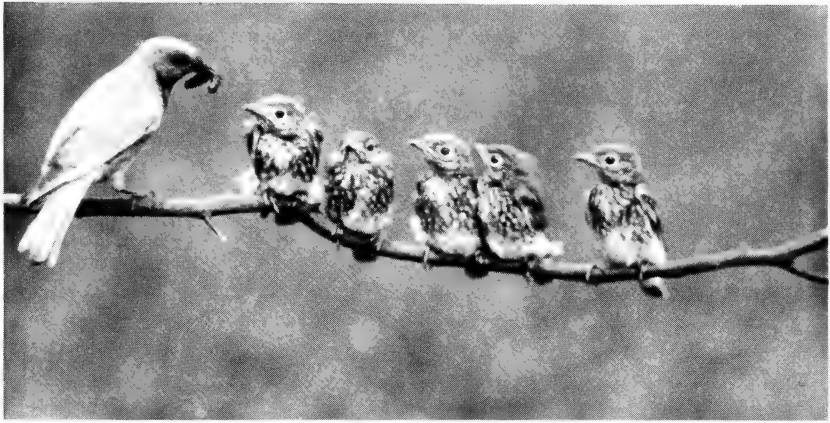
The Purple Martin and the other swallows by reason of their strong flight are able to catch insects in the air and thus dispose of countless numbers that would not be reached by birds with less speedy flight. Even the Blue Jay and Grackle, though much under suspicion, destroy quantities of injurious insects. Grackles are particularly fond of white grubs, grasshoppers, and locusts, and, unless they congregate in great flocks, are conceded to be more beneficial than injurious.

The findings of the Department of Agriculture in Washington and the valuable work done under the supervision of Prof. S. A. Forbes of the University of Illinois prove conclusively that with very few exceptions the birds of the State of Illinois are of enormous value and that they are the greatest asset to farmers, gardeners and horticulturists as an efficient check on the spreading of injurious insects and the seed of noxious weeds. The conservation of bird life should be one of the most important subjects for instruction in the rural districts of Illinois. The recent invasion of the European corn borer has been the cause of very prompt action for the protection of the corn-growing states. Expert entomologists have already discovered the Downy Woodpecker investigating dead corn-stalks to find a new addition to its larder.



Photograph by Arthur Brooker Klugh

DOWNY DOING HIS BIT



Photograph by Howard T. Middleton

WELL BRED BLUEBIRD BABIES

Bird Manners

DO YOU ask what is the test for manners? My answer is food. You have only to recall the actions of human beings under stress of hunger in support of this. It is the same, I believe, with all creatures in all time.

Given feeding tables well placed, and time to observe the birds and your deductions will no doubt parallel mine. The only trait resembling unselfishness ever displayed is by mothers for their young. The only gallantry I have seen is by the Cardinal for his mate during their court-ship period when he feeds her as solicitously as if she were a helpless baby.

Outside of this, the first law of life, which is self-preservation, rules with birds and all other wild creatures. Other birds will be driven from food first and even their own kind will be tolerated only if they are not too hungry. The Sparrows, being gregarious, will eat in flocks but keep a close watch on any invasion of personal rights. Blackbirds eat as families but object to many relations.

The most selfish, intolerant, and greedy of all birds is the Red-headed Woodpecker, who will eat so much that he looks like a pouter pigeon. When he can no longer stow away another crumb, he will act as policeman to keep other birds away. He also occupies his policing moments carrying food to the tree he frequents, tucking grains in holes and the bark for future consideration. He is utterly unlovable in every way, having a harsh and raucous voice to match his manners.

The only bird that surpasses the Red-head in evil ways is the belligerent squawking Blue Jay, feared by all birds under the size of the Crow,

but courageously attacked and chased by the smallest of birds when they are nesting.

Crows, Grackles, Blue Jays, Flickers and Red-heads ought to be segregated and banished to a country of their own. I do not mention Shrikes because their manners are not so obviously bad even with the most murderous of habits. They are not as frequently seen as the others, and are born carnivorous. So is the Blue Jay, for that matter; he considers a tender young bird a great delicacy when he can find it unattended, and he takes fiendish delight in tearing nests to pieces and putting homes out of business.

At feeding places in the country, quite contrary to the city, English sparrows are taught their place, which is on the ground meekly picking up what falls thereon, until the table is free.

Catbirds, dainty, graceful, nervously alert, are not heavy eaters and will permit other birds to eat at the opposite side of the table if they behave themselves and do not gobble. They show active enthusiasm over bits of fruit early in the season—especially the half of an apple—and still more appreciation over fruit later in the season to which they help themselves. From eighteen cherry trees one summer, we had a few pints of cherries and secured those under protests of Billingsgate from the birds.

My tables are most abundantly set in early May when birds are passing through and least food is to be found. For several days the ravine will be swarming with White-throats that flit about companionably with their absent-minded humming in return for the unexpected refreshment they find. Then they are gone.

Blackbirds are not only greedy but lazy. Instead of carrying food to the family, mother and father will bring four awkward young ones to the table where they all stand ankle deep in the food and stuff themselves.

Every bird flies at the approach of the Red-head, not so much because of his size as his method of approach, which is swift as an arrow coupled with a squawk that would startle anything. Then he perches on the edge of the table, emphasizing each insulting remark with a curious dip of the head, another trait the Blue Jays, Flickers and Red-heads have in common.

The Brown Thrasher is too shy to come to the table unless he is sure he is unobserved. The Robin has the whole earth as his feeding place. I feel rather sure both he and the Oriole—the two birds that can talk, having the widest range of inflections—would act like gentlemen and ladies if they did come to the table. Indeed, the Robin is either too much of a gentleman for his own good, or a Quaker, as I have seen English sparrows follow him on the lawn and snatch grub after grub from his bill as soon as dug. Redbreast stands looking rather dazed for a moment and then goes for another grub.

My feeding tables, and it is well to have several, are simple: Merely the round cover of a bushel basket turned upside down leaving the rim for perching: the center is fitted with a piece of gray roofing with fine gravel sprinkled on it. This is nailed to the top of a post about five feet high and placed where branches of bush or tree hang over it. Birds like to approach a table by degrees and have an opportunity to observe what is there before committing themselves to an invitation to dine. A small dish of water is always present even with pools and bathing places accessible in other places.

Ground corn, wheat and other grains, sold as fine chicken feed, are heaped on the table, with plenty of sunflower seeds for the cardinals. Scraps from our own table of all kinds are added and a season's testing proved that cottage cheese is liked best of all. I have even bought milk and made quarts of it for the birds.

One day a Blackbird alighted and gave a nervous hop at the sight of some macaroni. After edging about, he picked at it tentatively and aggressively, liked it, and flew off to his family with as much as he could carry dangling from his bill. Some birds like bits of fat and there are bacon rinds tied around a branch which the Woodpecker riddles with holes; also bits of suet in early spring and fall are acceptable, not forgetting apples and other fruits before they are ripe in the orchard.

If you want Goldfinches "chick-o-reeing" all about your place, plant plenty of sunflowers and hear the birds calling each other "ba-bee" when the seeds are ripe. The flowers are miniature suns and light a garden with cheerfulness even before the drooping heads are decorated with yellow birds.

Many seasons of observation convince me that we have no monopoly of so-called human traits such as are called into play by daily contacts in life. The birds know them all and display most of them when they dine.

BERTHA E. JACQUES,
Chicago, Illinois.

Where the Elk Teeth Came From

The following charming little episode from Audubon's trip to Fort Union, was written by his granddaughter, Miss Maria R. Audubon, to accompany the elk teeth which she sent in 1900 as a Christmas offering to my sons, Charles and Henry Towner Deane, then aged 13 and 10 years. It was made into a little booklet with soft leather covers held together with a thong and for a frontispiece had a photograph of a group of five elk.

—RUTHVEN DEANE.

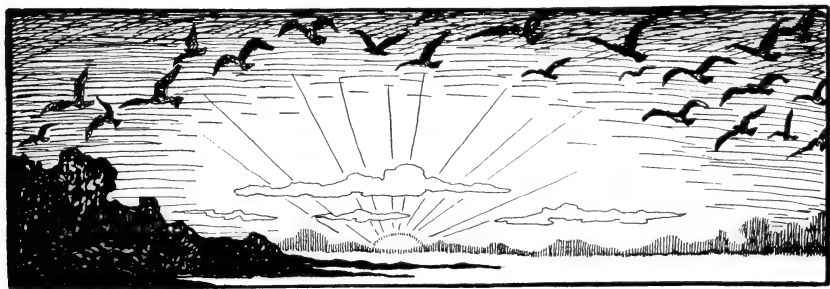
IN THE hall of an old house in the country there hangs the dress of a Blackfoot Indian Princess. It is made of finely dressed antelope skin, cut into fringe around the bottom, and embroidered with opaque white beads and bright with squares of scarlet cloth, while round the neck and shoulders it is heavy with big blue and white glass beads as large as peas. But its most valuable decoration is just below these beads. There, fastened on with slender thongs of skin, hung a close row of ivory-white elk teeth, rounded and glossy with use. To make this fringe the teeth of fifty-six elk were used, and the robe with the leggings, also of antelope skin fringed and beaded, but with no teeth, was worth *thirty* horses.

For years this Indian robe has been a treasured possession of those who still own it, and now how did it come to them from the far away prairies and hills where once dwelt the powerful tribe of the Blackfeet? Many, many years ago, there were no railroads in our western lands, indeed, very few anywhere, and except for a few forts with a handful of soldiers and fur-traders, the Indians, the buffalo, the elk, the antelope, the wolf, and many another wild animal had the country to themselves, and above them were many birds some of which have wholly disappeared and the rest are fast going, so that we see fewer every year. To these distant woods and prairies, to find new species, and to draw and paint the beautiful creatures where they lived, Audubon went in 1843, leaving his lovely home on the Hudson river, and the wife and sons he loved so dearly. He left, too, a daughter-in-law whom he called his "Indian Queen" because she was tall and straight and slender, with hair as black as the raven's wing and bright dark eyes; and because she loved the woods, the water, the clouds, the birds, and the flowers as Audubon did himself.

To get to the hills and plains where he wished to be, Audubon went to St. Louis, and then in a little flat-bottomed steamboat belonging to the fur company, up the Missouri river, a wild stream then, with few houses or white people to be seen, but plenty of Indians and the wild things, both bird and beast, of which he was in search. After some weeks Audubon reached Fort Union, now passed away, and there he stayed all one

summer. There he met a real Indian Queen who had married the commander of the fort, and lived there, yet kept many of her native ways. She rode marvellously well on her swift bare-backed horses; she swam so skillfully that she caught wild ducks by the feet as they floated in the water above her; she could tell on the sun-baked prairies where to find the roots she wanted for food; she knew where the wild birds fed and where the buffalo drank; when the wolves came by the stables and pens at night, to try and steal a meal; she could tell when a black dot appeared on the far away hills whether it was elk, buffalo or antelope or an Indian on foot or on horse-back. If an Indian, very soon she could tell his tribe and his rank. Often when those with her heard nothing she would listen to the distant tread of buffalo, and knew where they would first be seen. She could tell stories of her early life and legends and tales of the days before white people ever came to her father's hunting grounds, and Audubon used to repeat these to his grandchildren.

By and by when the summer waned, as it did early in that northern land, Audubon left Fort Union to return to his own home, and with him among other curiosities he brought this dress, once the Indian Queen's, which he gave to the one he called *his* Indian Queen, who all her life valued it beyond words, and now her daughters keep it carefully as she did. Since then many have seen and admired it, and heard the story, and the elk teeth are considered somewhat of a curiosity. There are not there now all that once adorned it, the number has grown less as the years have grown more, for they have been taken and given as mementoes, and today there are two less than yesterday, for Santa Claus is to take them to two boys who are being taught much about Audubon, that they may have something of their very own by which to remember him. Audubon loved children very much, and he would be glad these little lads should be made happier by having something which once was his, and when they look at them they must always have a loving thought of him.



Bertha E. Jacques

Mammy Caroline of Bay Quarter Farm, Virginia

NOT of least value of the many phases of bird interest is the friendship of others who know and love birds, each in his own way. It was an old negro mammy who was my first instructor in ornithology, and no author or bird pal has ever been more charming. She lived a mile from my camp on the Potomac River, and she knew the woods and all that lived therein. A trace of Indian blood seemed to give her an unusual insight into wild life. She talked to the birds and animals about her as one would talk to a neighbor. She scolded "de singin' mahtin" (Mockingbird) for building her nest too early in the spring. "We is goin' to have col' weathah yet!" She scolded the bluebirds for roosting under her porch eaves too late in the winter when it was "so wahn dey can jes' as well go in de bushes."

"De little wood wren" also met mammy's indignation when she came "right in de kitchen" and went to "pickin' aroun' de shelves, tryin' to fin' a place to build her nestes. Las' yeah when Jim lef' de window open in his room, dat little old wren bird went right in and built a nes' in Jim's hat." This was the Carolina Wren.

The "E-E" bird (Phoebe) and mammy had an annual quarrel lasting several days over the point of building her nest under the eaves of mammy's porch. If she could get the nest built and the eggs laid before mammy detected it, mammy was outwitted. Such a look of rebuke she gave me when I once found the nest with the bird sitting on it, and asked, "Mammy, you won't tear the nest down, will you?" The answer was, "Well, I specks I can't now; she's done laid her eggs."

When we saw a Kingbird, mammy said, "De bee mahtin is heah." A Brown Thrasher appeared, "Dat's de ground mahtin," said mammy. The Catbird was "de snake bird; he chases away de snakes."

One moonlight night I was returning to my camp alone. The woods were on the left, and on the right, the fields. A terrifying scream sounded in the woods some distance away. I quickened my pace, my heart thumping. Again came the scream quite near, and I ran as fast as I could to camp. The next day I went to mammy's to learn the source of the mysterious sound. "Oh, dat's de ole owl bird. Yassum, dat's what it is, and it sho does sound awful. Sometimes when I is a settin' in mah cabin an' I heah's dem way down in de woods, I say, 'no sah, dat ain't de old owl bird—dat's de ole folks talking.'" She referred to ghosts.

Bird study began in such a delightful way for me. A little brown bird, bobbing a pert little tail haunted my wood-pile at the camp. At irregular intervals he appeared on top and called, "Cheery, cheery, cheery." I

thought any bird might like a house, and I was making a crude one for this bird when Uncle Sam and Mammy Caroline appeared. I showed them the house and asked them what kind of bird was to be its tenant. They chuckled and said, "Yassum, dat's de little wood wren (Carolina), but don' put de house any highah dan de co'nah of de fence." I asked why.



MAMMY CAROLINE AND UNCLE SAM

"Well, I always done heah dat de wren bird don't go no highah dan de fence," and they chuckled again.

"But why?" I begged.

"Well, I always heah dat dey said dis, but I didn't heah 'em say it. De eagle an' de turkey buzzard had a 'spute. Deh 'sputed an' 'sputed

over which could fly de highes'. 'Of co'se,' say de eagle, 'evahbody knows dat I can fly de highes' of any bird dat flies.' 'No you can't,' say de turkey buzzard, 'I can fly de highes'.' So dey bof flew highah and highah till dey flew as high as any bird can fly, an', of co'se de eagle was de highes'. 'Now,' say de eagle, 'you see, I done tol' you I could fly de highes'.' But de little old wren bird had all de time been a hidin' undah de ole eagle's wing, and he flew out an' lit on de eagle's haid, and de little ole wren bird say, 'No you can't, foh now I is de highes' of any bird whut flies.' Dat made de ole eagle so mad dat he chase dat little wren bird down, down, way down to de cornah of de fence, an' he say, 'Now little wren bird, don' you evah let me catch you any highah dan de fence, or I'll kill you.' An' I always did heah dat dey nevah do go any highah dan de fence."

A certain tree in front of my camp was a favorite perch of an eagle, and the river, the favorite fishing grounds of an osprey. When I told mammy about the frequent combats in which the eagle always flew away with the fish, she explained it to me.

"At firs' de fish hawk couldn' build a nes' but he could catch fish. De eagle couldn't catch fish but he could build a nes'. So dey all had a 'greement. De eagle 'greed to show de fish hawk how to build a nes' if de fish hawk would show de eagle how to catch fish. So de eagle done showed de fish hawk how to build de nes', and den de fish hawk went back on his 'greement, and wouldn't show de eagle how to catch a fish. An' dey all do say dat from dat day to dis, de eagle gets every fish he can whut de fish hawk catches."

And so mammy had an interpretation for the characteristics of the birds and animals about her. Whether she was right or wrong, they seemed to understand her and to feel that they were understood. I sometimes wonder if they miss her presence from the old farm, as I miss it in my life.

ETHEL M. TOWNS,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Photograph by Howard T. Middleton
BLUE JAY SINGING SCHOOL

THE BLUE JAY

Saucy cousin to the crow,
You're a vagabond we know,
Scolding, chuckling all the day.
We'll be careful what we say
In your presence, for we'd hate—
Knowing you can imitate—
Having you tell all you know
For no mercy would you show.

No bird's handsomer than you;
And we hope it is not true
That you such a rascal are—
We must watch you near and far,
For the mischief you might make
If great care we did not take.
But, no matter what they say
You're some fellow, Mister Jay.

When the nuts are ripe in fall,
Then we love to hear you call
In the woodlands bare and brown
Where the dead leaves scatter down.
If all birds were wise as you
And your merry, cheeky crew,
No protection would they need
When they roam about to feed.

There are other jays than you
In the South, and Westward, too;
But their habits are the same—
They have earned a world-wide fame.
Mimic and ventriloquist
When you leave us you are missed.

* * * * *

So, wherever they may stay
Don't forget a Jay's a Jay.

ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ



REVEREND GEORGE B. PRATT

George B. Pratt

ANOTHER of the organizers of the Illinois Audubon Society has been called by death, since the last issue of the BULLETIN.

On the last Sunday in February many hundreds of Chicago *Tribune* readers were touched by the announcement that the Reverend George B. Pratt was gone. During his lifetime of eighty-five years he had spent the best in the service of the Episcopal Church in Chicago or in neighboring suburban parishes.

From his boyhood, which was spent in Ohio, Father Pratt was interested in birds and while still quite young became a regular reader of "Thoreau's Diaries of the Seasons." While living in Hastings, Minnesota, in 1880 he reported his bird observations for Wells Cooke. It was there that he made a marginal note in "Early Spring in Massachusetts" under date of April, 1880, "Have seen Doctor Coues' Key to Birds, and want it." Two years later he penciled beneath the first note "And now have it." Both books, worn as books are with many readings, are now among the writer's dearest keepsakes.

While living in Oak Park in 1886 Father Pratt established what was probably the first Audubon Society in Illinois. It was composed of himself and nine choir boys of Grace Church in which he was officiating at that time. In 1890 it was he who presided at the meeting which developed the present Illinois Audubon Society and for many years he remained a director. In 1900, Father Pratt's church work took him to Porto Rico for a period of several years and his observations of bird migration were among his most interesting experiences in the field. About 1910 he came to live in Savanna, Illinois, and it was my rare good fortune to act as guide, taking him into my favorite bird haunts. On these trips he met his first Prothonotary and Cerulean Warblers. At the beginning of 1913 he retired from active church work and took up his final residence on Lawrence Avenue in Chicago within easy walking distance of Graceland Cemetery. Watching the birds in this vicinity he became a familiar figure in the neighborhood as he searched the trees, shrubs, and little lake until he proudly boasted fifty-six species within the cemetery walls. For fourteen years he patrolled a vacant lot on his street, alert for the first robin, and it was a significant and touching fact that the last week of his life was spent within easy binocular reach of that spot.

Mrs. Pratt passed on in September, 1926, and after fifty-eight years of happy companionship he could not survive the separation. They lie together in Graceland Cemetery, his favorite bird sanctuary.

NELLIE J. BARODY,
Berwyn, Illinois.

The May Outing

THE Fourth Annual Spring Outing to the Portage Tract in the County Forest Preserve, started from the Union Station in a special car on the "Q." Unseasonable weather again was the cause of many backing out at the last minute, but in spite of the threatening rain almost 150 bird lovers made the trip on May 14th.

No large lists resulted from the outing, but warblers were much in evidence, with most of the common birds that are found in the Mud Lake district quite numerous.

The most notable identification for the day was an Osprey that soared up and down the Des Plaines river as it hunted for luncheon in the muddy water.

A month before the outing—April 17—a pair of Carolina Wrens were discovered in the same region, proving that gradually this large wren is extending its travels. Scarcely a year passes without several records of the Carolina Wren being reported in the Chicago region.

Among the more prominent ornithologists attending the outing, were Ruthven Deane, Wm. I. Lyon, and Benjamin T. Gault who recently returned from a two years' survey of the bird life on the west coast of Ireland.

A larger group than at any previous time attended from the Bowen High School in Chicago, about 120 being present. This high school has the largest bird club of any school in Chicago, and the eagerness and efficiency of the young people speak well for the work done by the biology teachers of the school.

With thirty thousand acres of woodland in the Forest Preserves in Cook County, nature study in all branches should be very popular, and the conservation of wild life more and more a definite object in the public schools.

O. M. S.

IN MAY

A red-winged blackbird
Swaying on the brown and tattered head
Of a last year's cat-tail,
Trills a joyous challenge
To all the world.

BERTHA JACQUES in "Whims"

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EDITORIAL

PERSONAL news in the bird world is difficult to get and it is hard to understand why those who have interesting items do not send them to the editor.

Much has happened since the publication of the last Bulletin that has a bearing on bird protection. The State of Illinois has been very backward in setting aside areas for wild life sanctuaries such as state parks. Within a few weeks, however, the legislature and the governor have sanctioned the purchase of 290 acres of the pine forest in Ogle County. This provides an ideal bird habitat as well as the saving of one of the most unique timber tracts in Illinois, for no where else in the State is there such a pure stand of white pine. It is the southernmost white pine forest in this section of the United States.

Another beautiful but little known tract of primeval forest is the Lowell Woods near Dixon on Rock River. This has been the property of the City of Dixon for quite a number of years and was presented to the city by the family of Charles Russell Lowell, who bought it prior to the Civil War. The Lowell Woods contains over 200 acres of heavily timbered woodland with the underbrush untouched which makes it an ideal bird sanctuary and would be a wonderful place to visit during the spring bird migration.



Photograph by Howard T. Middleton

YOUNG BARN OWL

A news item in April announced the eighth forest preserve purchase by Winnebago County. This tract of 169 acres is located on Kishwaukee Creek, one of the most beautiful of the smaller streams of Northern Illinois. It is rumored that a large tract of timber land in McHenry County near Antioch is being considered as an addition to the public sanctuaries and these automatically become bird refuges. The McHenry County land consists of about 4450 acres of contiguous land in the Fox River Valley.

Birds in Their Relation to the Farmer and Fruit Grower

THE question whether any particular bird is more beneficial than harmful to the interests of the farmer or fruit grower, or the reverse, is a complicated one. Many species are both beneficial and injurious; but to decide whether the good or bad in this respect preponderates is often a matter requiring careful observation and study. Very few are entirely one or the other (though a limited number come near being so). Unfortunately some entirely distinct kinds of birds so closely resemble one another superficially that they appear identical to the careless or casual observer, and thus the innocent are made to suffer for the sins of the guilty. This is notably the case with the Hawks and Owls, of which only two species of the former and one of the latter are distinctly injurious and therefore deserving of destruction. To most farmers, indeed, to people in general, all large Hawks are "chicken hawks," and consequently are killed whenever practicable. Of these there are two kinds that are more or less abundant here, the Red-tailed Hawk, of which, however, only the birds more than a year old have red tails, the young having the tail grayish brown banded or barred with black, and the Red-shouldered Hawk, slightly smaller, but decidedly the more numerous of the two, likewise greatly different in the coloration of its adult and immature stages. These two large so called "chicken hawks" may easily be distinguished from one another by their very different cries, the large Red-tail uttering a sort of hissing squeal (sounding something like "Sk-e-e-et"), while the slightly smaller red-shouldered has a very much louder and not unmusical call ("Kee'lair, kee'lair, kee'lair"), a note often imitated by the Blue Jay. Both are often seen hung by the feet to fences along the country roadside, innocent victims, for in nine cases out of ten they did not commit the crime for which they were executed; the real culprit was an entirely different species of hawk, which will be specially referred to further on. While undoubtedly guilty now and then (though far less often than is generally supposed) of catching chickens and game, these big hawks feed mostly on meadow mice, young rabbits, snakes, bugs, crawfish, and various other creatures of that sort. I wish that I were able to give the percentage of "prohibited" food which they eat, as determined by examination of the stomach contents of hundreds of specimens, but I have not the figures for reference. My recollection, however, is that it amounts to far less than five per cent in the case of each species.

The real terror after poultry yards is a bird known, for want of a better name, to ornithologists as Cooper's Hawk. Some of you no doubt know

him. Smaller than either of the species mentioned above, but appearing larger than it really is on account of the long tail, Cooper's Hawk is very different in other ways also. Not only is the tail longer but the wings are shorter and more rounded; and instead of soaring boldly overhead in an "open and above-board" fashion, so that chickens and wild game may easily see it and safely run to shelter, Cooper's Hawk skulks behind the hedge rows or any convenient cover until near enough to dash upon its prey almost with the velocity of lightning, so that the chicken, quail, or other bird thus attacked has little chance to escape, so swift and sudden is the onslaught. This destructive hawk lives almost entirely on birds of various sorts and is the real murderer and thief in at least ninety cases out of a hundred when chickens are caught by hawks.

Another, equally destructive to smaller birds up to the size of a pigeon, is the Sharp-shinned Hawk, so called from the extreme slenderness of its legs. This is an exact miniature of Cooper's Hawk, both being bluish slate color above and barred with reddish brown or cinnamon color and white beneath when adult, brown above and striped with brown on white ground beneath when young. The Sharp-shinned Hawk has an original and most effective way of catching Woodpeckers. The latter can easily evade the attack of a single hawk by deftly dodging behind a tree or the opposite side of a limb when the dash is made; not so, however, when two hawks dash simultaneously at him from opposite directions. This the Sharpshins do, and Mr. Woodpecker is invariably "a goner." Both Cooper's Hawk and the Sharpshinned Hawk should be killed whenever the opportunity offers, but the farmer who considers his true interests will spare both the Red-tailed and Red-shouldered Hawks as most valuable destroyers of vermin.

That little feathered fiend, the Sharp-shin, should not be confounded with another small hawk, the common Sparrow Hawk, so called, perhaps, because he does not eat Sparrows. The latter is well known to most people in the country and may be recognized by his tendency to frequent the large dead trees in a clearing or deadening, where the eggs are laid in a deserted hole of the Flicker or Yellow-hammer or in a natural cavity, and by his shrill call of "killick, killick, killick," rapidly and frequently repeated. The Sparrow Hawk feeds chiefly on mice, especially the field mice so destructive to young fruit trees and root crops of which he destroys so vast a number that he should be rigidly protected. Besides mice his food comprises grasshoppers, locusts, and other large insects. He is a most persistent and successful mouser, and no doubt many of you have seen him hovering in a fixed position some fifty feet above the ground in some meadow, then shift his position and poise again, as he watches and follows the course of a mouse running through the grass, until at an opportune moment he drops like a stone upon the victim, bears it away to his young or to be devoured by himself from the limb of some old dead tree.

Another important mouse-eating hawk is one which visits us in the fall and departs in the spring, its summer home being farther northward. This is the Marsh Hawk or Harrier, easily recognized by its long wings and tail, conspicuous white patch on the lower back, and its habit of coursing or beating back and forth over meadows in search for field mice; but woe betide any small bird encountered on the way. The adult male of the Marsh Hawk is bluish gray above and white beneath, while the adult female and young are dark brown above and buff or rusty below, striped with brown; but the conspicuous white patch above the base of the tail is always present and is a positive identification mark.

Of owls much the commoner of the large kind is the Barred Owl or Hoot Owl (the one who says "Who-who, who-who, who cooks for you all" or as some prefer to interpret it, "Who-who, who-who, who-who, who-are-you"). It is perfectly safe to say that no one, man or boy, with a loaded gun in his hands ever missed a chance to shoot one of these owls; and unfortunately this is an easy matter since the species is not, like the Great Horned Owl, shy, and is easily decoyed by a fairly good imitation of its call. This is a great pity, for the Barred Owl is distinctly more beneficial than injurious, rarely (notwithstanding a general belief to the contrary) destroying domestic fowls or game birds but feeding for the most part on rats, mice, rabbits, and other small four-footed animals, as well as crawfish, frogs, etc. Not so the Great Horned Owl, however, which fortunately is a much scarcer bird, for many a barnyard fowl does he crowd from the roost on the limb of the old apple tree and, as it loses its balance and flutters toward the ground, seizes it in his powerful claws and bears it away to some convenient spot and devours it. Even turkeys are sometimes killed by this powerful and voracious night prowler, whose strength and ferocity are so great that one has been known to kill a Bald Eagle when the two were placed in the same cage. (This actually happened in the experience of Dr. P. R. Hoy, of Racine, Wisconsin, who related the circumstances to the writer.) The "hoot" of the Great Horned Owl is very different from that of the Barred Owl. It is of a much lower tone and seemingly not so loud when heard near by, but carries to a much greater distance. It may be likened to the crossing signal of a railroad engine that has a hoarse-toned whistle.

The little Screech Owl is a species concerning whose economical status I am somewhat in doubt, since he destroys both vermin (in the shape of mice and large insects) and birds. I believe, however, that on the whole he is more injurious than beneficial; but until you are able, from observation to decide in your own minds, give him the benefit of the doubt.

Still another owl is much less common than those already mentioned and so far as I know is only found with us during the colder half of the year. This is the Short-eared Owl, a medium sized species, though when in flight appearing larger from the wide expanse of his wings. Some of you no doubt have flushed him from the grass as you crossed some meadow

or bit of prairie and watched him soar and flutter, often in circles, away to a safe distance, little discommoded by the bright sunlight, for this owl is only partially nocturnal. Probably ninety to ninety-five per cent of the food of this owl consists of field mice and other small quadrupeds, and therefore it should not be killed.

Of other birds than hawks and owls there are so many that I shall mention very few, selecting those which I am convinced are near one extreme or the other in their relation to agriculture and horticulture. At present I am able to name only five, that, from my personal knowledge of their habits, I would recommend as fit subjects for extermination. These are the English Sparrow, the Crow, and three kinds of Blackbirds, of which the first named stands first as an "undesirable citizen."

Although I have studied carefully the habits of the English Sparrow for nearly forty years, I find myself unable to say a single word in his favor, and entirely agree with a writer (whose name I have forgotten) who aptly characterizes the bird as a "feathered rat." Not only does the English Sparrow increase so enormously as to crowd away from their homes the Martins, Swallows, Bluebirds, and other species (all insectivorous and useful) that nest in holes or about buildings, but he is a notorious destroyer of the buds of fruit trees, of grain, pea blossoms and green peas, devours a large percentage of the chicken feed, musses up our dwellings, barns, and other public buildings, and is a first-class nuisance generally.

The three kinds of Blackbirds which are common in this part of the country without question destroy enormous numbers of grubs, cutworms, beetles and insects of various sorts, as every farmer boy knows who has seen them follow the plow, and to this extent are highly beneficial. One of them (the cowbird) is perhaps also of some benefit in ridding cattle of ticks; but its parasitic habits (it never builds a nest of its own but deposits its eggs in the nest of some smaller bird, who hatches them and rears the young, usually at the sacrifice of its own offspring) have a decidedly different effect on the increase of other and more beneficial species. The common Crow Blackbird and Red-winged Blackbird destroy much corn, especially the Red-wing, whose depredations I have known to necessitate the replanting of a field several times in one season, but in this case the field was located near the breeding grounds of several hundred pairs. The Crow Blackbird (our largest species) is a confirmed cannibal, who from late spring to mid-summer subsists largely on the young of other birds, even after they have left the nest. I have twice seen one kill the young of that beautiful songster, the Brown Thrasher or Sandy Mockingbird, and on another occasion saw three of them each take a young Song Sparrow from the nest and fly away with it, while my wife saw a small flock of them swoop down on a brood of young Wrens that had just left the nesting box and devour every one of them before she could prevent it.

The Crow I would place in the same category as the Crow Blackbird. If anything it is even worse, for it frequently purloins young chickens from the dooryard (usually before the family is up or while no one is at home—Crows are highly intelligent and know their opportunity) and spies out the places where the hens lay so that it may have a nice fresh egg for breakfast or dinner as the case may be. Those who have not seen the *modus operandi* may wonder how a Crow can fly away with a hen's egg. It is a very simple matter, for Mr. Crow just pecks his bill well into the egg, then holding his head with the bill straight out and slightly inclined upward flies away with it easy as you please.

There is another bird nearly as bad as the Crow and the Crow Blackbird as a destroyer of the eggs and young of other birds (some think him even worse!) but sentiment—pure sentiment—prevents me from naming him, for I admire his beautiful coloring, neighborliness, and many interesting ways. I will not allude to him further for fear some of you may know him.

Two birds which represent directly the opposite from those just mentioned are the Meadowlark and the Quail. Thorough investigation of the food habits of the former by Professor Tube has proved it to be entirely beneficial to the farmer. So far as I am aware not a single thing can rightfully be said against this beautiful and useful bird whose sweet but simple and somewhat plaintive song enlivens our meadows and prairies, even, sometimes, on fine days during winter.

It is a great pity that the Quail is so attractive to sportsmen and pot-hunters for there is no more useful bird to the farmers. It is a great destroyer of chinch bugs and cutworms, and were quails numerous enough their services in keeping these pests within bounds would undoubtedly be effective. Farmers, for their own best interest, should protect the Quail.

The subject of birds in their relations to the interest of the farmers and fruit growers involves not only the question of sentiment. But this is another matter and it is already time this paper should end.

ROBERT RIDGWAY,
Olney, Illinois.



Bewick's Wren

ANOTHER name for this wren is "Long-tailed House Wren." That is as good a description of him as could be given. He is such a rare visitor in the region around Chicago, that I was particularly delighted to have had the opportunity to make the following intimate observations.

A Bewick's Wren has visited our place near the Dunes of Northern Indiana every summer, but we never thought of having him for a neighbor since authorities give his range as "southern half of Indiana," and "rare in southern Michigan."

This year I had been listening and looking for him several days before I finally heard him on May 1st. An ornithological friend, Miss B., spent the day of April 30 with me and we did not see or hear a sign of him. The next day, however, while we were doing the luncheon dishes I heard his loud song quite close, I dropped the dish towel with an "Excuse me, but I hear Bewick's Wren." I was out on the porch when Dr. C. called "Here is a tiny wren on the feeding shelf." And sure enough, right in front of the window sat Mr. Bewick singing a greeting. His long tail flopped from side to side as though it were not very securely fastened. Chapman says of the tail that it seems to be at the mercy of passing breezes.

He sang quite freely the rest of the day and the next week, May 7th, I heard him singing off and on all day. On May 10th hearing him very close, I discovered him going in a feeding box which had been put up for the winter birds.

This box is on a post about five feet high, just outside an east window. It was put there especially for the smaller birds, as the Blue Jays get most of the seeds put on the open shelf. An article in Bird-Lore described a box with small openings which the writer had used successfully, so we copied it. The three openings are across the upper half of the front and are about one and a quarter inches square. My small birds did not seem to care for it and it stood half full of sunflower seeds all winter. Toward spring I saw a Nuthatch alight on the box and look in a few times, but never saw him actually go in.

I arranged a curtain so I could see without being seen, and soon the wren went in again carrying a small twig. He had no sooner entered the box than Nuthatch went in and drove him out. In fact, Nuthatch seemed very indignant, and for awhile went in and out busily, getting sunflower seeds. I slipped out when the way was clear and looked in. A small pile of sticks and straws was in the southwest corner of the nesting-box.

When I got back to the city I telephoned Miss B. and told her in great glee that Bewick's wren was building a nest in the feeding box. She squelched my enthusiasm by saying she thought nothing would come of it; it was probably only a "cock's nest." May 14th she went with me to see developments. The building was proceeding, but she was still doubtful.

May 21st. I peeped in the box immediately on arrival at our Dunes cottage, and found a tiny cup-shaped nest, lined with feathers, and in it one egg! I called Miss B. at the earliest opportunity and asked if she thought a cock would lay an egg. That settled the argument.

I saw both birds around a good deal that week-end, and early in the morning the male sang constantly. I believe that was the time that the female was laying, for when I looked in the box at seven a.m. there was another egg. Next morning at six a.m. a third egg had been added.

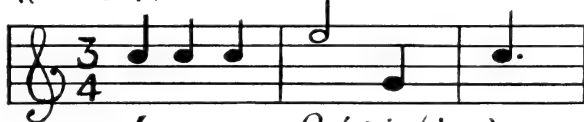
I made two records of the songs. One, which was the usual "all day song" said quite plainly: "I am a Bewick's Wren." The "early morn-

EARLY MORNING



I am a Bewick's wren

ALL DAY SONG



I am a Bewick's wren

ing song" was so different that I got up at five a.m. and made a record of it. There are variations, some shorter than others, but the quality is the same. There is no resemblance to the House Wren's song. It is a loud ringing song, and reminds me more of the Song Sparrow. There is none of the scolding "Tut, tut, tut" of the other wren in his call note either. All his notes are more deliberate and musical. The call note we heard most is a questioning "Kree-ee?"

May 29th I found the mother bird sitting. I watched my chance and when she left the nest, looked in. There were seven eggs. They filled the nest, and were very neatly arranged, small ends down. I was glad to find later that she did not seem afraid of me. When I looked in she would turn her head on one side and look up at me but did not leave the nest. The white line over the eye was well marked at such close range.

I consulted all the authorities I could find on the nesting habits of the Bewick. One said, "They lay four to six eggs." Another gave five to seven. Amos Butler in "Birds of Indiana," says the incubation period is two weeks, and that the little birds remain in the nest for two weeks more. He also says that they all return to the nest to roost every night, after they are able to fly.

On June 3rd, 4th and 5th, Miss B. and I checked up on the feeding. We were able to sit inside a window overlooking the box and see the comings and goings. The male came about every eight minutes with food for the female. He stopped on the fence rail nearby, and called "Kree-ee?" several times, his tail falling loosely from side to side. We could recognize him from afar by that funny flopping tail! After calling a few times he shook himself vigorously and flew to the top of the box. He always entered by the north opening and came out almost immediately by the middle one. We could hear little soft notes of appreciation from the female. She came out occasionally and flew with him straight toward the bird bath. She was gone about seven minutes each time and used the south entrance exclusively. He came in another eight minutes with a worm or moth for her.

He was nervous and excited if a jay or other bird came near the box and once, hearing him scolding unusually, we looked out and found he was fretting over a quail which was innocently walking by in his neighborhood.

June 10th, just two weeks from the day the incubation began, there was a tiny bird in the nest. It did not seem much larger than a wasp and had about as many feathers as a wasp! There were only five eggs left and no sign of broken shell. The mother bird stayed on the nest most of the time. The male brought something for the baby, so small we could hardly see that he had anything in his bill. We had noticed that he was hunting on the bark of the trees as the Chickadee does, and evidently had found an insect egg, a morsel appropriate for so small a mite. It was quite different from the worms and moths he had brought to the female.

Unfortunately I was obliged to be away for two weeks so this was my last visit for awhile. But Dr. C. looked in the box two days later, June 12th, and all the eggs were hatched. He counted five little birds, and thought there might be more but said they looked so shivery and naked that he did not want to keep the box open longer. June 14th Miss B. went out to see them. She counted six. She wrote: "The mother bird was on the nest at first, so I had to wait. I established myself on the seat in the dressing room. The father came three times with bugs but did not sing or make a sound. Then suddenly the mother flew out and that was my opportunity. The nest was well filled with gray fuzzy babies, 6 of them. They were asleep so I did not wake them. The mother looked rather scraggly and the worse for wear."

June 25th Dr. C. looked in the box and all the baby birds, feathered out and husky looking, were huddled in the northeast corner the farthest corner from the nest. The parent birds were in and out all the afternoon feeding them. Next morning, however, the box was empty.

On June 27th I returned and heard them scattered over the hill. I heard the song several times, and baby voices calling. July 1st, the whole family was in the crabapple thicket and all scolded when I went down to give them some water. They seemed by this time to have grown the long tail that is so characteristic. I am hoping, since this family was so successfully reared that they will raise a second. We feel greatly honored by having so distinguished a neighbor, and enjoy him much more than his cousin. His song is much more pleasing, he is not such a scold, and so far as we have seen, does not have the bad habit of destroying other birds' nests.

LILLIAN CRAMP

Chicago, Illinois

Editorial Notes

A REVISION of the Check List is under way. Certain additions based on recent bird identifications in the state will be added and the new edition will contain the scientific names of the birds listed as well as the common names. The Check List will be ready for distribution in early autumn.

The Ridgway Memorial Fund is growing slowly and will be actively pushed in September.

A campaign for new members has been inaugurated and has met with moderate success. It is urgent that the membership be increased in order to carry out an efficient educational campaign for bird conservation. The National Association of Audubon Societies has succeeded in creating an endowment fund of over one million dollars. It would seem reasonable that Illinois might be able to raise a fund large enough to provide an income sufficient to carry on the conservation work on a scale creditable to our great State.

The directors of the Society at their annual meeting discussed the holding of monthly open meetings commencing in the early fall to which the public would be admitted free and problems of bird conservation and study would be the subject of discussion at each meeting with the possibility of a short talk by someone in authority on one of the many phases of bird interests.

The Robert Ridgway Wild Life Sanctuary

ON July 2, 1850, a boy was born at Mt. Carmel, Illinois, with that innate love of birds which is the heritage of the elect.

To his inherent interest in birds was added an ability to draw them. There were no "Keys" and "Manuals" in those days, and, all other means of identification failing, this country lad painted pictures of the strange birds that he saw, and sent them to the Patent Office in Washington with the hope that they might find their way to some one who would tell him their names. They were referred to Spencer F.



Photograph by Howard T. Middleton

EGRET TAKING THE AIR

Baird, then the Assistant Secretary, later the head of the Smithsonian Institution. Imagine the feelings of the young artist when he received not only the names of the birds he had drawn, but later an invitation to come to Washington. Thus was established the relation which in due time made the young bird student Robert Ridgway the worthy ornithological successor of his friend and preceptor.

Entering the employ of the Federal Government in 1867, for much over half a century Mr. Ridgway has devoted himself to the service of science with a singleness of purpose which has made him the greatest of present-day ornithologists. In love with his profession, without hope of monetary reward, he has laid broad the scientific foundation for those who follow him.

Not only is Mr. Ridgway a distinguished ornithologist, but he is also well known for his researches in botany, as well as for his interest in the preservation of rare trees and other forms of plant life.

The technicalities of his profession have never dulled his love of birds in nature; and when in later life he sought for some place where he might live on intimate terms with birds and trees and flowers, the memory of a happy boyhood drew him irresistibly to the scenes of his youth.

After a thorough examination of available areas he purchased eighteen acres near Olney, Illinois, which fully met his desires. The ground is



Photograph by Howard T. Middleton

AN EGRET'S PLEASANT REFLECTIONS

varied in character and well watered; there are over fifty species of native trees, and a great variety of shrubs and flowers. These conditions offer a home to an equally rich bird life.

This is Bird Haven. Purchased in 1906, for twenty years it has had the benefit of Mr. Ridgway's constant thought and care. Animated by boundless love for his task he has used all his available means to develop this sanctuary, but the time has now come when he can no longer continue this personal care.

Mr. Ridgway is prepared to deed this sanctuary to an organization by which it will be preserved. Let us accept this gift, not only in the interest of the birds and plants of Bird Haven, but as a memorial to its Founder. Let us show, while Mr. Ridgway still lives, that we appreciate his unselfish life in the service of science. Let us build in Bird Haven a national monument to stimulate love for birds and for all outdoors, not only in the people of our own day but in generations yet unborn. In years to come this living memorial will increase in value and interest and will be a Mecca for those who love the life of the wild.

Here is an opportunity for the bird-lovers and other nature lovers of America to repay their debt to Robert Ridgway. Let us see to it that his sacrifices to science and his interest in creating and maintaining Bird Haven have not been in vain.

Thirty-five thousand dollars will furnish an income sufficient to provide permanently for the care and upkeep of Bird Haven. The First National Bank of Olney, Illinois, is the depository for this fund.

The administration of the fund is vested in the Ridgway Bird Haven Association, incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, and controlled by a board of five trustees, who will likewise care for the needs of the Sanctuary. These trustees are:

DR. FRANK M. CHAPMAN,

Curator of Birds, American Museum of Natural History, New York.

DR. T. GILBERT PEARSON,

President, National Association of Audubon Societies, New York.

MR. HARRY HARRIS,

Ornithologist and Conservationist, Eagle Rock, Calif.

MR. O. M. SCHANTZ,

President, Illinois Audubon Society, Chicago, Ill.

MR. FRANK BRASSIE,

Secretary, Bird Haven Biologists' Field Club, Olney, Ill.

The General Committee for raising the fund consists of:

DR. HARRY C. OBERHOLSER, 2805 18th St. N.W., Washington, D. C.,
Chairman.

MR. PERCIVAL B. COFFIN, 39 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

MR. HARRY HARRIS, Box 123, Eagle Rock, Calif.

Contributions to this fund are deductible in Federal income tax returns, since the purposes are wholly educational and scientific.



Photograph by Arthur Brooker Klugh

SANDERLINGS—GLEANERS OF THE BEACH

Down with the House Wren Boxes^{*}

By ALTHEA R. SHERMAN

IF, when a felon is on trial for high crimes and misdemeanors he is confronted by numerous eye-witnesses, who are trustworthy and fully competent to testify, if by their evidence it is proved that for upward of twenty-five years he has been seen committing the most flagrant crimes against his neighbors; if the depositions of these expert witnesses have been spread upon the public records and printed in volumes accessible to every one, it would appear that the public ought to demand for the good of our country that the felon be sentenced, and that the sentence be executed without dangerous delay.

In the case of the people of North America versus the House Wren together with his subspecies the Western House Wren the eye-witness of his crimes are numerous, trustworthy, and exceedingly competent; among them are men, who rank with our most eminent ornithologists: men whose professional business during many years has been the careful study of birds. Besides these there are many other men and women less famous, but equally trustworthy as witnesses, who from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific coast and from the Gulf states to the farthest north range of the House Wren in Canada have made numerous statements regarding this species. Their observations cover a period of more than a quarter of a century and have been published in various ornithological books and magazines, which are open to the examination of all.

In this prosecution the public must be jury, judge and executioner and, most unfortunately, a large part of the public is unfitted to act in any of these capacities: as jurymen, because they have already formed an opinion; this opinion is not based on any real knowledge on the subject, either first-hand or otherwise, but having a wren-box on their narrow village lot they refuse to listen to the warnings of those who have seen the House Wren at his nefarious work. They are fond of *their* bird and are angry when the truth is spoken about it; they act precisely like the parents of vicious children, refusing to believe the evil things their darlings do. They did not see the rattlesnake strike its fangs into the tender flesh of the little child that died last summer, yet the dying child was found and the rattlesnake near it: good enough circumstantial evidence for them was this, but the testimony of most trustworthy and competent witnesses of the evil done by the House Wren they flout and vilify. Neither are they fitted to act as judges. A judge in law must have knowledge of the literature

^{*}Reprinted from The Wilson Bulletin, March, 1925.

of law, but with little or no knowledge of ornithological literature many people feel themselves supreme judges of this Wren; they will not take the bird magazines wherein they could find much convincing testimony.

It is a relief to turn from the ignorant and narrow-minded to those of more open minds: to those for whom the opinions and testimony of eminent scientists may have weight, and to remind them that among those who have borne most damaging testimony against the bad character of the House Wren may be found Messrs. Robert Ridgway, Otto Widmann, J. A. Munro, P. A. Taverner, Dr. Arthur A. Allen and Major Allan Brooks. For the presentation of this case to the open-minded a vast amount of data might be quoted: if desirable there can be given the names of the observers, together with the date and name of each magazine, also the page in it upon which the incriminating evidences against the House Wren have been published. In collecting these data a careful search has been made through five hundred and fifty-two copies of bird magazines in which several hundred people have had something to say about the House Wren and its subspecies the Western House Wren; for convenience at this time the name House Wren will include both the species and its subspecies.

Of all the magazines *Bird-Lore* has published the largest array of evidence relating to the criminal character of the House Wren. In its January-February, 1905, issue, two veteran ornithologists spoke without shouting, yet most emphatically, regarding the danger from the House Wren, which attends the placing of bird houses. Any policeman will tell you that in a time of peril a gentle admonition will turn some people into a path of safety, but that on others he must use his club. It must be confessed that in connection with the danger here discussed, there is scarcely one of us who has not deserved the club. It is now a full score of years since Mr. Otto Widmann wrote the following gentle warning: "I would also say to those who put up bird houses of any kind to keep a watchful eye on the House Wren. He is as great a nuisance as the English Sparrow. He enters homes in the absence of the owners, ruins their nests, pierces and throws out eggs and can do enough mischief in one season to threaten the existence of a whole colony of Martins. Nor are his attentions confined to bird houses either; open nests also suffer from his sneaking visits, and much of the damage laid at the English Sparrow's door may be traced to the innocent-looking Jennie Wren."

In the same number of *Bird-Lore* Mr. Robert Ridgway gave similar testimony. In speaking of his bird houses he said: "These nesting-places are occupied solely by House Wrens, for they will not allow any other bird to use them. Each spring a pair of Carolina Chickadees build their nest in one of them and have begun incubation by the time the House Wrens arrive, but that is as far as the poor Chickadees get,

for the wrens immediately oust them and destroy their eggs." Again in the same magazine ten years later he writes: "The House Wren is equally tyrannical, and no small bird can nest in its vicinity. Several pairs of Carolina Chickadees and Tufted Titmice, and a pair of Bewick's Wrens, that had been with us all winter, and would have nested in boxes near the house but for the rascally House Wrens, who, though possessing boxes of their own, drove the other birds away." Farther on he speaks of this destructive little demon saying: "The first House Wren ever seen or heard by me in southeastern Illinois was noted in the vicinity of Olney some time near the year 1870. . . . Bewick's Wren was THE 'House' Wren of the entire region. . . . In the vicinity of Olney, the House Wren is now by far the more numerous of the two, especially in the town itself; and, wherever it has chosen a home, Bewick's Wren is forced out, for Troglodytes will not brook the presence of any species, Wren, Chickadee, Titmouse, or Nuthatch, which requires similar nesting-sites. Thryomanes on the other hand is exceedingly tolerant of other species, and therefore is far the more desirable, especially since it is equally tame and a far better songster. . . ."

A half decade passed and again Mr. Ridgway spoke, this time in the *Illinois Audubon Bulletin* (1920). The deposition is similar to that given above, and this is the heart-breaking part of it: that spring after spring it is the same old story for a score of years, even for fifty years, except that the story grows worse as the years advance; this is true not only at Olney, Illinois, but wherever the placing of boxes has contributed to an undue increase in the numbers of this species. It is neither desirable nor practical to quote all the evidence that has been recorded. In a rapid trans-continental survey only a few records can be mentioned. In Litchfield, Connecticut, more than twenty-five years ago the House Wren was denounced as a despoiler: "not a robber but a spoiler. He does not take other birds' eggs and eat them. He pierces them with his sharp little bill and throws them out of the nest. My direct knowledge of this fact comes from his treatment of the Chipping Sparrow. I have seen the wren throw the eggs of the latter out of the nest." From Saint Johnsbury, Vermont, came the message: "We have seen them drop the Bluebirds' eggs from the house door and take possession; which is more than the English Sparrow has done!" Similar offenses against the Bluebird were reported from Bristol, Connecticut; Hackettstown, New Jersey; Troy and Collins, New York, to mention only a few. In the magazines have been reported instances of his destruction of the eggs of the English Sparrow from Canton, Pennsylvania; of the Flicker and Robin from London, Ontario; of the Cardinal from Noblesville, Indiana, and from La Grange, Missouri; of the Texas Bewick's Wren from Wichita, Kansas; and of his usurpation of the boxes of Tree Swallow and Bluebird from Okanagan Landing, British Columbia.

Many people have seen him throwing from the nest the eggs of his own species. In fact, egg-throwing throughout the summer seems to be his main diversion. Egg-shells will answer if the whole eggs are wanting. An instance of this kind happened in my building erected to support a chimney for Chimney Swift occupants. Birds are excluded from its lower portion in which are stored various things, among them a Shrike's nest, containing the shells of eggs that had been blown. By accident a House Wren gained entrance to this room and was found there. Every shell of the Shrike's eggs had been carried from the nest and thrown to the floor. Some of the shells were not badly broken and all were returned to the nest. A few days later the wren again entered, again was found there, and again the egg-shells were scattered over the floor. The gentle Phoebe not infrequently is a victim of the wren's viciousness: her eggs are pierced and thrown out and her nests are torn down. One of her nests, not in use, built on top of a porch post was completely destroyed by a House Wren. He carried off the material but made no use of it. In a similar manner has he been seen tearing to pieces the nest of an English Sparrow, also to enter one of these nests and steal the feathers of its lining.

Mr. Widmann laid stress on the destruction of open nests by this wren, and Mr. Ridgway has given an account of the great decrease of several small species of birds, such as the Baltimore Oriole, Yellow Warbler and Warbling Vireo in his neighborhood. He does not say that two minus two leaves nothing, but I have the hardihood to say that it does: that two birds minus their two eggs leaves nothing for annual increase or replacement; that this loss repeated year after year soon brings a species to the verge of extinction. One has but to recall how soon the English Sparrow has nearly wiped out the Cliff Swallows and the Barn Swallows in places where formerly they were exceedingly numerous. He does not declare, as does Mr. Widmann, that much of this damage can be traced to the door of Jennie Wren, but I have the boldness to declare that I know it to be the truth. The state of things about Olney, Illinois, parallels so closely that of a deserted village, that something other than a coincident must be the explanation for it. Twenty-five years ago this small community, before the coming of the House Wrens, was a paradise for many birds; Baltimore Orioles and Warbling Vireos swung their nests in the trees, Chipping Sparrows built in the bushes, and the Maryland Yellowthroat nested in the dooryards. Gradually people moved away, taking with them their cats and their bad boys; for eight summers not a Blue Jay was seen; chicken yards having been abandoned the English Sparrow went off to the farms; no doubt, all would have continued well with the little birds if the House Wren had not arrived; he took possession of the boxes placed for Chickadees and Bluebirds as well as numerous holes in old buildings; he flourished mightily, and as his tribe increased the other

little birds decreased as summer residents, until very few of them could be found. In solving a problem of this sort it is well to have a large workable acreage under observation and to study it intensively. No person can witness the despoliation of every nest by the House Wren, yet by the process of elimination taken together with a knowledge of his character the correct answer can be found.

That the gentle admonitions of Mr. Ridgway have influenced the editor of one Audubon publication is attested by his magazine, which has ceased to advocate the placing of wren-boxes; but most of us seem to have needed the club. Speaking for myself it must be confessed that I may have sinned against my small bird neighbors, when for purposes of study, there has been tolerance, years ago, of two nestings each of Screech Owls and Sparrow Hawks. But there is only one sin that causes constant mourning in sackcloth and ashes, that causes me to lie awake nights visioning the future condition of our country with its bird population consisting mainly of those undesirable aliens, the Starling and the English Sparrow, together with Screech Owls, Bronzed Grackles, and House Wrens: that sin was the putting up of bird houses and allowing them to be occupied by House Wrens. It may comfort some people to learn that for this sin full punishment is being meted out in this world: except the Traill's Flycatcher, whose vigilance and pugnacity protects his nest, and the Goldfinch, whose nesting comes after the wren's frenzy has abated, can any other little birds hatch their eggs, since the House Wrens became numerous; the successful breeding here of small species is ended, they are becoming scarce as has been reported from Olney, Illinois.

The cheerful twitterings of the Wren are pleasing, but no more so than the songs of the Warbling Vireo, the Yellow Warbler, the Maryland Yellowthroat, and other small birds that he has robbed and routed. Some of these by second trials in more remote spots are still perpetuating their species, but in greatly diminishing numbers, wherever the House Wren has largely increased. For corroboration of this statement the regional lists of birds given in the ornithological magazines are cited. Some of the reports give the Chipping Sparrow as now rare where formerly it was abundant. To be sure the species has other enemies; in some places the Blue Jay as well as the Bronzed Grackle, the latter a bird, that, most unfortunately, is increasing in many places. Bad as it is it does not sneak through all the small bushes and into bird houses. As for injury done by the English Sparrow one would do better to choose twenty of these rather than one House Wren.

Again the ornithological magazines are the authority for the statement that the House Wren is extending its range. Reports of its recent appearance on Cape Cod and in the vicinity of Quebec have been given. In the *Wilson Bulletin* for December, 1919, the late Dr. N. Hollister wrote of bird life about Delavan, Wisconsin, compared with what he had

known there twenty to thirty years earlier. In speaking of former years he said, "House Wrens were reported by ornithologists as breeding now and then in other portions of the state and some few may have been present in my region, but as a summer resident the bird was certainly rare in the vicinity of Delavan. Now I found it, in July, one of the most conspicuous and generally distributed of town birds." With only one change, that of the town, this would read true of every place in the Upper Mississippi Valley, it is confidently believed. When a nesting area becomes overcrowded with certain species, as for example the Flicker or the Brown Thrasher, they fight among themselves (each within the circle of its own species), and break up nests by destroying the eggs. This sort of race suicide may be continued for several seasons until overcrowding ceases and normal life once more holds sway. No such happy adjustment happens among the House Wrens. In this species it is the females that fight until one is killed, thus leaving an excess of males. Among a dozen of the species it has been found that there are two to four males that can not find mates. Never has it been discovered that these were the more destructive of the two classes of males, it may be the other way about; that the evil spirit is stirred in them by the presence of the unmated males ready to take away their partners. Whatever is the true explanation it is a matter of belief that the destructive habit has increased disproportionately with the increase of the species.

The reason for this great increase must be clear to every one. It is the result of the campaign for erecting boxes for wrens; boxes with small openings that protected the wrens from their natural enemies and enabled them to breed in undue numbers. That the species needs no such protection, but survives in plentiful numbers in the remote portions of its breeding range is another fact proved by the regional lists printed in the bird magazines. How many persons have searched for such records? Those who have done so, have read of the House Wren having been found breeding "abundantly" in the wild portions of Pennsylvania and of West Virginia, in the mountains of Virginia, in the northern woods of Michigan and Wisconsin, in South Dakota, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia, Washington, Montana, Colorado, and in the higher altitudes of New Mexico and Arizona, certainly enough instances to prove that this bird needs no special protection.

This protection has been given by some unwittingly, by others obstinately, those who refused to believe the emphatic warnings of Robert Ridgway and Otto Widmann spoken twenty years ago. An example of one open-minded searcher for truth was afforded by a conscientious and learned ornithologist, who could not quite accept the words of Mr. Widmann, hence set the men of his state to seeking proof. How long they sought was not stated, but it was considerably less than seven years. It calls up the picture of a woman bent on vindicating her wren, who takes her tatting, sits in the shade of her apple tree in sight of her wren-

box, and while she tats an entire afternoon she sees no eggs destroyed, consequently declares that there is nothing but malicious lies in the whole story. Such zeal on the part of one investigator might provoke a smile if the subject were not so serious; but those of us who for twenty to fifty years have studied thoroughly and carefully the life of the House Wren know the difficulty of catching him red-handed. More often than otherwise the detection comes accidentally. Fingerprints are deemed trustworthy evidence against the human criminal. One "fingerprint" of this wren is the dropping of the egg, its contents uneaten, outside the nest; but this evidence is lacking at times. It may be said, in brief, that the collecting of evidence is not rapid work; it takes years, yes, *years*. A man who begins this work today, possibly, may know as much a score of years hence as does the man who began twenty years ago, but no more. However, it is very doubtful if he will know as much, since he begins in a world crowded with House Wrens, whereas the other man had a nearly wrenless background. And will the word of the beginner of today be any more reliable than the words of the eminent men who have spoken erstwhile?

The word of a truthful, competent, observant man can be trusted *seemingly* about most things, but not about the destruction done by the House Wren. He may tell of a dozen or more things seen in this wren's life that very few besides himself have ever witnessed, and all his statement will be accepted if he does not mention the menace of the wren to other bird life; on this subject he can not be trusted. It is not because the menace is a new idea to them nor because its workings have not been seen by them that they are obstinate, for they readily accept new truths about things that they have not seen, such as statements about vitamins, endocrine imbalance, sex-linked inheritance, chromosomes, the atomic world, and relativity.

Were a criminal belonging to the human race on trial, had his trial dragged along for many years during which he had time and again been confronted by the testimony of witnesses who were expert, competent, and veracious, it is certain that public sentiment would demand that a verdict be given and a sentence be passed. In the case of the felonious House Wren have not numerous jurymen pronounced him guilty? Capital punishment has not been demanded, though if no steps are taken to stop his unrestricted breeding it is safe to predict that the time will come when all true bird lovers will wring his neck as cheerfully as they now wring the neck of the pestiferous English Sparrow. By no means is it asked that the death penalty be exacted; instead of that drastic measure a mild sentence is urged—merely that the wren-boxes be taken down, thereby returning this wren to the place in nature that he occupied before man's interference destroyed the natural balance. In order that this restoration be not short-lived it is hoped there may come a true appreciation of his disposition, so that no one will suffer a

breeding House Wren on his premises any sooner than he would tolerate vermin on his person.

Bird-Lore has a splendid motto: "A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand." But if we are to have that bird in the bush in future years, and if it is to be any other than a House Wren, then we need the slogan, "Down with the House Wren Boxes." The stand we take on this question will affect more than present interests, and each one should so act that a kind Providence need not protect his memory from the just execrations of future generations.

NATIONAL, VIA MCGREGOR, IOWA

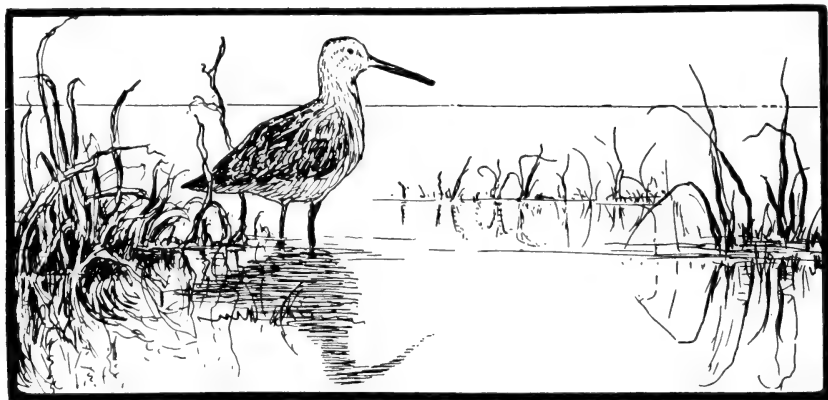
FORM OF BEQUEST

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Bertha E. Jacques

National Association of Audubon Societies Receives Large Gift

AT a meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Association of Audubon Societies held in their offices on May 27, at 1974 Broadway, Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, the President, announced the receipt of a gift of \$156,000 from Mrs. Grace Rainey Rogers. The sum is to be held as an endowment fund for the maintenance of the Paul J. Rainey Wild Life Sanctuary in Louisiana. This territory, owned by the late Mr. Rainey and used by him and his friends as a shooting preserve, was presented to the Audubon Association by his sister, Mrs. Rogers in 1924. The endowment is given in lieu of the annual contributions which she has hitherto provided for its upkeep.

"This Louisiana Sanctuary is the largest of our bird reservations. For three years," said Dr. Pearson, "we have been guarding these 42 square miles of marsh. We do a good deal in the way of planting of duck foods and by other means seek to render the Sanctuary attractive to the vast swarms of wild fowl that resort to the region in winter. More than 50,000 wild geese were on the Sanctuary at one time the past season. One of the great needs today is for more wild life sanctuaries," he added. "Large areas where no shooting can ever be permitted are needed in order to insure the future supply of wild fowl. There should be a series of these along the lines of migratory flight down the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, as well as throughout the length of the Mississippi Valley."

Friends of Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson will be glad to know that he is at last on the road to permanent recovery after a long siege. On June 17 Dr. Pearson stopped over in Chicago for a couple of hours on his way to Alaska where he expects to investigate thoroughly the slaughter of the eagles that has aroused bird lovers all over the country.



Personals

SINCE the publication of the last Bulletin, Mr. Benjamin T. Gault has returned from a two-year study of the birds of the west coast of Ireland. Mr. Gault has brought back with him much new knowledge of this sparsely settled portion of the Emerald Isle. Later our readers will, no doubt, hear more about Mr. Gault's fascinating experiences.

As the Bulletin goes to press Miss Catharine A. Mitchell, Secretary of the Illinois Audubon Society, is about to leave with a group of friends from Northampton, Massachusetts, for a month's trip to Alaska. Miss Mitchell's love of the birds and the out-of-doors will enable her to bring back a very graphic story of her journey.

The president of the Illinois Audubon Society, Mr. O. M. Schantz, was asked to take part in the Wild Life School at McGregor, Iowa, as a member of the faculty. He spent the week of August 7-13 lecturing on different subjects and assisting in the leading of out-of-door excursions. Dr. H. C. Oberholser of the Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., and one of the directors of the Wild Life School, stopped over in Chicago on his way to McGregor to consult with members of the Ridgway Memorial Committee, Messrs. Percival B. Coffin, Stephen S. Gregory, Jr., and O. M. Schantz.

Dr. E. W. Nelson, has announced his retirement as Chief of the Biological Survey in order that he may devote his entire time to arranging the vast store of information he has gathered in the study of wild birds and animals during the past fifty years. Dr. Nelson is being succeeded by Paul G. Redington, who has been Assistant Chief of the Forest Service. Through this work he has been particularly fitted to succeed in charge of the Biological Survey.

Bulletins of the Department of Agriculture show the effectiveness with which the Federal Game Wardens are punishing violators of the Migratory-Bird Treaty Act. These men are constantly taking their lives in their hands for the violator is usually a desperate man and will resist arrest even to the extent of killing a warden.

Mr. W. I. Lyon of Waukegan accompanied by Mr. Miller of Racine has gone north on his annual tour to band gulls and terns. Mr. Lyon and Mr. Miller were equipped with about 7,000 bird bands and we will soon begin to hear more of the results of these bird-banding activities from Mr. Lyon or his assistant.

Pollination of Flowers by Birds

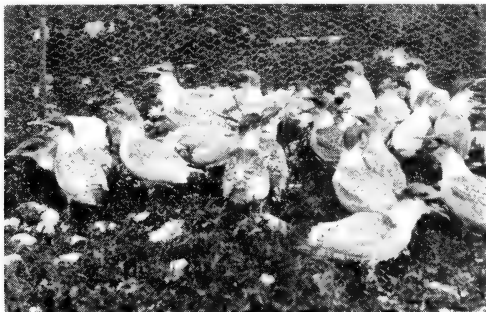
FLOWERS are so generally pollinated by the wind and insects that we often overlook the fact that flowers have devised various other methods of securing pollination. There are, indeed, flowers that are pollinated by bats and others pollinated by snails, and, as might be supposed, such winged creatures as the birds must occasionally be employed. Plants pollinated by birds are known as Ornithophilous plants and they probably exist in much greater numbers than we imagine.

Ornithophilous flowers are naturally among the larger forms and consequently most abundant in tropical and sub-tropical lands, but some extend as far north as Canada, being, in fact, about as widely distributed as the birds that pollinate them. In many cases the pollination by birds is merely incidental to the bird's search for nectar, for the flowers are adjusted to the visits of insects as well, but in the tropics there are many species or even entire genera that seem designed especially for the visits of birds.

The principal bird pollinators are the Humming-birds and honey-suckers but small woodpeckers have been reported as working on the flowers. It is likely that both Humming-birds and honey-suckers also make use of the small insects which they find in flowers. Ornithophilous flowers usually have long, tubular corollas which for the most part hang sidewise on the stem and thus permit the nectar to be gathered while the birds hover before the flowers after the manner of the sphinx moth.

Among flowers in the Northern States pollinated by our single species of Humming-bird are the trumpet creeper, the jewel-weed, salvia, cardinal flower, fuchsia, passion-flower, and canna. In general Ornithophilous flowers are scarlet or otherwise brightly colored, but there are many exceptions to this rule. If the behavior of our Humming-bird may be taken as a guide, almost any flower with nectar may be visited.

WILLARD N. CLUTE, Joliet, Illinois



Photograph by Wm. I. Lyon

CASPIAN TERNS READY FOR BANDING

Cardinal Feeding Station

DURING the past years, I have noticed Cardinals wintering about Wilmette, especially in my neighborhood, therefore, last winter I put up a feed-box outside of my dining-room window, with the idea of attracting these birds. My plan worked to perfection; for after the second day, the Cardinals (a pair) were on hand testing out the assortment of morsels. They usually appeared very early in the morning, right after daybreak, no matter how cold the weather. I took particular notice of the food they liked best—sunflower seeds, raw peanuts, cracked corn. They were cautious as to danger; for one was always on the lookout while the other was feeding, and the one on watch gave a call at intervals, either as a word of assurance or to give his location. In short, this pair of Cardinals seemed to be acting one for the good of the other. They never fought with each other about the food as the English sparrows did. The sparrows even went so far as to attempt to oust the Red-bird, but our friend would only stop, and let his head-tuft sink (sort of clearing the deck for action) and the sparrow would sneak away. It would seem that Cardinals stay mated during the winter months.

E. FRED LECHLER,
Wilmette, Illinois.

IN AUGUST

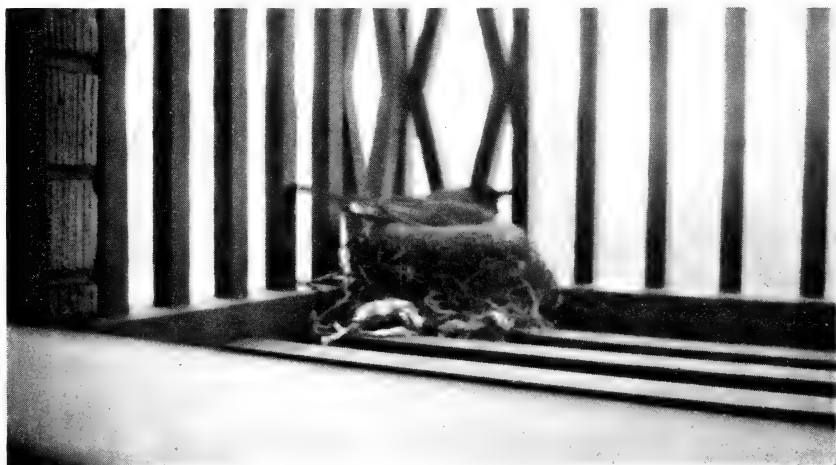
A placid pool,
Content to be
The mirror true
Of passing clouds
And skies of blue.

A stately cardinal
Inclines its head
And lo, the pool
Is deeply red.

BERTHA JACQUES in "Whims"

My Robin Friends

THE Thirteenth is usually considered an unlucky day, but April 13th proved to be a lucky day for me as a pair of robins chose to build on a small balcony outside my bedroom window. The building of the nest was very interesting to watch and was, as far as I saw, built entirely by the female bird. First small sticks were brought for a foundation, then bits of cloth, coarse grass and strings. On the 16th, a rainy Saturday, the nest was plastered with soft mud and shaped. The next two days were spent in lining it with soft grasses and on April 19th the first egg was laid and one on each succeeding day until four bluish green eggs were ready for hatching.



Photograph by Fred G. Paulus

During the incubation period the mother would leave the nest occasionally for food and on returning would stand on the edge of the nest and turn the eggs over with her bill. May 2d the first baby robin appeared and by the 4th the four little birds were all out of the shell, the mother having carried away the bits of shell leaving the nest clean for the little ones.

The baby robins when first hatched are queer looking yellow featherless creatures with a large mouth that seems to be open most of the time. Both of the parent birds feed the little ones, bringing worms which they break in small pieces.

The birds left the nest on the 17th (the first one) and the three others on the 19th. I am enclosing a picture of the mother robin.

R. W. LEACH (Age 12 years)
Elgin, Illinois

The Crippled Robin of Hinsdale

STORIES frequently come to us about birds that have shown a very high degree of friendship and confidence to bird lovers. The following experience of Mr. Elmer H. Tuttle of Hinsdale, Illinois, is quite unique among bird experiences. In the spring of 1921 a male robin who had a defective wing came to Mr. Tuttle's grounds. What the injury was that impeded this robin's flight is, of course, unknown, but it was proved by one of the first primaries of one wing being pure white and not conforming with the other feathers, so the robin's infirmity was easily noticed. The robin soon became very friendly. He would



Photograph by Howard T. Middleton

GETTING ACQUAINTED

keep just out of the way of the lawn mower and seemed not to be afraid of anything on the place. So far as is known the robin was a bachelor for during the six years of his regular visits he never was seen with a mate. He used the bird bath, which was a low one set on the ground, but always had difficulty in bathing. It never was known where the robin roosted but there were large elms in the vicinity which were supposed to be its apartments. After the robin's first coming was noticed Mr. Tuttle kept an account of its coming in the springtime and leaving in the autumn. His arrival was normally 30 days after the other Hinsdale robins and he always came alone. He left in the fall migration with the other robins so that it is probable that his late arrival in the spring was not due to a late start but to his infirmity. Commencing with 1921, for six successive years this friendly robin returned to his summer home on the Tuttle place in Hinsdale. This spring he failed to arrive and as a consequence he is very much missed for Mr. Tuttle had become very much attached to him.

Cat Trap

A VERY satisfactory cat-trap may be made with two ordinary boards, eight inches wide and thirty-six inches long, to be used for the sides; and two more, ten inches wide and thirty-six inches long, to be used for the top and bottom.

Saw off about four inches of the rear end of the top board and make a wire compartment, four inches wide with some sort of a cover for a top. This makes the bait chamber. You will need a guide of some kind on the front, and a board to drop for a door. If you make a triangle for a tripping arrangement, like the one in the picture, you will find that it



THE CAT TRAP

will work very much easier. This works on a leverage principle. A pull of one ounce on the outer end of the triangle makes a four-ounce pull on the shorter part. Inside of the trap is a very thin piece of board about eight inches long and eight inches wide. This has a thin strip of wood about a half-inch wide tacked across the center so it acts like a teeter-board. The string from the center of one side of the teeter-board is tied to the outer end of the triangle.

Put a fish head in the bait-chamber and when Kitty steps upon the teeter-board, down goes the board door and you have the intruder nicely confined in a dark box where nobody can tell what it contains.

Now, how are you going to get rid of the contents? If all of the stories were told of how different persons had tried to get rid of a cat, they would fill a very large book. Dispose of this predatory enemy of the birds in the manner you deem best, but by all means be sure to do it.

WILLIAM I. LYON,
Waukegan, Illinois

Unusual Bird Records

THE wandering habit of the Mockingbird has again delighted a number of its friends, as reports have come from Glen Ellyn and Evanston of its appearance this spring.

The Evanston bird was reported as an unusually musical catbird to a lady who knew mimulus in the South. Mrs. Lester M. Jones of Evanston when called to see the singer immediately recognized an old friend.

Several reports of the Mockingbird were made during the winter, and it would be interesting if it could be proved whether the winter identifications were the same birds that were seen this spring and summer.

Mr. Lyon of Waukegan has also added a mocker to his long list of unusual birds banded in his region. Mr. Benjamin T. Gault reported the appearance of the mocker in Glen Ellyn.

We hope that like the Cardinal, both the Carolina Wren and the Mockingbird have come to stay.

Another bird that is becoming a summer resident in new localities is the Tufted Titmouse. This spring was gladdened along the Des Plaines by the far carrying notes of his jolly whistle from early April.

Two ladies were fortunate in finding at Riverside the Blue-winged warbler and the Prothonotary was seen by many and added to their spring lists.

The cloudy cool weather during May resulted in a piling up of migrants, so that some of the warbler clan were present in swarms. Weather conditions held back the Myrtle and Black-polls long after their usual time of leaving.

Compact flocks of White-throated sparrows so thoroughly scouted the lawns that a second sowing of grass seed was necessary after their visit.

The Western Meadowlark has established a summer residence in a meadow south of La Grange and its deep-throated gurgling warble easily distinguishes it as being something new to report.

O. M. S.



Bertha E. Jacques

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JOS. BEQUAERT

(Harvard School of Tropical Medicine)

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E. B. FROTHINGHAM

Appalachian Forest Experiment Station

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1928

The
AUDUBON
ANNUAL BULLETIN



Published by
THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON
SOCIETY

Illinois Audubon Society

Service

THE Society has several sets of hand-colored lantern slides of bird life. These are loaned free of charge to any school or organization in the state but borrower pays express charges both ways.

The Society publishes wall charts listing 200 typical Illinois birds and providing suitable spaces for recording migration and nesting data. Schools, Boy Scout organizations, and individuals as well, find these of great service. Price ten cents each.

The Society publishes a Pocket Check List of Birds with a colored zonal map. This list records every known species of birds that visits Illinois or nests within its borders. Included with this is a very useful key for the identification of nests. The Check List sells for fifty cents.

The Society publishes the Langdon Cat Circular which is invaluable in arousing interest in the question of protecting birds from marauding cats. Price five cents each.

Address

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137 South La Salle Street, Chicago

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Secretary
Miss Catharine A. Mitchell
Riverside

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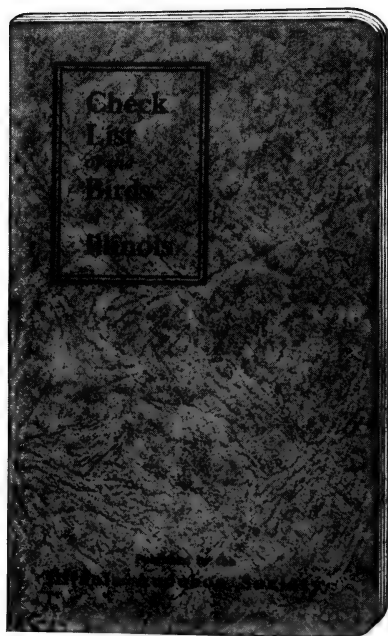
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THE
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FIRST: To encourage the study of birds, particularly in the schools, and to disseminate literature relating to them.

SECOND: To work for the betterment and enforcement of state and Federal laws relating to birds.

THIRD: To discourage, in every possible way, the wanton destruction of wild birds and their eggs.



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The Audubon Annual Bulletin

No. 19

PUBLISHED BY THE
ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS

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Photograph by Robert Ridgway

GIANT SYCAMORE
A PRIMEVAL FOREST SURVIVOR

The Pine Warbler's Song

By CHRESWELL J. HUNT

IT WAS February, 1925. I was exploring the pine-clad hills west of Little Rock, Arkansas. I had just surprised a big flock of Robins which had departed with much racket and I stood looking after them, for their hurried and noisy departure had startled me almost as much as my arrival had surprised them. All at once I heard a little song farther up the hillside—a monotonous little trill, much like the song of a Chipping Sparrow and yet so different. "A Pine Warbler," thought I, and straightway started up the hillside in the direction of that elusive trill, and by the way my first Arkansas Pine Warbler. A few minutes brought me to a pine grove where several Pine Warblers were singing—one in the tree directly above me, one from a tree slightly to my left and another at a greater distance on my right. One would sing his trill and be followed at once by one of the others but I doubt if there were any connection between the songs or were the singers answering each other as frequently two of the birds would sing almost simultaneously, but again one bird would almost appear to wait for another to complete its song before again "springing" his trill.

Not a handsome song, this Warbler's monotone, and yet what a wealth of memories were awakened. It was the meeting of an old friend in a new land—and yet under very similar surroundings, for no matter how far one journeys or over how diversified a country, he must go among the pine trees to find Pine Warblers and to hear them sing.

There is no North American bird more aptly named than is the Pine Warbler for this little bird is almost as much a part of the pines as are pine cones and pine needles. To be sure we find plenty of pine woods without Pine Warblers but we almost never find Pine Warblers away from pine woods. The few records to the contrary being stray birds observed during migration.

This little inconspicuously colored bird spends the greater part of his life in the pine trees; seeking his food along the branches and among the clumps of pine needles; building his nest and rearing the young amidst a clump of needles and singing his song from among the pine cones. Indeed, to one who has learned to know that song, the song itself is something akin to a pine tree, almost as much so as is the sighing of the wind among the pine boughs. It is indeed the voice of the pine woods. Were I to be blindfolded and led to an unknown spot and there hear a Pine Warbler sing I would inhale deeply expecting a scent of the pines and I would feel about for a carpet of pine needles.

I was about to call my paper "The Pine Warbler" but it seems more appropriate that it should be called "The Pine Warbler's Song," for after all it is this bird's song rather than the bird itself that I know.

In fact, it is rather presumptuous on my part to write about a bird of which I have seen so little. I ask myself: "Do I know the Pine Warbler?" And I reply that I have never discovered its well-hidden nest; I have never studied its home life or observed the birds themselves for any length of time—indeed when I *have* seen them it has been, for the most part, but a fleeting glimpse and a bird is difficult to observe among dense clumps of pine needles. I have seen these birds occasionally upon the ground in the Southern pine woods and how yellow they would appear against the carpet of brown needles, but these birds were always quick to return again to the shelter of their pine tree; I have seen them fly down and cling for an instant to the bark of the tree, and perhaps make several stops as they would proceed upward along the trunk, somewhat in the manner of a Black and White Warbler, for which habit they have earned the name of "Pine Creeping Warbler."

This Warbler has one of the most extended breeding ranges among warblers, covering the whole of eastern North America from the Gulf States to New Brunswick and Manitoba and westward nearly to the Plains. It may be looked for anywhere within this range where pine forests grow. Within our Chicago Area it is indeed a rare bird although we are well within the bird's summer range. It is one of the few species of warblers that winter within the United States and it is a common winter species throughout our Southern States.

It is a rather big, rather sluggish, rather dingy warbler, its plumage generally being more or less soiled with pitch, but I must say that some of the male birds I observed in Arkansas during February and March appeared brilliantly yellow, and when seen feeding upon the ground they appeared almost as yellow as a Yellow Warbler. The females were indeed drab in comparison, the two females that I collected showing but the barest trace of yellow in the plumage.

The Pine Warbler's nest is one of the most difficult nests to locate being generally placed well up among numerous clusters of pine cones. It may be on a horizontal limb or built among the small twigs toward the end of a limb. In whichever position it is very securely attached to its foundation. The height from the ground varies from twelve to eighty feet. The most constant thing about this nest being the fact that it is *always* placed in a pine tree.

There are some warbler songs that we never forget: The wheezy notes of the Prairie Warbler; the "Teacher, teacher, teacher," of the Ovenbird, or the varied jumble of the Yellow-breasted Chat. Years may elapse since we last heard these birds sing and yet we recognize the singer at once. To me the song of the Pine Warbler is like that. This song consists of a rather slow, monotonous trill with little or no variation. In writing of this bird, Gerald Thayer says: "Its common song is clear and sweet; an unbroken, fluent trill, with a tone and character at once distinguishable from those of other trilling wood-birds of New England." Allison

writes: "The song is a rather slow, monotonous trill; the key varies much, being sometimes lower than that of any other warbler song with which I am familiar and always lower than that of the Worm-eating Warbler, which it somewhat resembles in other respects."

It was over twenty years ago that I first met the Pine Warbler and I can recall the incident vividly: I see again the white sand; the wagon tracks winding among the huckleberry bushes; the rank upon rank of blossoming Mountain Laurel and the snowy plumes of the Turkey Beard; against the sky the dark top of a pitch pine and there, clinging to the edge of a needle-clump is a little greenish looking bird that pauses in his tour of inspection and sings a little trill. That was the first meeting and during the following week that monotonous little trill was to be indelibly stamped upon my memory for our route lay among the pines and Pine Warblers were ever near us. I returned from that trip feeling that I had learned to know a new bird for which a birdlover is ever thankful.

That first trip among the New Jersey pines was followed by numerous others, both afoot and by canoe, during which the Pine Warbler's song was ever a feature of the landscape. Later I heard that same song in the Maine woods and more recently along the Gulf Coast in southern Mississippi and Louisiana—that same monotonous little trill—the same little bird singing the same little song in the February woods of Louisiana or the August woods of Maine. And I have come to the conclusion that it was not a new bird that I learned to know on that June day twenty years ago. Rather it was a bird's song that I learned so well among those New Jersey pines. To me this little bird is a voice. It is the Pine Warbler's song that stands for something in the background of my memory.

After all, bird songs mean much or little according to the mood of the hearer. A Song Sparrow's cheery notes on a gray March morning may sound better to us than the exquisite flute of a Wood Thrush on a lovely June evening. It is not the beauty of a bird's song that finds the deepest response in our hearts. Rather it is the associations surrounding a bird's song that gives it first place in our affections. And that is how it was with the Pine Warbler's song that February day in Arkansas for it called to mind memories of many happy days afield among the pines—happy, carefree days when my world was young.

Photographing the Least Bittern

By ALFRED M. BAILEY

Chicago Academy of Sciences

THE small marshes which are found in almost every part of Illinois, are the homes of many species of water birds. These ponds are often along main thoroughfares, but the birds have adapted themselves to changed conditions and return to their nesting places year after year. There are a half dozen small tule and cat-tail grown marshes within half an hour's ride of La Grange, Illinois, and Least and American Bitterns, King and Sora Rails, Coots, and Grebes are of rather common occurrence.

Water birds which do not nest in colonies are ordinarily very shy, and they return to their nests reluctantly after they are once disturbed. We have been photographing birds for the Chicago Academy of Sciences during the past summer, and it has been interesting to note the reaction of the various species to the photographic blind, and to see the differences in individuals of the same species. A bird which nests commonly in these marshes is the Least Bittern. It builds its frail platform in dense growths of tule, a foot or so above the water; the four chalky-white eggs are laid, and the brooding bird incubates in safety. The Bitterns are extremely shy, and leave the nest when they hear a commotion in the water, and as they always creep away, instead of flying, it is only by a careful search that the nest is found. Mr. Edwin Komarek, of the Academy staff, had been studying birds near La Grange, and he located several nests of these little herons, that we might take motion pictures for our film library. We had been told by another photographer that the Least Bitterns were extremely shy, so we erected our photographic blind twelve feet away and left it a few days, that the old bird might become accustomed to it.

There were four eggs in the nest when we found it on July 13. The adult was not seen, and on our return two days later, we failed to see her, even though we approached as quietly as possible. The motion picture machine was set in place, and I entered the blind, while Mr. Komarek waded off to the far end of the pond. He had scarcely gone 100 yards when the Least Bittern came walking over the aquatic vegetation and climbed upon the nest, apparently oblivious to the grinding of the motion picture machine. The little heron settled upon her eggs, turned them with her beak, and, all in all, behaved in a very satisfactory manner. After securing all the film I desired at that stage, I rustled the blind slightly, and the Bittern quickly left the nest.

The first egg was hatched July 25. I moved the blind within six feet and returned the following day to find that three eggs were hatched.

It was on this day that Mr. Komarek and I had an experience which is always a delight to a bird photographer. The little female was very solicitous of her young, and returned to the nest immediately after we had concealed ourselves. The sun was hot, so the mother sheltered the young with outstretched wings and then remained motionless. After taking what film I wanted, I rustled the blind so she would leave without becoming badly frightened. She eyed the place from which the commotion came, but sat perfectly quiet. We then splashed water with our feet without causing her to leave the nest. Then we shook the blind violently, waved our hands through a slit in the blind, and shouted, but the bird resolutely stayed upon her nest.

I crawled out the back end of the blind and showed myself within six feet of the Bittern, but she remained "frozen." Taking the graphlex, I



walked within three feet of her and made several pictures, and then backed cautiously away. While Mr. Komarek stood by the blind, I returned to the car and to get an 8x10 camera and tripod. We set this bulky outfit up within three feet of the bird, focused the camera under the black cloth, and took a few pictures; and then, to show that a bird photographer is never satisfied, we set the motion machine up within three feet and made a series of film. Finally the bird ran off the nest, but turned around with neck feathers erect, in an aggressive attitude, and remained to protect her young.

Four days later we again entered the blind, and made films showing the adult feeding the young. The baby herons literally mobbed the old one in their eagerness for food, each one grabbing her by the beak and tugging away in the hope of getting the lion's share. One youngster

tried to swallow a crayfish which had gotten sidewise across its beak, and the resultant struggle made an interesting bit of film.

The young abandoned the nest on the eighth day, when they heard us approaching through the marsh, but we found them near by. They refused to remain in the nest, however, so our work with this little family was over. The young were banded, and as it was then very late in July and the young birds were grown, we left the marsh well satisfied with the season's work.



WHITE THROAT

Again I hear the wand'ring white throat sing
His little wistful song of loneliness,
As icy sweet as water from a spring
Which flows in some far northern wilderness.

It is not sad, but in the autumn sun
He knows the coming winter; the faint breath
Of pale late flowers haunts the fluted run—
Bravely he sings the sure approach of death.

HELEN GRAY KYLE.

More About the English Sparrow

MORE than fifty years ago Thomas G. Gentry of Philadelphia wrote a life history of this sparrow, in which he states that about 1858 sparrows were imported from Germany to Portland, Maine, by a misguided individual who hoped that they would be an effective check on certain injurious insects that were destroying the sod in the city park. In Europe, *passer domesticus* has not developed into the pest that it has become in the United States, being controlled by the balance of nature that usually takes care of native birds and animals.

Here the sparrow, like many other aliens, found conditions very much to its liking, and very soon, through the prodigal supply of waste grain in railroad yards, increased to enormous numbers, and through the means of box cars was distributed all over the United States and Canada.

In the seventies there was a heated controversy over the sparrow among ornithologists, and after a thorough investigation the Nuttall Club of Cambridge, Massachusetts, voted unanimously that its importation was an extremely unfortunate circumstance.

A Bird Lover states that the sparrow is a better mother than the robin. "The female of the species" is always solicitous for its offspring, and the same thing may be said of mice, rats, coyotes and many predacious animals.

The fecundity of the English sparrow is proverbial, and there are continuous successions of new broods through the summer.

The sparrow is highly gregarious. It fights in gangs; has no attractive song; its nesting habits are exceedingly uncleanly and its attitude to our summer resident and migrating native birds is offensive and intolerant. I have seen a male sparrow deliberately destroy robins' eggs, and have watched them heckle and otherwise annoy other birds at the bath.

Surely the writer of Matthew 10-29 never anticipated that some time this avian pest would increase to such numbers that it would become a menace to native American bird life.

We have many attractive sparrows, many of whom are among our finest singers. Among these are the song, fox, field, tree, white throated, white crowned, vesper and others. All of these are valuable as destroyers of the seeds of noxious weed.

As a result of change sparrows have moved to barnyards and are fast driving out the barn swallow, which was once so plentiful in farm buildings. The purple martins have a continual fight to hold their own in the houses that have been erected for them.

ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ.

A Woodland Tenement House

THE back steps of my summer home have no risers and underneath the porch is the oil barrel. One day, while going into the house, a ground sparrow came flying from the opposite direction. It had an insect in its mouth and saw me in time to light on the barrel for a second and then hurry on. I stood still and in a few seconds another bird came but seeing me flew in one side and out the other. They both seemed to say, "Excuse me. I have business some other place and just came this way for a short cut."

My suspicions were aroused. Investigation revealed the nest on the top of the post under the porch,—the two birds scolding me all the time from a nearby sassafras bush.

Soon afterwards my mother came in and said: "My, what a scolding I got just now from two birds, and all I did was to walk upstairs." I explained the reason to her.

The nest was in such a position that we could not see into it and as we only go to the house week-ends, we did not see the little ones.

In the fall, I thought I would give the nest to a small friend. The nest had not been constructed in the usual manner and the first handful pulled out consisted of loose roots. The second handful, however, contained a surprise. A white-footed field mouse had remodeled the nest to suit a mouse household and moved in with her four offspring. When thus rudely disturbed, the brave little mother jumped to the ground with the four little ones hanging on to her and ran under the steps. The nest was destroyed and thrown on the ground.

The next week when I visited the cottage, I noticed that the remnants of the nest had disappeared but thought probably the wind had blown them away. When I went to get oil though, I saw little roots sticking off the post, almost as they were when the birds had lived there. So Mrs. Mouse had moved back. When I thought of the tireless energy she had put forth to rebuild her home, I decided she should be left in peace.

JENNIE A. RUSS.

Bird Stops Paving

A LITTLE story in the Racine (Wis.) Journal has been forwarded by Mrs. M. A. B. of that city telling of street paving operation in a suburban residential development which was held up by the kind-hearted contractor until a mother partridge had hatched out and transported her little family to a new tenement nest in the vicinity.

Game-Law Violators Get Heavy Penalties

SEVERAL recent convictions for violations of the migratory-bird treaty act have resulted in substantial fines and jail sentences that should serve as deterrents against such violations, at least in localities in which imposed, according to the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, which administers this law.

Charged with killing wild ducks from a motor boat on the St. Francis River in Missouri on November 22 and 26, 1926, two residents of that State were recently found guilty in Federal court at Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Judge Faris imposed against each a fine of \$500, the maximum amount prescribed for a violation of the Federal game law, in addition to costs of \$63.26.

Two other cases were terminated in the Police Court of the District of Columbia early in April, Judge Mattingly presiding. Both the defendants, one a fish and game dealer and the other a produce dealer in a local market, were charged with selling a number of wild ducks. The accused entered pleas of guilty and paid fines of \$300 each, together with costs.

Four persons from the Reelfoot Lake section of Tennessee, charged with selling wild ducks, were arraigned before Judge Anderson in Federal court at Jackson, Tennessee, late in March. One offender was fined \$25, two \$75 each, and the fourth received a sentence of forty days in jail. At about the same time another duck seller from the same district was likewise fined \$75. In these cases the judge issued a warning that future violations of a like character in his district would result in jail sentences.

Bird Houses Should Be Built in Fall

BECAUSE our native song birds have an extremely acute sense of smell and will refuse to nest in any house that has not had time to weather, bird houses should be built in the fall. If the houses are put out in the spring before the birds arrive from the South, they will be driven away by fresh paint or even the lingering odor of human hands. If the houses have had an opportunity to weather throughout the winter, the songsters will be attracted to them.

Birds around the garden or grounds of a home add materially in keeping down insect pests. A number of bird houses properly seasoned and constructed to attract the songsters will make the grounds a bird sanctuary.

DUNE LAND REMEMBERED

That we have shared the ecstasy
Of well-remembered hours,
When Spring was on the shad-bush,
Or June among the flowers;

That we have felt together
The great sand hummocks shake
And seen the thunder-cloud's black form
Reflected in the lake;

That we have heard the selfsame cry
Of plovers on the shore,
Above the scream of gulls, above
The lake's deep-sounding roar;

In seasons of remembering
Will bring you to my mind
And I to yours, though time and change
Leave old delights behind.

EDWARD R. FORD.

BIRD EDITORIAL

For him each day a jubilee
The Chickadee
Pert as can be
Swings on a swaying weed,
Tilting to reach the seed,
Then calls a greeting loud to me.

The other song birds flee,
But Chickadee
Will stay to see
Meadows adrift with snow,
Food hard to find, altho
Each day will still be jubilee.

ELAINE.

SERIOUS consideration of the economic value of birds is a comparatively recent phase of agricultural research. It is therefore of great interest to friends of the birds, to learn of a scholarly dissertation on this important subject, in an Old Volume published in London in 1726.

This quaint book, printed 43 years before the United States Declaration of Independence, and 41 years after the establishment by William Penn of a colony at Philadelphia, contains much information that is now common knowledge, and also many statements that have long since been discounted as being of no value.

Added to the interest of the conclusions, is the peculiar use of capitals, punctuation, and occasional old style spelling.

A GENERAL
TREATISE
of
GARDENING AND HUSBANDRY
Containing a New
SYSTEM OF VEGETATION
Illustrated with many
OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS

The Author: R. BRADLEY, *Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge and F.R.S.*

But I shall take this Opportunity before I leave the Subject of the destroying of Insects, to introduce a very curious Letter I have lately receiv'd, which has already met with the Approbation of so many ingenious Gentlemen that I have shown it to, that I am perswaded, my Readers would lose a considerable Entertainment, if I was not to make it publick.

To Dr. Bradley, F.R.S.

SIR,

REAding lately Mr. Mortimer's Treatise of Husbandry, I took Notice of his remarkable Prejudice against the wing'd Species, insomuch as to wish for a Law for extirpating several Tribes of them. I shall in this beg Leave to be an Advocate of these Innocents who cannot speak for themselves; and endeavor to shew, that the Services they do us, abundantly balance the Inconveniences, and instead of being Nuisances they are Blessings, and that without them, we should be like the Land of Egypt under the Curse, that the Grashoppers would come, and Caterpillars innumerable, and would cut up all the Grass in our Land, and devour the Fruit of our Ground, and multiply so exceedingly, as to creep into our Kings Palaces; and Flies would so abound, as to be extreamly incommodius to us.

In order to make some Estimate of their Services, I lately observ'd a couple of Sparrows who had young ones, and made twenty Turns each per hour; and reckoning but twelve Hours per Day, let us compute what a number of those Vermin were destroy'd by that Nest alone.

40 Caterpillars per Hour.

12 Hours of feeding per Day.

480 Caterpillars destroy'd per Day.

7 Days suppos'd between Hatching and Flight.

3360 Caterpillars destroy'd by one Nest alone in one Week.

But I hear that the Wren, Tom-Tit, and other numerous Breeders, destroy a much greater Number; and, I believe, most Birds feed fourteen or fifteen Hours per Day, whereas I have reckon'd but twelve; and it is certain likewise, I might add more Days to the Computation, but I was willing to keep within Bounds.

At a Gardiner's where I lodg'd, five Miles off this City, we had in the House, Barn, and Stable, seven Nests of Sparrows, two of Robin red-breasts, two of Wrens, and one Redstart; in the Orchard and Hedges, one Chaffinch, one Hedge-sparrow, two Tom-tits, two Chats, one Linnet, one Yellowhammer, and one Tit-Lark; and computing at the Rate above mention'd of 3360 Caterpillars per Week, by each Nest, one with another, no less than 70560 Caterpillars were destroy'd by the twenty-one Nests in one Week's Time; But several of these Birds breed twice, and some thrice per Annum, and no doubt but there were several other Nests which were not discover'd.

It is observable to every Body who is conversant in Gardening, that the farther from London, the more the Fruit; and I say also, the farther from any great Town or City; and the Reason is, the little Shelter there is for small Birds, and the great Destruction that is made amongst them by Boys, who take their Nests, and destroy their Young; and Bird-catchers, who even in Breeding time catch the Old; so that where there is most Shelter there the most Birds, and where the most Birds, the most Fruit; insomuch, that were I a Master of a Garden, I would much sooner excuse those who stole my Fruit, than those who robb'd a Nest; for they pay their Landlord in Musick, and though several of them are not of the first Song, yet the different Notes, and Chirpings of different Birds, do together make a most delightful Consort, as well as their different Colours, Shape and Size, make a most beautiful Prospect; so that they really heighten the Pleasures of a Country Life, which would be little better than a Desert without them.

The Thrush and Blackbird not only destroy Slugs, which devour the Colewort, Cabbage, Savoy, French Beans, &c, but also, where not molested, feed upon Snails, which destroy the Wall-fruit; the Bull-finch and Tom-tit, are said to destroy Buds and Blossoms; but I have been informed, it is a vulgar Error, and that it is a little Worm that they peck out of them, which would destroy the Bud or Blossom of itself, and which is often found in the ripe Fruit alive, and which the Parent Insect lays in the Bud or Blossom, as a proper Nidus wherein it is brought to Maturity, and receives nourishment at the same time: But grant that those Birds did some Harm to Buds and Blossoms, I take it, they do little more than what a judicious Gardiner would do himself, who is rarely fond of an over-great Bloom, which either dwarfs the Fruit, or kills the Tree; so that the Question is, whether Caterpillars, or Birds? whether Fruit full grown, or stinted? whether green-leav'd Trees, or bare boughs, is to be wish'd for? I am convinced of the Truth of what I say, by melancholy Experience; for having a Prospect in a publick Garden, which

us'd to be frequented by great Numbers of Sparrows (by some evil disposed Persons now almost destroyed) the Trees by the middle of June were so eaten up by Caterpillars, as to look in some of their Branches almost as bare as in the middle of October. If it be said that the Caterpillar lives on Leaves only, it is well known, that when a Tree is deprived of its Leaves, either by Flies, Blast, or any other Accident, the Fruit never comes to Perfection: And if these and other Vermin were not destroyed by the Birds, they would eat up the Fruit too, and not finding sufficient, would descend from the Trees, and devour every green Thing.

The Rook is a most admirable Pattern of Vigilance and Society, different from most other birds; they breed near one another, and keep so strict a Look out in the Night, that neither Cat, Dog, or Fox, can pass by them unobserved: They have extraordinary Centinels at every Avenue to the Rookery, who give Notice of every thing that approaches, at first by a gentle Call, as if half asleep, but when Noise or Danger draws nearer, they call louder and louder and then are answered by the Centinel on every Tree, so that the Alarm quickly spreads.

In every Rookery that has come under my Observation, I have taken Notice of one Rook much hoarser than the rest, and him I take to be no small Officer among them; his nest is generally near the Centre of the Rookery, upon his taking Wing they all do the like; and when they seem to be in a sort of Combustion, upon his sounding some particular Notes, they all become silent and quiet; they feed upon Worms, and, as I hear Grashoppers too, which, if true, must needs ballance all the Inconveniences objected against them.

Nature has made nothing in vain; and Birds are not only delightful, but also useful and necessary to us, insomuch, that I could wish a Law for their Preservation; and that from the first of March to the first of September, it were made criminal to kill, catch, or destroy them, their Nests, Eggs, or Young ones: By this Means the Game will also be preserved, for when Boys, or other idle Persons are out seeking of Birds-Nests, they destroy all that come to Hand, and consequently Abundance of the Game likewise.

If what is contain'd in this letter tends any ways towards an Advantage to Husbandry or Gardening, you are desir'd to make what Use of it you think fit, by

Sir, Your most humble Servant

S. C.

Aug. 13, 1723.



Photograph by Belle Wilson

Bird News from Lake Decatur

IT WAS a good start that Lake Decatur, Decatur, Illinois made, looking toward a preserve for water birds, which included land birds as well, but it has never reached the point which was intended, due to the fact the city council soon after the lake was a lake allowed the upper reaches to be shot over in the hunting season.

As a result of the action, the birds, notably gun shy and with good reason, have not stayed with the lake as they otherwise might have done. On a recent trip last fall I found a great blue heron, killed in some manner, its body too mutilated to determine just how, hung by its long neck to a post. It was a mute reminder that the people forget and lose their heads.

Another thing which has worked to a disadvantage has been the heavy flood waters which crept up little rivulets and flooded places where nests would be. Yet another has been the lack of interest of the people, even the Bird and Tree club in this city, which once flourished, having been allowed to die out.

That the water birds of the country do know and watch Lake Decatur is shown in migrating season during the spring and fall, and great numbers of duck and some geese gather here for a stay. When they do they usually are visited by great crowds of people who have an interest in the pretty sight—when hunting is prohibited.

I find gulls and terns about the lake at all seasonable times and have been told by some that a few ducks do stay here in the summer but it has not been my fortune to find them.

The big blue, the little blue and green herons are usually here, and next in this section I judge from the fact that they are here all summer. I know the latter two do but I have not found nests of the first one.

The lake is, however, a home of real joy for the smaller water birds which are not hunted and some of these occasionally wander into the city to the delight of everyone who loves them. The waders attract a lot of attention and it is almost a daily occurrence in the spring and summer for some one to call me over the telephone and tell me of some new thing he or she has seen. It may only be a sandpiper, common enough, but I encourage them because I think any interest of the kind leads to the benefit of the birds themselves.

There are some night heron in this section but these are mostly in a big colony over near Tuscola where they are frequently visited by people interested in them. The man on whose farm they are has named his farm "The Heronry" because of this fact.

I have noticed an increasing number of bitterns since the lake filled, but they tend more to be in the streams that lead into the lake rather than about the lake itself.

The real truth is that Lake Decatur is such a pleasure resort and therefore so populous and at times noisy that it is hard for the birds to find the quiet places they desire.

Other birds than water birds find it a real delight and they seem to nest in increasing numbers around here wherever they have encouragement or just plain letting alone.

The southern mocking bird is interesting me especially just now. The real mocking birds have been staying in this vicinity during the entire winter months and nesting here in the summer time. I know it is true because I have seen them. One, for several winters, stayed in a cemetery here and attracted a lot of attention.

At first I thought Lake Decatur had every possibility as a bird sanctuary but I have become disappointed, although I know it will always serve more or less as an attraction even if they do realize they are not as safe as some of us would like to see them.

MARY SEAMAN.

Broad-Winged Hawk Migration

ON THE nineteenth of December, 1927, about nine o'clock in the morning I looked out of an upper window and saw some workmen gazing very intently at the sky. Thinking it was a passing plane, I paid no further attention. However, later on I saw them still standing with their eyes turned heavenward. Wondering what claimed their attention for so long, I stepped out and saw a large flock of birds soaring southwest. They were very high in the sky but I knew by their manner of flight they must be hawks. Upon getting my binoculars I discovered they were the broad-winged hawks. They came in separate flocks of about fifty each, and a few minutes apart. I watched at least ten flocks pass and upon questioning the workmen, I found they had been passing steadily for ten or fifteen minutes. I judged there must have been many hundreds of them. I do not know whether this was an unusual sight, but to me it was a high light in my long study of birds.

I wonder who has ever gazed upon a nest of fledgelings the first day they get their pin feathers? Last year a robin built a nest on the post of our rose trellis. From my upstairs bedroom window I could see directly down into the nest. One morning about the eighth day I looked down and was so astonished, I thought for a moment the baby robins had been replaced by infant blue jays. The whole nest seemed filled with an exquisite, hazy, iridescent blue.

There was a lark's nest back of our home and I had the joy of seeing this same beautiful sight.

On the twelfth of January, of this year, I heard a horned lark singing very close to my window. It was an unusually warm day.

MRS. R. F. CRYDER.

A Hospitable White Oak

FIFTY-FIVE years ago Grandfather Plumb, who was one of the first settlers of Streator, Illinois, built the large frame house on the bank of the Vermilion river, which is still occupied by the Plumb family.

The house was then as now at the edge of town and about it are still standing the original trees that were among the reasons why the site was selected. In the yard and on the river bank are red, burr, white, black, and pin oaks; linden, black cherry, hackberry, sycamore, maples, willows, boxelder, red haws, wild crab apple, sumac, and white and black mulberries.

With the trees are elderberries, black haws, wild grapes, bittersweet, woodpine, poison ivy, matrimony vine and gooseberries.

Overshadowing all of these is my patriarchal white oak, gnarled and scarred, from age and winter storms, with many cavities in whose hospitable privacy have nested birds of various kinds, and squirrels.



Photograph by Phil E. Church

The gay redhead woodpecker is a regular tenant, the flicker occasional, and last year one of the "apartments" was occupied by a family of screech owls. On a weekly wash-day one morning we found the owl children perched on a shrub near the big oak where we watched the sober fluffy babies for a long time.

It was in the big oak that I first saw the crested flycatcher; I heard its unusual whistle and rushed out in time to see it going in and out of one of the hollow limbs.

On another wash-day we discovered a mother squirrel moving its babies from the tower on the house into one of the unoccupied "oak rooms."

It carried the babies one at a time over the house roof down to the ground then up the tree trunk to the new home. The baby squirrels appeared to wrap themselves around the mother's neck, so that when she jumped from branch to branch they seemed perfectly safe from the possibility of falling.

During the spring migration brown creepers, both the kinglets, and many of the brilliantly hued warblers come to the Oak and the shrubbery.

Redstarts, baybreasted, chestnut sided, blackburnian, blackpoll, myrtle, black-throated blue, black-throated green and the Maryland yellow-throat, are common, with others of the great warbler flight visiting us less frequently.

Cardinals stay with us all winter, and twice have built in the wild grape vine outside our pantry window. Once I saw the olive green female scarlet tanager in the autumn migration.

One summer a swarm of bees occupied the old oak from whose storehouse we gathered a considerable quantity of delicious honey.

The venerable white oak seems as much a part of the old home association as does the big frame house, with its more than half a century of the intimate life of three generations of Plumbs.

One cannot fail to have a strong affection for this stately home of the wild things that come and go, and act as if the old oak really belonged to them as much as it does to the generations of Plumbs.

Houses change in fashion, but our old home and the old oak survive the changes, never losing their dignity and keeping the same hospitable welcome for the folks and the wild things, that has been their tradition for more than half a century.

ANNA D. PLUMB,
Streator, Illinois.

March, 1928.

Bird Notes from the Northwood

I HAVE located a Parula warbler's nest. They have just begun to build and the nest is so different in location, height and style from the one last year. This pair is hanging it from the under side of a limb several feet away from the trunk and it looks like an oriole's nest. It is only a thin transparent shell but both birds get inside it at once to work and it holds them!

The woods are exquisite—full of song and bird voices. Purple finches by the hundreds—and such beautiful rosy males! They seem so much redder here than at home! I have listed fifty-one species of birds in the short time I have had to spend on them since coming. When I go out I just walk down the paths, sit on a stump and let the birds come to me.

The traps are unpacked and set, but no luck as yet.

I have seen quite a few warblers, but the big migration seems to be passed—these are mating for the most part. The warblers I have seen are the black and white, oven bird, myrtle, magnolia, black throated green, Nashville, redstart, Blackburnian, Parula, Canadian and chestnutsided. The humming birds are here and mating. A pair of winter wrens have a nest somewhere in a brush pile back of L.'s place.

I have just finished banding a nest of seven baby house wrens which makes forty-six birds I have banded here. Mrs. O. banded eight while here, making a total of fifty-four for Outdoor Club Station, to date. I have a nest of Phoebe's that must be banded in a day or two and a nest of four catbirds. So my total ought surely to go well beyond the fifty mark which was my goal. Of course there are many other nests in prospect, but I have learned not to count too heavily on them as one never knows what may happen to them.

I had a chestnutsided warbler nest in view with four lovely eggs in it. They were nearly incubated and coming fine when a cowbird tipped out two of the warbler eggs and laid in one of her own. The pair abandoned the nest.

I found a winter wren's nest and am expecting to band the babies. It was in an overhanging bank along the road. Where the turf curled over the edge of the bank the wren had made a neat nest of moss and tamarack twigs lined with chicken feathers. A few days after we found it and marked it, road workers scooped out the bank and we could not find the nest. The whole place looked so different and our mark was ploughed away. I mourned the loss of the nest and baby wrens. Four days later I passed the place and searched again. I found the nest—

empty; it had not been disturbed and everything indicated that they had matured and left the nest naturally, so I missed banding them.

I found a white throated sparrow's nest after a three-hour vigil in a swamp. I saw the pair with food in their mouths. I understand that very few nests have been found and I was determined to find this one and band the babies. The sparrows scolded and scolded, ate up the food they had found and found more. Several times they slipped to the nest behind bushes and trees and I got the general location and then changed my position so I could see better. After two hours I gave it up, but I went back this morning and after another hour I found it. It was the dearest thing—right in moss—imbedded deep with no canopy or covering, lined with dry grass, but the moss covered water and mud a foot or so down. The nestlings, only two in number, were almost ready to leave the nest and were so lively that one got away, scampering under a root and I couldn't get him out. I banded the other one. He now bears band No. 519840 and I hope Mr. L. gets him in the trap next spring or this fall. I'll try and collect the nest in a day or so after I'm sure they no longer are using it.

I have a nest of least flycatchers I hope to band and three red-eyed vireos' nests. There are many other chebees but all so high up in slender birches that they cannot be reached.

I have found what we believe to be a black throated blue's nest. It's on the trail through M.'s to the big hemlock grove. It's in a low bush hidden by leaves. We have seen only the female and she tallies in every detail with the female black throated blue, but I'll have to see the male before I'm perfectly sure. When we found it there was one cowbird's egg and three warblers. We removed the cowbird's egg and a few days later we returned to find she had completed her clutch and there were four lovely eggs.

I found a towhee's nest yesterday. The young birds were just leaving and near the nest but I could not catch any to band.

This morning I ran on to a mother ruffed grouse (partridge) with tiny chicks just out of the egg. They were too small to disappear fast or I'd never have seen them. One "froze" just at my feet. I picked it up and it was the most adorable little buff yellow thing with brown stripes on its back. It still had the little horny thing on its beak that pips the egg like a baby chicken. It had probably only just dried from the egg; too tiny to band so I let it go. The mother stayed right there and clucked and scolded. I moved on down the path and in a moment or so I heard her calling them softly, "cut," "cut," "cut," just like a hen.

I saw a wood duck and fifteen little ducklings here on the Point. I searched for her nest along the shore. I thought it would be interesting to find the place as she might use it again next year, but I couldn't find any log, stub or stump she could possibly have used. Her ducklings

were about a week old. It was the first time I had seen one "in the wild"; and there was no mistaking her drooping crest and the white mark around the eye. I had such a splendid look.

Mrs. S. saw the pileated woodpecker while here—and, strange to say, I have not seen it since, though for a week before she came in I saw it almost every day.

The Hudsonian chickadee and the Canada jay were also most interesting. We saw them in M.'s swamp. It has distinct reddish flanks almost exactly like the titmouse and a brown head instead of black.

The Canada jay is rare here—so we were very fortunate. There was a pair of them fighting with a pair of our native blue jays.

Also the blue headed or solitary vireo is here in two places. You know only one pair locates in a wood lot. There is one pair in M.'s woods and one pair in P.'s, north of the lumber camp. The song is so distinctive one never would forget it. It says so plainly, "Dearie, Cheerie, Three Cheers." Do any of our books speak about the song?

MRS. A. L. FESER,
Hayward, Wisconsin.



Helen Forman.

House Wren vs. Bewick's Wren

A Tragedy in Bird Life

FOR several years the Jenny Wrens had occupied a wren house just under the porch roof. The children were much impressed with Mrs. Jenny's short energetic tail and her explosions of song, and each spring we watched for her coming.

One year, at least a week earlier than usual, the children came to me with the news that Jenny had come back but something had happened to her tail. I immediately searched through my bird books and discovered that this serene individual with its tranquil song and habits was our first Bewick's Wren.

For two years the Bewick's wren came, yet we were never able to see the young birds take their first lesson in flying, instead they "melted" from our notice. The third year we decided we would make it our business to supervise the "flitting." One morning we were terribly shocked to find six tiny bare Bewick babies on the cold cement floor of the porch, about six feet from the nest. We were entirely at loss to know what had happened as the nest was so sheltered that even a freak gust of wind could not have blown the birds from the nest. We picked them up and returned them to the nest, and went to church.

When we came home the six babies were again scattered over the porch floor and were almost lifeless. To solve the mystery we again restored them to the nest in the wren box and stationed ourselves well back in the room where we could see and not be seen. We did not have to wait long.

Jenny came back suddenly, and when she discovered the little Bewicks in the nest she went into an ecstasy of rage, and working rapidly and furiously she brought out one after another the entire family of Bewicks, slamming them down on the floor or flinging them off into space.

Next she removed the feather lining of the nest with even greater energy, and lastly the twig foundation. This was done without hesitation.

Then from a perch she spied her victims and down she pounced to slam each one down again and again; returning to the perch she again flew down to peck the little dead offenders who had occupied *her* house without a lease. Not until next morning did we see the parents, who together slipped into the rose bush near by, and only peered into the corner where the tragedy occurred.

I think the opinion of all of us was aptly worded by my small weeping daughter, who said "Oh how could she mother, when we loved her so? I just can't help loving her, but I can never respect her again."

MRS. CLARENCE W. HUGHES,
3432 Western Avenue,
Mattoon, Illinois.

A Two Hundred and Fifty Year Old Bird Sanctuary at "Le Portage"

THE expansion of great cities is quite as devastating in its obliteration of landmarks and the destruction of plant life, as were the great glaciers that in far away ages changed the topography of the northern portions of the North American continent.

We discuss with great pride the marvellous growth of Chicago in less than one hundred years, a growth the like of which has never been known in any other American city. Few of us however, stop to think, of how the prairie vegetation has disappeared; how ponds have dried up, and how trees have been destroyed either by cutting down or by drainage, in the path of the city's widening. In these great transformations thousands of birds have been driven forever away from their former nesting and feeding sites.

The recently published "Historical Fragments of Early Chicagoland," compiled from articles written by the late Harley B. Mitchell of La Grange, relates in a very delightful and humorous manner much of historical interest that had for its center of action, the region about the present Mud Lake, and the village of Lyons.

Comparatively few people outside of those particularly interested in the beginnings of history in Illinois, know that the first white men who came to the region about Chicago arrived prior to 1675, more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

Who, visiting the forest preserves south of 43rd street and continuing on past Mud Lake to the Santa Fe Railway right of way, would guess that here during periods of high water in the spring it was possible to portage in "pirogues" across from the west branch of the south fork of the Chicago River into the "Aux Plaines," and thence to float down past the village of Mount Juilliette to Fort St. Louis (Starved Rock).

For over one hundred and fifty years, commencing with La Salle, Joliet, Marquette, Tonti and other less well known French voyageurs, there was uninterrupted travel over this old waterway between Lake Michigan and the Des Plaines, Fox and Illinois Rivers trading route.

The village of Lyons, according to Mr. Mitchell's researches, was the most important entreport connected with the early settlement of the Chicago region. Of this early history there are practically no visible traces left.

That, after all these vicissitudes the Mud Lake region, should still be in the path of the great spring migration of both land and water birds,

seems almost incredible. The acquiring of the land adjacent to Mud Lake by the Forest Preserve Commissioners and the Drainage Board, has automatically continued it as a wild life sanctuary, so that, barring a few concession and shelter buildings, bird lovers may for years to come find here ideal natural conditions attractive to resident and migrating birds.

We may wonder with good reason, if, among the pioneers there may not have been some who marvelled at the abundance of bird life.

That the voyageurs depended on wild pigeons, ducks, geese and wild turkeys for food we know, as it is so recorded in their "relations." But that they gave particular attention to the myriads of smaller birds, except perhaps to wonder at their number, is not likely.

For three years past the Illinois Audubon Society has made pilgrimages to this historic region on the Saturday nearest the middle of the month of May, rain or shine, and at no time have the birds failed to be present and answer to roll call.

Conditions are still ideal for "stop over privileges," and warblers, flycatchers, vireos, shorebirds, blackbirds, coots, rails, thrushes, cardinals, sparrows, wrens, and overhead gulls and terns, seldom fail us.

In 1926 a lone osprey very obligingly gave an exhibition flight over the Des Plaines, remaining long enough so that all might see.

Small flights of ducks, black-crowned night herons, an occasional double crested cormorant, the Carolina wren, the redbellied woodpecker



Photograph by Orpheus Moyer Schantz

and the prothonotary warbler are among the more rare finds. Not many years ago a wood duck was shot less than a mile from Mud Lake.

The first cardinals to come and stay, arrived by this route about 1900, and within recent years the tufted titmouse has also arrived in numbers.

It takes very little imagination to picture the former great hosts of birds that must have used the "Le Portage" migration route, visiting the oak belt along the old lake shore lines, and the orchards of red haw and wild crab apple east of Mud Lake. Old settlers recall great flights of wild pigeons that roosted in the forest below Willow Springs.

The accompanying picture was taken on Easter Sunday April 8, 1928, after one of the freak wet snow storms that so frequently occur in the Chicago region. In the leafless trees were many hungry birds, as the ground was well covered with snow, and in a sheltered bend of the river were flocks of robins, blue birds, rusty black birds, with numbers of titmice, chickadees, brown creepers and kinglets.



Helen Forman .

The Audubon Annual Bulletin

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EDITORIAL

WITH this issue of the Illinois Audubon Society's publication, the 19th issue since its first appearance in 1916, there comes a change of name. In place of the Audubon Bulletin it has been decided to call it the Illinois Audubon Annual Bulletin, and to supplement it there will be published quarterly leaflets, which shall contain items of seasonable interest and economic information.

It is hoped that the change will be acceptable to the Members of the Society, and that the more frequent information through the leaflets will not only create an added interest but will prove of value to its readers, and that it may insure its recommendation to others through members and other sources.

The ever-increasing interest in bird conservation and the realization of the value of birds to all rural communities will we sincerely hope, bring to the Audubon Society many new subscribers, and we also hope will bring to us news and experiences of bird lovers that will prove of value to be used as material for publication in the leaflets and the annual.

The publication of the Appreciation of Louis Agassiz Fuertes written by his life-long friend Wilfred H. Osgood, curator of the Field Museum, is an expression of the respect by the officers of the Society for the greatest artist of bird life of his time. Many of the directors have been favored with his friendship and they mourn with his family the loss of

Fuertes the artist, and Louie Fuertes the genial raconteur and lovable naturalist.

Few men of our acquaintance were so well loved or will be so greatly missed as Mr. Fuertes.

The Ridgway Memorial Fund has been greatly added to during the year, and its sponsors are very optimistic as to its success.

News from Larchmound tell of Mr. Ridgway's good health and of the great number of cardinals, doves and mocking birds that are boarding at the Ridgway sanctuary.

The bird migrations of the year have been with few exceptions about as usual except that for some unexplained reason there was a most unusual flight of fox sparrows. Mr. Lyon at Waukegan banded more fox sparrows this year than the total of all other years since he became an active bird bander.

The Fox sparrows seemed to arrive in an irregular wave that touched here and there along Lake Michigan in great numbers.

A large flock of singing fox sparrows would be an experience never to be forgotten.

When opportunity occurs, news of legislation proposed or enacted, will be noted, with recommendations as to the needs of passage of such legislation.

The need of a larger fund to supplement the present Endowment Fund is called to the attention of members of the Society.

Dependence on annual dues with which to carry on the conservation education is not satisfactory as such contributions are naturally subject to serious fluctuation.

Bird Sculptures for Bok's Singing Tower

ON A tiny island, nestling like a green jewel in the lake that mirrors Edward Bok's Singing tower, President Coolidge is to participate Feb. 1 in the dedication of a bird sanctuary and its peeping carillon of sixty-one bells.

There, at the highest point in Florida, from the lofty tower of fretted walls, the almost eerie quietness of the shrine will be broken by marvelous tones as Anton Brees, carillon maestro, tugs at the wooden handles in the small studio just under the 123,164 pounds of bells.

The carillon fulfills the dream of an immigrant boy who rose to heights in America. He has built the tower and given its bells as a lasting memorial to his grandparents of Holland.

"Make you the world a bit better and more beautiful because you have lived in it," they told him. Bok did not forget.

Fifty thousand persons attended the state dedication of the Singing tower December 2, when listeners came from miles across the peninsula. Officials are prepared to handle a greater crowd February 1.

The singing tower is 205 feet high. It has a framework of steel, similar to that of a modern skyscraper.

Milton B. Medary of Philadelphia, American architect who designed the tower, created a plan that resulted in a changing wall.

The tower is square for about three-fourths of its height, when each square corner ends in a balcony formed of carved slabs of marble which meet at the base of a huge figure of an eagle with folded wings, symbolic of the sanctuary for birds.

* * *

From this point, the tower takes on octagonal form, the eight buttresses which rear from the base drawing slightly in as they rise to the top and end in gigantic figures of cranes.

Chief among the exterior carvings are the huge panels showing Florida bird life. These surround the base of the tower about the north door at a height of thirty feet. The panels form balconies between the marble buttresses and are carved entirely through the stone, giving the effect of a grille.

Balconies on four sides at a height of 120 feet are designed of marble in conventional form. These balconies are reached through doors which are part of large faience grilles. At the height of 160 feet are the four balconies which surmount the corners of the coquina masonry. The large figure of an eagle with folded wings is placed at the exact corner, flanked on each side with a panel with doves as the chief figures.

Slightly above this point the marble buttresses taper inward.

In each of the eight spaces between the buttresses which outline the top of the tower is a huge faience grille, these depicting the creation and man's dominion over nature. Adam and Eve are the dominant figures in a setting of trees.

Surmounting the tower are eight cranes, each fifteen feet high, which form the pinnacles with which the buttresses terminate.

The tower commands a view of thirty miles in each direction. It is situated in the heart of the bird sanctuary, which covers an entire small mountain. The whole has been given by Mr. Bok to the American people as a place of rest and peace for humankind as well as birds.



LOUIS AGASSIZ FUERTES
1874-1928

Louis Agassiz Fuertes

Reprinted from SCIENCE, November 18, 1927, Vol. LXVI, No. 1716, pages 469-472.

AS ALREADY noted in *SCIENCE*, Louis Agassiz Fuertes was suddenly killed at Unadilla, New York, August 22, when the automobile he was driving was struck by a moving train. In the many printed notices which appeared immediately after his passing, superlatives have been used freely and justifiably. "Foremost American painter of birds," says one; "Cornell's best beloved alumnus," says another; and all testify to the extraordinary personal popularity which he enjoyed.

He was indeed a unique character, the like of which is scarcely produced except in America. He was born at Ithaca on February 7, 1874. His father, Estevan Antonio Fuertes, one time dean of civil engineering at Cornell, was a man of outstanding character and ability. This father, whom Cornell students used to call "The Mogue," was of Spanish lineage, born in Porto Rico, but completing his education in New York. The mother, Mary Stone Perry Fuertes, now surviving at an advanced age, is a fine American type of English, Dutch and Huguenot ancestry. The remarkable combination of qualities developed by Louis Fuertes doubtless owed much to this parentage.

His especial professional godfathers were Abbott Thayer and Elliott Coues with whom he had close association for which he never ceased to make loyal acknowledgment. As a boy, his passion for the beautiful in nature had fairly free rein and his early drawings of birds were made practically without suggestion or guidance from others. However, neither he nor his parents thought seriously of ornithology or painting in any practical way, and his father expected him to enter the engineering or architectural profession. This idea was overcome to some extent through the influence of Liberty H. Bailey, and shortly before Louis graduated from Cornell in 1897 a fortunate coincidence led him to send a few samples of his bird paintings to Elliott Coues for criticism. The enthusiastic reply received from the great ornithologist was fulsome beyond his hopes. He was electrified with joy, and from that moment was never in doubt as to his purpose in life. Coues literally took him under his wing, hailed him as a new and better Audubon, and introduced him to the ornithological world in such a way that contracts to illustrate several books were soon in his hands.

He began at once to portray bird life in a way that appealed alike to the artist and to the ornithologist. At this time the long era of woodcuts and expensive lithographs was just passing. General interest in outdoor life and especially in birds in this country was awakening and the de-

mand for good books of nature was growing. To say that Fuertes arrived opportunely to take advantage of the period does him injustice, for his influence was very powerful in stimulating and supporting the movement and but for him it would have been delayed or curtailed. Other artists and good ones came into the field, but it was Fuertes who set the standard, who inspired the ideal of all, and by abundant production spread broadcast the charm and beauty of birds, not merely in accuracy of line and color, but in the expression of subtle intangible qualities approaching spirituality. In effect the word went about that birds had souls and that Fuertes could see and transcribe them.

For thirty years his activity and industry were phenomenal. He illustrated book after book, sometimes with only a frontispiece or a few plates, but usually with a whole series covering all the species known from a wide area. A large percentage of the more important bird books published in America during this period contain pictures by Fuertes. One of the most important was the series of large plates in full color for Eaton's "Birds of New York" (1910) covering practically every species of eastern North America. At the time of his death he was under contract with the State of Massachusetts for a similar and even better set of plates, one volume of which had been finished and issued. He also furnished plates for various ornithological journals, for museum publications, for the National Geographic and other magazines, and for the widely distributed pamphlets and reports of the federal government. In all this, he was often under pressure, but his standard was high and the average quality of his production was never far from it. The demand for mere illustrations, however, prevented him from giving his talent the widest range. Had he lived, it was his well-determined intention to finish his contracts, to take no more which savored in the least of pot boiling, and to devote an entire year to untrammelled self-expression or, in his own words, "to paint whatever I want to paint, whether I can sell it or not"—not merely birds, but pictures, pictures with birds in them.

He had, in fact, painted such pictures before, but his opportunities in this direction had been all too limited. A commission which he thoroughly enjoyed and in which he was signally successful was that of painting a series of twenty-five decorative panels in the private house of Mr. F. F. Brewster, New Haven, Connecticut. He also did some murals in the Flamingo Hotel, of Miami, Florida, and several large paintings for the collection in the Administration Building of the New York Zoological Society. His contributions to the backgrounds of the habitat groups of birds in the American Museum of Natural History were notable. In addition, he painted a certain number of mammals and domestic animals and, while some of these which he did not know in life were lacking in sympathy and below the standard of his pictures of wild birds, there were many of high quality, indicating that he might also have succeeded in this field.

In 1904, he was married to Margaret E. Sumner, of Ithaca, and their home was made "above Cayuga's waters" at the edge of the Cornell campus. There are two children, Sumner and Mary, to whom he was a most devoted father. His studio, which was detached but adjacent to his house in Ithaca, was a Mecca for prominent ornithologists from all parts of the country and a house of wonders to students of Cornell and other young people of the community. In it he kept not only his studies and sketches but an interesting assortment of curios and souvenirs picked up on his travels to various parts of the world. There was also his very choice collection of bird skins which, although it did not exceed 4,000 specimens in number, was especially selected and rounded out to meet the exacting needs of his work. This collection was largely the result of his own field work, birds that fell to his own gun, and were preserved by his own hand.

In his earlier years, Fuertes sometimes said half jestingly that he was an ornithologist first and a painter afterward. His genius as a painter will never be denied, but it is plain that his supremacy in his field was gained by many qualities besides mere skill as a draughtsman and colorist. His knowledge of birds was exceedingly extensive and, in some respects, almost profound. It was obtained mainly through direct contact with the subject. Probably it is not too much to say that Fuertes had a wider acquaintance with living birds in the field than any painter that ever lived. This was because he sought them out, not primarily to paint them but to know them and to enjoy them, often at the sacrifice of time and money. It was characteristic of him to do field work under various auspices. A general favorite himself, he played no favorites and was *persona grata* in all quarters. His first long trip was with the Harriman-Alaska Expedition; later he joined a party from the U.S. Biological Survey for work in Texas and New Mexico; and for several seasons he was associated with his friend Dr. Frank M. Chapman, in expeditions for the American Museum of Natural History to Canada, Mexico and South America. He also visited California, Florida and the West Indies. His last and longest journey was as ornithologist and artist of Field Museum's recent expedition to Abyssinia, where he personally collected and prepared no less than one thousand birds and made about one hundred paintings and sketches.

The affiliations which he made with different institutions were mutually advantageous and usually so arranged that he retained originals of sketches and paintings for himself while specimens collected were shared, but so conscientious was he that what some might have considered his own interest was often neglected. He was a good shot, an ardent collector, and had such an inexpressible joy in the living bird and its surroundings that he would forget everything else including his painting. His day in the field was so occupied with hunting, observing and preparing specimens that he rarely had time for painting, even

though he worked far into the night. Somehow, at odd moments, he made field sketches which in the aggregate were very many, but they were largely for recording the fugitive colors of soft and unfeathered parts, which are altered in the preserved specimen. For the rest, he depended upon the genius of his uncanny faculty for retaining vividly impressions of those intimate "spiritual" qualities which gave each bird he painted its own distinctive "personal" character.

In the field, as elsewhere, Fuertes showed an extraordinary combination of qualities, at times almost paradoxical. Always as eager as a child, he was often as sentimental as a debutante and as sympathetic as a mother; yet he was full of a stern virility which continually manifested itself in ways that left no doubt he was a man's man. With gun in hand he was a hunter and collector, having no qualms at the shedding of blood, but with a freshly killed bird before him he would sometimes sit stroking its feathers in a detached ecstasy, purring and crooning over it in a manner that in another might have seemed ridiculous. On the trail, the sight of a new bird might cause him to abandon in a flash all practical considerations, his own safety or comfort, plans for the day, and hopes for the morrow. Yet that night in camp, it would be Fuertes who spent an hour of his precious time repairing ingeniously and most practically, for someone else, broken saddle gear, guns, typewriters or cameras. Pure beauty in all things fascinated him, and the exquisite combinations of color and texture exhibited by many small birds were his constant joy, but it is significant that his favorites among all birds were the falcons, the swiftest, boldest, most dashing and, withal, the most rapacious and inexorably bloodthirsty of their kind.

In Abyssinia, Fuertes found himself in a veritable terra incognita, an ornithological world which was all new to him, and he plunged into it with an exuberance of joy. Every bird was an adventure and every moment an opportunity. Patience he had at the skinning table and the drawing board, but at other times it was not always evident and in his impetuosity he was occasionally near to disaster. His first day in Africa was in Djibouti on the coast of the Red Sea and, while others made necessary arrangements for progress inland or sipped cool drinks on the hotel veranda, he slipped out of the settlement, dodging local gendarmes and in the sweltering heat collected seventeen birds which were skinned with penknives that night in the hotel. The next day on the train, after it had crossed the Abyssinian border but before customs regulations had been complied with, he was tantalized by unknown birds seen at a distance. Finally, at a small station, over the heads of a gaping and jabbering crowd of Abyssinians, a beautiful blue roller alighted on the telephone wire and Fuertes could stand it no longer, but dove into his luggage for a small shot pistol and started out of the standing train intent on having the bird in his hands, come what might. It required the combined efforts of the four other members of the party with argument

and at least with threatened force to convince him that the bird was not worth the almost inevitable altercation with bystanders which would follow. Arrived in the capitol at Addis Ababa, Fuertes was subjected to a staggering blow. While all other equipment shipped by freight had arrived safely, his own personal outfit had suffered the mischance of being lost in transit without hope of recovery for three months. It contained his shotgun, his clothing and personal effects and, most important of all, his materials for painting and sketching. His disappointment was too keen to be wholly concealed, but when he was finally told the worst, he said at once, "Well, it simply means I'll have more time to collect birds for the Museum." His other expressed regret was that certain little knickknacks and home-made conveniences for camp life, which he had packed in sets, could not be shared with others of the party as he had intended. Nothing could be more characteristic of him than thus to see his own misfortune in the light of its relations to others.

His unselfishness in all human contacts was marked and perhaps it was but a slightly different form of this that made him so unsparing of himself in his work. He did not often look for the easiest way and would tear through brush and thickets, plunge into morasses, and fearlessly descend steep cliffs to attain his object. In the first few days in Abyssinia, an impetuous sally left him with a large thorn deeply imbedded and broken off in his leg. It could not be removed without a deep incision, so it was thought best to leave it alone. The next day the wound was inflamed and sore, but he would not listen to postponing the march. He was lifted into the saddle and remained there doggedly suffering during what proved to be for everybody the longest and most gruelling day of the whole trip. Thereafter, for nearly two weeks, he mounted and dismounted in agony, but this did not prevent him from doing it many times a day in order to collect birds along the trail which might not be obtained later. Probably no picture in the many of a very eventful trip will remain longer with the others of the party than that of Fuertes laboriously easing himself from his mount to the ground and painfully hobbling away with cocked gun, alert and determined that no needed bird should escape because of any leniency to himself.

His fondness for children, so well known at home, and his tender, almost feminine sympathy for the ailing and unfortunate, were much in evidence in Africa. Beggars and cripples were a great trial to him and it was exceedingly difficult for him to pass one by. He gave to many and almost immediately would apologize to his companions, saying "I know I shouldn't do it, but I just can't help it." If he found one imposing upon him, however, his pity turned to wrath instantly. One of the caravan men, a "nigger" if one wished, developed a loathsome abscess in the groin, and Fuertes carefully washed, poulticed, and bandaged it day after day until it was completely healed. Then the man, who was a worthless wretch, flagrantly betrayed his trust as guardian of the

camp, was summarily discharged, and no one was louder in approval of the action than Fuertes. His sense of justice was marked and he was outspoken in his condemnation of sham and insincerity. This extended into the field of art and science and his great personal popularity was not unbroken by a few enemies who well deserved his forthright denunciation. He had no quarter for self-seeking pseudo-naturalists and no sympathy with certain schools of new art which arrogate to themselves an insight transcending that of other mortals. There was nothing mawkish about him.

Fuertes was actively interested in a variety of subjects other than ornithology and painting. These included music, architecture, primitive art, conservation, and all movements concerned with young people. Although his conversation usually sparkled with originality and his correspondence gave much evidence of literary power, he wrote very little for publication. His most important written work appeared first in *Bird Lore*, and, later, in pamphlet form under the title "Impressions of Tropical Bird Voices." It was a charming and valuable contribution to a little known subject. He was much interested in bird songs but had no fanciful ideas about them and especially condemned attempts to relate them with human music except by mere notation. His powers of mimicry were most unusual and he was greatly in demand at gatherings of all kinds, not only for his imitations of birds and other animals, but for various "stunts" for which his sense of humor and his natural histrionic talent qualified him to a remarkable degree. These things contributed to his popularity and when combined with the pure gold of his character and the achievements of his profession served to mark him as a very outstanding man.

In 1925, he was made a lecturer in ornithology at Cornell and, although he took this responsibility seriously, it has been said that he accomplished more by example than by precept. His influence was felt among the citizenry of Ithaca in many other ways, as a Rotarian, as a master of Boy Scouts, as a friend and guide for all young people, with the result that he is mourned not only by the university but by the entire community.

During the few weeks since his death, there have been those who have not hesitated to pronounce him the greatest painter of birds that ever lived. There is much to justify such a large place for him, and time is not likely to modify it greatly. Certain it is that he marks an era for American ornithologists and that in him skill with the palette and pencil was combined with qualities of mind and character to produce a very rare result.

WILFRED H. OSGOOD.

Field Museum of Natural History,
Chicago

Alaska Eagles Disappearing

THAT the American Eagle in Alaska is disappearing, under the Bounty System inaugurated in 1917 by that Territory, is the report given out today by Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, who has just returned from an extended trip in Alaska.

"There are many of these Eagles left," said Dr. Pearson, "but from what I saw and learned on all hands it is very plain that the bird is far less numerous than a few years ago. A day spent hunting Eagles between Ketchikan and Haines, a distance of eighty-eight miles, resulted in the finding of thirty-seven of these great birds. In other sections of the coast I found them scarce. Official records of the bounties paid up to August 4, 1927, as supplied me by Karl Thiele, Secretary of Alaska, showed that the feet of 40,753 Eagles had been turned in for the \$1 bounty (formerly 50 cents)."

Dr. Pearson also stated that on all sides the Eagles are regarded as destructive to fish, Ptarmigans, young mountain sheep, fawns, and young blue foxes. "I found it very difficult, however, to find people who had actually seen Eagles performing any of these depredations, aside from eating fish. Some observers told me that the majority of fish taken by the Eagles was on the spawning grounds where after the fish have performed their biological functions they lie in a dead or dying condition. As many as one or two hundred Eagles often gather along the lower reaches of a salmon stream. Suggestion was made to me in various quarters that the Eagle had now been so reduced in numbers that Alaska might very well discontinue the bounty. Others questioned whether Alaska is getting sufficient return for the money expended in the Bounty System. The chief center of abundance of the Bald Eagle is along the southern coast in the neighborhood of the salmon streams. During 2,000 miles travel in the interior of Yukon and Alaska I saw only one pair of Bald Eagles. In the mountains one finds the Golden Eagle, which in no way exists in such abundance as does the Bald Eagle along the coast."

Poems by Eleanor Bogan

ADVENTURE

It may be I shall never pass
Down some queer, vivid foreign street
Nor hear the temple bells of beaten brass
Above the heavy tread of many feet
 Yet shall I be content with only this:
 With every gentle, soft returning spring
 Down crooked lanes where tiny leaves unfold
 To go adventuring.

It may be I shall never see
A Chinese junk with purple sail
Drifting upon a quiet, greenish sea,
Drifting beneath a sunset, cold and pale
 Yet shall I be content with only this:
 To feel a little child clasping my hand;
 To go adventuring in that child's heart
 Some day, to understand.

A BREEZE

Do you know that a breeze
Is air in a hurry
To get to some place in town?
It pushes and puffs
And all in a flurry
Arrives—then, doesn't sit
 down.

THE HOT SUN

Some day when you think the sun
 is too hot,
Or you're cross at a saucy breeze,
Just think what a queer old world
 'twould be
If we didn't have both of them,
 please.

THE WHITE BIRCH

Have you ever seen a white birch
High upon a hill
Curtsey to a star
While other trees stand still?

Aspens merely tremble,
As if they were afraid,
And poplar trees stand stiff and straight,
Like soldiers on parade.

Pine trees are proud trees,
And pine trees grow tall;
Pine trees never curtsey
To stars at all.

But the slim white birches
High upon a hill
Curtsey to the evening star
While other trees stand still.

FOR LONELY FOLK

There are lonely folk who love
Pine trees in the rain;
Gay, sweet things like flowers and song
Bring them only pain.

The slow beauty of the clouds
Or twisting scarfs of smoke,
These for others:—windy pines
For earth's lonely folk.

THE WORLDS OF SILENT FOLKS

The silent are a folk apart,
Such sympathy is in their heart.

Their words they lovingly unfold,
Like chrysalids of green and gold,

From which there come shy, jeweled things,
With dainty, hesitating wings;

And all these thoughts, like butterflies
Lie dreaming in their quiet eyes.

A. O. U. Meeting at Charleston, S. C., Nov. 19-23, 1928

THE forty-sixth stated meeting of the American Ornithologists Union at Charleston, South Carolina, was unique in that it was the first meeting held in a southern city, and because of its being in a region of unusual historical interest to the ornithologist and botanist. Charleston has been noted for many years for its wonderful gardens of rhododendrons and azaleas, and for being the collecting ground of Catesby, Audubon, Bachman, and later of Arthur T. Wayne, the latter for the last thirty years devoting his entire time to the study of the birds of South Carolina, adding thirty-two species to the State's record.

Catesby came to South Carolina in 1722, and while he collected in other sections, much of his work was done around Charleston. The first volume of his work was published in 1731, the second in 1743; in this work he described fifty-five species new to the State.

Audubon's first visit to Charleston was in 1831, at which time he met Dr. Bachman, beginning a friendship that lasted through their lives and which was later cemented by the marriage of Audubon's two sons to two of Bachman's daughters. Among Dr. Bachman's notable discoveries was Swainson's warbler in 1833, which was not again reported until 1884, when other specimens were collected.

Dr. Bachman was the pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church for sixty years, and his resignation was only because of ill health. One evening of the A. O. U. meeting was devoted to a memorial for Dr. Bachman which was held in the Parish House of St. John's Church where there is a Bachman memorial room in which are kept many relics that belonged to him. His grave is under the chancel.

The principal part of the memorial program was the reading of a paper by Mr. Alexander Sprunt, Jr., of the Charleston Museum entitled, "Audubon and Bachman Co-workers and Friends," telling of the friendship and work of the two naturalists.

At this meeting the writer read three letters from Bachman to Audubon written from Charleston in 1832-1833. In one letter he described a new warbler which he had collected, which afterwards proved to be the type specimen of Bachman's warbler, and was named for Bachman by his friend Audubon. These letters are a part of the writer's collection of letters written by famous ornithologists.

Dr. Bachman was for many years curator of the Charleston Museum, in which the A. O. U. meetings were held, and which is the oldest museum in the country.

Bachman's home was only a block and a half from the museum, and the home site is now occupied by a High School building. In the grounds is a crepe myrtle tree which tradition says was planted by Audubon at the time of one of his visits.

During the four days of the meeting the old expression, "Southern Hospitality," was shown at its best, and nothing was left undone that might further the comfort and entertainment of the visiting members.

As usual there was a crowded program with many high spots of ornithological interest among the 54 titles.

The moving pictures of Dr. Arthur A. Allen and Mr. Herbert L. Stoddard and others were of unusual character, and among the papers our own Mr. Lyon gave one on "Variations in Migration," based on the phenomenal flight of fox sparrows last spring, when he trapped and banded as many as he had in all other springs since he began his banding work.

Deviating from the customary procedure, an afternoon excursion was made by motor to the collecting grounds of Catesby, Audubon and Garden. On this trip members were taken to the famous Middleton Gardens and the Newington Plantation where Michaux was a frequent visitor and where Audubon and Bachman undoubtedly obtained much material for their publications.

The usual annual dinner was given, with a novelty in the program that appealed to the northern visitors. The dinner was attended by 200 guests.

After the dinner, the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals, of about forty men and women rendered a wonderful program of the old emotional songs in the fashion of the colored people.

After the dinner and program, receptions followed in several of the wonderful old homes of Charleston, giving the northern visitors an opportunity to see the inside of homes from 100 to 150 years old, filled with rare antique furniture.

An all-day trip by boat was made on Friday, November 23, to Dewees Island, the winter home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Huyler, the trip being given in honor of Mr. Arthur T. Wayne by his friends, although he was prevented by illness from joining the party. This was the region in which Mr. Wayne had done much of his field work. The Huyler home is placed among natural surroundings on the island, which Mr. Huyler owns, and it is an ideal setting for bird study and observation.

Andre Michaux, a French botanist, was an early visitor, and his records are still the ones used for much of the plant study of the region.

The hospitality and interest of the people of Charleston was evidenced by their attendance at the sessions, and they added much toward making this meeting a most memorable one.

Miss Laura M. Bragg, director of the museum, was largely respon-

sible for the efficient management of the planning and entertainment and her work was greatly appreciated.

The attendance from all classes of members at the meeting was 130, of whom the greater number were from the eastern states. Only five attended from Illinois, and while there were members present from California, there were none from between California and the Mississippi River.

The election of members resulted as follows: 1. Fellow—3. Honorary Fellows—1. Corresponding Fellow—4. Members and 235 Associates.

Mr. Arthur T. Wayne was made a Fellow, and as he had never been able to attend an A. O. U. meeting it was quite tragic therefor when the meeting was being held near his own home that he was unable by reason of illness to attend.

If members who have never attended a meeting could realize the benefits and pleasure to be derived from the mingling with the ornithologists from all sections of the continent, and hearing of varied subjects of bird interest presented by their authors, no doubt many more would attend.

Each meeting is a never to be forgotten high spot in ornithological experience and friendly contact with kindred spirits.

RUTHVEN DEANE.

Rare Bird Visitor at Rockford

By MRS. M. A. LONG, ROCKFORD, ILL.

ON THE morning of May 15, a little party of six started early for Harbor Oaks, ignoring cloudy skies and a sprinkling of rain, ready to enjoy the river views in that quiet spot, and hoping to find something of interest in the bird life. A walk alongshore revealed the semi-palmated plover, a most appealing little bird who "toes in" delightfully as he runs along the sand; killdeer and the least sandpiper, while swallows skimmed the river's surface.

Among the hawthornes at the edge of the oak wood we found the great crested flycatcher, whose strident challenge seems to mark him as guardian of the bit of timber he inhabits. Here also were the scarlet tanager, several gay members of the warbler tribe, the always welcome bluebird, and one whitebreasted nuthatch in headlong descent of an oak.

All these had been previously listed this season by most of the party, and our futile observation led some of the group to seats on the river bank, while others climbed to the edge of the bluff farther on, or wandered along the shore line.

On this quiet scene appeared a strange bird feeding alongshore,

stepping sedately toward those seated at the river's edge, whose call galvanized us all to action. With field glasses focused, we eagerly caught stray glimpses as the bird ran for shelter, and presently was found perhaps ten feet from the ground in a large cedar, standing close to the trunk, and apparently not greatly disturbed. Before it left the shore there had been a cry of "Florida gallinule," for this strikingly colored bird would be easily recognized by anyone who had studied bird plates. Two of the party had seen it years before at Lake Waubesa, and one in Florida, but in many years of observation about Rockford, this was our first record.

The gallinule resembles the coot and belongs to the same family, but is more highly colored, wearing a bare bright-red shield on the forehead, the bill also red tipped with yellow. The legs are greenish yellow with a garter-like red band at the joint. The plumage is bluish-slate washed with olive-brown on back and wings, the flanks bearing conspicuous white streaks,—the under tail coverts also white.

We had abundant chance to note the coloring, as this henlike bird stepped about the branches, and after a few moments we tossed clods of dirt that we might see the bird in flight. This was the awkward performance of a barnyard fowl, the bird flapping weakly out in a semi-circle to seek shelter in a low tree farther down the bluff. We marvelled at the long migration of this awkward creature, who winters south to Chile and Argentina, and returning, crosses even into Canada to nest. Neltje Blanchan offers much interesting information about the gallinule, which swims expertly and runs rapidly, many men of science claiming that a large part of its migration is done afoot.

The gallinule was formerly considered a bird of the tropics, but in a day when an ever-increasing number go afield for bird study we may hope to learn more of its range. It would be helpful if others who have observed the gallinule about Rockford, would report through the columns of the *Register-Gazette*. Certainly our day was enlivened by our unusual record, and a happy group strolled back to the beach to broil beefsteak and bask in belated sunshine.

MOURNING WARBLER SEEN

The writer made a second record of interest on the 28th, being waked from sleep before five in the morning by a birdsong entirely new in her experience. Ten minutes of listening at the sleeping porch window, afforded a constant repetition of the same strain;—three clear rising notes with a drop of two more. Not being familiar with all the vireo family, but knowing their habit of constant repetition it seemed reasonable to think the strain belonged to a vireo thoroughly concealed in the heavy foliage, and the chill morning made a later rising hour desirable. However, the song continued steadily for a half hour, when sleep again claimed us.

Later in the morning when the garden was warm in sunshine, we looked down from the porch window and saw the mourning warbler in a honeysuckle bush and as we watched he sang part of the song heard high in the tree in the dawn. Both the male and female mourning warbler spent several days with us during the spring migration last year, and were seen about our pool and the one in our neighbor's garden. But we never noted a song. On reading up the bird in the Chapman Handbook, the song was found given exactly as it came to us in the early morning.

"Its common song consists of a simple, clear, warbling whistle, resembling the syllables 'true, 'true, 'true, 'true, 'too, the voice rising on the first three syllables and falling on the last two. Sometimes, when otherwise occupied, the first, or first two, syllables are omitted."

It is seldom one has the pleasure of taking the song first, and then so surely identifying the bird on the same day, and this song will certainly be a permanent record, to be welcomed familiarly in subsequent seasons.

Bird Notes

By CHARLES M. MORSE

YESTERDAY forenoon there was one grand commotion among the birds. I could distinguish the voices of Redhead, Flicker, Robin, Blue Bird, and 1,000,000 English Sparrows yelling Help-Police-Murder-Kill 'em, etc. The riot centered around the hickory tree and I hot-footed over there to investigate. The foliage being dense I was unable to find the cause of disturbance so concluded to watch the Blue Bird, feeling confident he would solve the problem. Sure enough, he flew from the bough and fluttered for several seconds. I followed the perpendicular line and two feet below I discovered Scaramouche, or his brother, or his cousin, or his aunt. I shied a club and Screecher took to wing with the entire mob in his wake. Scaramouche took refuge in the little grove down the road. I did not follow to see what happened.

It is a pointer as to who destroyed the Robin's nest under the front porch and took the young.

The Blue Birds have nested in the box opposite my window. I thought it time to "uncork" the box, which I did in the evening, and early the following morning I heard their cheerful "noise." It seems fine to have them so near again.

The Barn Swallows seem to be more numerous this season, at least there is an "overflow" as two pairs are building in the horse barn.

Yesterday morning a pair of Cedar Waxwings levied assessment on my red raspberries. Doubtless nesting near by as I have seen them several times.

Poor Robin Redbreast had her usual grief again this season. Lost her first brood by a night prowler. Reconstructed the nest and raised three. Built nest in apple tree at end of porch. Deserted it. Built in tree near poultry house. Deserted it. I am confident the House Wren punctured the eggs. Next season the wren boxes come down. I had his case under consideration all winter, but his early April song won his case. But he is a grand rascal, yet I love the little devil. By the way, the Wrens have young. Really I should kill 'em, but I haven't the 'art, no I haven't the 'art.

Humming birds are attracted by the hollyhocks and make frequent visits. I wish I had an airship of sufficient speed to follow them to their nest, for my desire has been to find one.

Several weeks ago I found a hawk's nest in our woods. The old birds were never in repose long enough for me to get any markings, in fact, I never saw them alight. However, I knew it was a bird I had never seen before as their call was constant and very peculiar. Blake came up yesterday so I led him to my find. We could see a fledgling on the edge of the nest. Blake says they are Pigeon Hawks and I cannot disprove that they are not.

The Goldfinches sway on my beet tops while they fill their little golden stomachs with the foliage.

Catbirds are nesting in the elderberry clump down the road. Morning and evening they visit the bath and pay for their "scrub" with delightful song. He is one of my favorites. Natty dresser, friendly, and it is to be regretted that one discordant note should have got cat for a moniker.

The King Bird is about the premises a good part of the time. I do not think he is nesting here, but not far away. Perched on a dead limb he has an unobstructed view. Along comes a flock of Blackbirds headed for the low lands near the lake. King says "I guess I'll go up and punch one of their faces." He does. Spies Robin and reasons she is having too good a time and concludes to go down and mess her up. He does. Observes a crow and decides to pester him awhile. He does. "This Barn Swallow is exceeding the speed limit. Guess I'll stop him." He does *not*. As he strikes the Swallow the latter lets out a yell similar to "Hey rube!" of circus days, and within a few seconds about forty of his kin arrive and King gets a good sound drubbing.

The Robin is the long distance singer. The other morning I heard him greet the day with song at 3:20. His good night carol was at 8:15.

The Baltimore Oriole has constructed a much deeper nest than usual. In previous years she toted away my twine a piece at a time, while this time she carried several strands. While she is incubating he sings, but rarely and only occasionally do I see a streak of gold and black announcing his presence.

The hay is cut fifteen days earlier than last year, and I fear it de-

stroyed many nests of Bob-O-Link, Dickcissle, and Meadow Lark. Too bad. After all, man is bird's worst enemy.

From the rear porch, I can hear the distressing cry of the Sora Rail from Viens pond. Poor old Sora. Nature did not play fair with him, depriving him of handsome wardrobe and grand opera voice.

As dusk falls the Chipping Sparrows play in my garden like a pair of kids. Doubtless again nesting in the raspberries, but the patch is such a jungle that I have been unable to locate their home.

A Dream Realized

HOW THE IDEA STARTED

ONE brilliant Autumn day in 1900 while my husband and I were strolling with friends along the shores of Lake Geneva, we came into a bit of woodland that from the beginning had remained in its natural state.

Here was an ideal opportunity for the cultivation of native plants and we seized it eagerly.

Our very ignorance encouraged us and our daily experiences gave a new zest to life.

We named the place Wychwood after the wych-hazel which we found growing in abundance throughout the woods.

HOW THE IDEA DEVELOPED

Under the guiding hand of that distinguished leader in Horticulture, the late Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum, we planned our work and each year added new material, being careful to follow Nature in the arrangement of the planting.

Finally we decided to confine our efforts to the Flora of Wisconsin and the selection of native plants for all purposes proved a stimulating occupation.

To attract birds and provide them with food we planted a variety of berry-bearing bushes whose fruit lasted during many months. These birds not only delighted our senses but they made away with all sorts of harmful insects. They also served us in another totally unexpected manner, for they took an active part in the planting and it is to them that we owe many of our most interesting effects.

THE FINAL AIM

As the years went by and we began to see the results of our experiment, as the immediate country-side became more and more civilized, the

swamps were drained and the fields cultivated, our seventy acres grew more and more precious.

It was an expression of the real wilderness surviving from the Indian days, with its animal life, its varied trees, its berries and blossoms, its ferns and fungi, its mosses and grasses.

Man's life is ephemeral but, if not disturbed by human hands, a woodland goes on forever.

Could we save this special tract for future generations to enjoy?

After studying the question, after visiting many reservations in different parts of our country, after consulting with scientists, it was decided to leave the property to a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees with a sufficient fund to endow it.

Accordingly in 1926 the property known as Wychwood was formally deeded to this Board with full power to administer it forever. It was arranged that the Board should consist of three members; one an eminent botanist, one an eminent ornithologist and one a business man.

The Donor was retained as Director.

Now our ambition is to have a card catalogue of every manifestation of Nature on the place, not only in the botanical department but also in the animal kingdom from the smallest slug to the big raccoon who introduces his youngsters to our vegetables each summer.

A herbarium has already been started.

A working library of about three hundred books has been catalogued.

A record of seeds planted in a special nursery has been begun.

A water-garden, fed by a natural spring is in process of formation.

FRANCES KINSLEY HUTCHINSON.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I DO HEREBY GIVE AND BEQUEATH TO THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION AND CONSERVATION OF WILD BIRDS (Incorporated), of the State of Illinois.

Passing of the Passenger Pigeon

By H. P. IJAMS

THE passing of the passenger pigeon represents one of the saddest pages in the history of the bird life in this country. More interest is evidenced in its history and its fate than in that of any other North American bird. Its story reads like romance. Once the most abundant species, ever known in any country, ranging over the greater part of this continent from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada in flocks so great that they hid the face of the sun, it has vanished from the face of the earth, leaving us only a few mute specimens in museums and private collections to remind us of its sad end and to serve as a warning of what happens when no thought is given to the preservation of wild life.

The first settlers in this country found the passenger pigeon in infinite numbers. They provided a source of food for the Indians. Wherever roosts were established Indians always gathered in great numbers. Early historians speak of flocks of them so great that they broke down trees in the woods where they roosted. Early settlers in Virginia found the pigeons "beyond number or imagination." Their flights in migration extended over vast tracts of country. A continuous stream of pigeons, three miles wide, that it took three days to pass a given point, was observed as late as 1860. Audubon and Alexander Wilson, the father of American ornithology, recording instances of observing the flights of more than 2,000,000,000 pigeons in one flock. These birds traveled at a rate of a mile a minute and the light of noonday was often obscured as by an eclipse.

The migrations of these birds was not the regular, long-drawn-out movements that characterized the sensational flights of most birds. They were undertaken chiefly in search of food which consisted mainly of wild berries, nuts, insects and grain. They were so swift and tireless in flight that they could pass from zone to zone in a day. They migrated en masse. That is, the birds of one great nesting rose into the air as one body, and the movement of these immense hosts formed the most wonderful and impressive spectacle in animated nature.

There were stirring sights when great herds of grazing animals thundered over the western plains, but the approach of the mighty armies of the air was appalling. The vast multitudes, rising strata upon strata, covered and darkened the sky, hiding the sun, while the roar of their myriad wings was likened to that of a hurricane. Thus they passed for hours or days, while the people in the territory over which the pigeons winged their way kept up a fusillade from every point of vantage.

Where lower flights passed close to the hilltops, people were stationed with guns, poles, rocks and other weapons to knock down the swarming birds.

At night their roosting places were raided and thousands killed. For weeks after the passage of a flock the people in some sections fed on no other flesh than pigeons.

Their winter roosting places almost defy description, says Audubon. He rode through one on the banks of Green river in Kentucky for more than 40 miles, crossing it in different directions, and found its average width to be more than three miles. The ground was white with droppings like snow; trees two feet in diameter were broken off. When the birds came in at sundown, there was a great uproar and confusion and a crackling of falling limbs not unlike a storm.

The nesting places sometimes were equal in size to the roosting places, frequently covering 100,000 to 150,000 acres. As many as 50 nests were observed in a single tree. The females laid one to two eggs and usually raised three broods a season, migrating between each brood.

The squabs were in greater demand for food than the older birds and for this reason raids were made upon their nesting places and the young slaughtered by the millions. In some places hogs were fattened upon the butchered squabs and older birds left on the ground after a raid.

The most destructive implement was the net, to which birds were attracted by bait. Gunners also baited the birds with grain and dozens were frequently killed at a single shot.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century hundreds of men made a profession of following the birds wherever they went. They kept up with their movements by telegraph and moved to each new location as rapidly as possible. It required fifteen tons of ice to pack the squabs killed in the last great slaughter recorded in New York state. In the seventies it was said that the New York market alone consumed 100 barrels of pigeons a day for weeks without a break in price.

It was this market demand that brought about the extinction of the passenger pigeon. When they began to become scarce the Indians raised objection to the way they were being slaughtered and many tribes did everything in their power to prevent their total destruction, even using threats, where pleading did not avail. The destruction of a large part of the young each year was what hastened the end. Nature cut off the rest with old age.

The last great slaughter was in 1878 at Petoskey, Michigan, when more than 1,500,000 birds were killed and shipped to market. Over 2000 people were at the nesting place, engaged in the business of trapping, killing and shipping pigeons. One Michigan firm reported the shipment of five cars a day to the New York market over a period of thirty days. In two years one authority says over twelve billion were killed and shipped to market from one town in Michigan while another

section contributed sixteen million. Another town killed and shipped over \$4,000,000 worth.

After this killing only scattering flocks were seen and from that time onward the diminution of the birds was continuous until they became extinct.

The largest flock and killing in Tennessee of which we have a record was at Nashville, in 1870.

The Nashville Union and American for January 1 of that year stated that for several mornings wild pigeons had made their appearance there by the thousands and the heavens were clouded by the visitors.

"In the suburbs their roosts have been surprised by the youngsters and gunning is brisk," the paper stated. Then two weeks later on January 23 a news item in the same paper said: "One night last week Mr. Peter Ladd, who is about 70 years old and his two sons, killed 1500 pigeons at the roost, and the next night the party bagged 1000, making 2500 for the two nights' slaughter. Yet some people talk about the mystery of the disappearance of this bird."

The ruthless destruction of this species had much to do with the passing of our present game laws. No adequate attempt to protect them was made until they had virtually disappeared. Whenever a law looking toward the conservation of these birds was proposed in any state, its opponents argued before legislative committees that the pigeons "needed no protection"; that their numbers were so vast, and that they ranged over such a great extent of country, that they were amply able to take care of themselves. Where laws were passed, they were not enforced.

Audubon, in describing the dreadful slaughter of these birds at one time said that people unacquainted with them might naturally conclude that such destruction would soon put an end to the species; but he was satisfied himself, by long observation, that nothing but the gradual diminution of the forests could accomplish the decrease of the birds.

The enormous multitudes of the pigeons made such an impression upon the mind that the extinction of the species seemed an absolute impossibility. Nevertheless, it has occurred. In 1878 the Cincinnati Zoological Garden bought three pairs of pigeons. They hatched and raised several young. Then the old ones started to die off, as did some of the young, and finally only two were left, a male and a female. The male died in 1910 and the female in 1914. The last bird to die was presented to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

In 1910 the Zoological Garden offered \$100 for a pair and in 1914 the offer was increased to \$1000 but no one ever claimed the reward. So in thirty years the most numerous of all birds in the country vanished. The last record we have of a passenger pigeon being killed in the wild state occurred in 1908.

Nothing could be sadder than the picture of a birdless America. America the greatest natural bird paradise in the world. Since the arrival

of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock there has followed the total extinction of no less than six of our native species: The Great Auk, Eskimo Curlew, Passenger Pigeon, Labrador Duck, Pallas Cormorant, and Carolina Parakeet, all with the possible exception of the Cormorant exterminated by the hand of man.

Four of these died because they made excellent eating or because their feathers made excellent beds.

To this casualty list may be added the names of the Whooping-Crane, Sandhill Crane, Trumpeter Swan, American Flamingo, Scarlet Ibis, Hudsonian Godwit, Upland Plover, Willett, Black-Capped Petrel, Red Egret, Heath Hen, White-Tailed Kite, and Ivory Billed Woodpecker; thirteen birds so nearly extinct that some have not been recorded for several years.

And there are also the Roseate Spoonbill, Long-Billed Curlew, Dowitcher, Knot, Snowy Egret, Great White Heron, Wood-Duck, several species of hawk, and an owl or two, and a score of other birds, the sight of any one of which in its native haunts from its very rarity, now gives an ornithologist heart palpitations and thrills sufficient to last him a whole season.

It is not an exaggeration to say that 10 per cent of the original species in the United States are now in a condition of virtual extinction, and fully 25 per cent of once-common birds may be relegated to the rare list.

Our doves face the fate of extinction, as increasing numbers are ruthlessly slaughtered each season by city hunters who find them easy prey.

Such then, is the status of birds in the United States today; but even at that they are better off a hundred times than they were only twenty years ago, before avian protection and conservation as an actual practice gained a foothold in America.

Conservation of its wild-life resources is now a policy of the United States government. School children are being taught the importance of bird life and states are passing laws for their protection and conservation. The National Association of Audubon societies and similar organizations and small Audubon societies are scattered thickly all over the country wherever there happen to be a number of bird lovers living in one community. The object of these societies is not only to study birds, but locally and nationally to arouse public interest in them, to wage war against the human enemies of birds, and to seek legislation for their protection.

The annual insect damage to crops amounts to more than one billion dollars. It has been estimated by the National Biological Survey that each bird destroys insects to the value of 10 cents each season. With a population of four billion birds breeding in the United States their worth to the country in cash is \$400,000,000, which should impress the minds of every one as to the importance of bird life to the nation and merit their wholehearted support of measures proposed for protection. The

conservation of wild life has become a nation-wide issue. States are passing laws for their protection.

Pennsylvania has probably done more for the protection of wild life than any other state. In 1905 the legislature authorized the state game commission, with the consent of the department of forestry, to establish game refuges within state forests. At the present time the state has nearly 100 such refuges totaling over a million acres distributed over almost half of its counties. A keeper is in charge of each refuge, and no person is permitted to hunt or disturb the game or birds within the limits of refuges with either gun or dog at any time of the year. The steady increase of the supply of both large and small game in the refuges and on the large public hunting grounds surrounding them has been remarkable.

Tennessee is making progress in the conservation of her wild life under Calhoun, the present game commissioner, who is enforcing the laws and educating our people in every way that he can as to the importance of wild life conservation. He needs the support of every citizen. We have two local organizations, the Audubon society and the Izaak Walton League which are devoted to the preservation and conservation of wild life.

These organizations merit your active support. Let us assure the future of our helpful birds and other forms of wild life by giving them ample protection.

It has been stated by the highest authorities on the subject that the age of mammals is drawing to a close and fifty years more will see the last of virtually all wild four-footed creatures. But, while twenty years ago a similar fate seemed to threaten the bird world, that condition has been greatly relieved. The world may yet see an "age of birds."

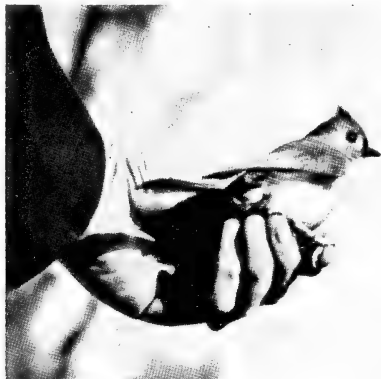
Tufted Titmouse Observations

By WM. I. LYON

MANY times during the colder months of the year I had heard the call of peto peto peto peto and watched the small bunch of gray feathers hurrying about the branches in the tops of the tall trees, but never had the opportunity of making a close observation until November of 1922 when my first Tufted Titmouse was found in a trap. After being banded it repeated in the trap several times and brought another to be trapped and banded a week later. Of course it had to be photo'd, but the problem of how to keep the bird from fighting long enough to get its picture was difficult. After much posing and waiting it heard the call of the mate and sat erect to listen just long enough for the camera to snap the picture, then it was off.

The next year two more came in November and were trapped and banded, but only came back a few times. They were heard occasionally during the next three years, but none came into the traps, then in January 1927 one more was trapped and banded, and another in April. In 1928, three came in October and two in November. They repeated a few times and disappeared.

There was a storm on December 14th and I did not get home until after dark. In making the rounds of the traps a large five-cell focusing



flashlight was used, which gives a very brilliant "spot" of light. In the first trap there were two of the Tufted Titmice with their head under their wings, asleep. Fixing the spot on them and approaching quietly until the light was within two feet did not disturb them. Waving the light back and forth or flashing it on and off did not awaken them and they did not move until the trap was disturbed. The next trap had two more that could not be awakened by the light, all four were banded birds, repeaters from the five caught in October and November.

Again they disappeared but every time the weather was bad they would be back. A feeder filled with sunflower seeds was put on a tree near the house on Christmas day. Two of them took possession at once and never missed a day at the feeder during the next three weeks, as this article is being written in sight of the feeder they are making continuous trips for the sunflower seed and with several Chickadee and one male Cardinal keep the feeder almost in constant use.

During January the Titmice are calling occasionally but giving just two calls of *peto peto*. On looking up the references on the Tufted Titmouse, Waukegan, Illinois seems to be about its northern range limit.

Birds of Northeastern Illinois, by E. W. Nelson, 1877, "Occurs only during fall and winter when straggling parties occasionally visit us from southern Illinois."

Birds of Wisconsin, by L. Kumlein and N. Hollister, 1903, "Straggler from south." Only record for Wisconsin was one shot near Madison."

Birds of Illinois and Wisconsin. Charles B. Cory, 1909, "Rare in northern Illinois, accidental in Wisconsin."

Michigan Bird Life, Walter B. Barrows, 1912, "Appears in lower Michigan but not common."

Birds of Indiana, Amos W. Butler, 1897, "Wanting about southern end of Lake Michigan."

O. M. Schantz reports, "About March 1900 at Riverside, Illinois, a flock of about twenty-five."

After having handled over one hundred and forty species of birds I can safely say that the Tufted Titmouse is the sauciest scrapper of any birds ever handled.

The European Starling

ANYONE who has been familiar with the history of the House Sparrow, and its spread over North America, will no doubt be greatly interested in the story to date of the latest interloper from Europe, the Starling.

The first known effort to establish the Starling was made in Cincinnati, O., in the winter of 1872-73. Evidently this introduction was not successful, for they disappeared and were not seen again.

In May, 1889, 20 pairs were released in Portland, Oregon, but this colony also did not survive after 1900.

In 1890 eighty birds were released in Central Park, New York City, and forty more in March of the following year. From these introductions have come the rapid spreading of the starling over New England and westward.

In Department Circular N. 336, of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, May Thacher Cooke tells the story of the starling up to March 1925.

It is interesting to compare the map in this circular with the map in Farmer's Bulletin No. 1571, just issued.

The 1925 map shows only a few scattered nestings west of its original starting point, but roving birds and small flocks had been found in Wisconsin, Illinois, Tennessee, North Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina.

The map in Bulletin No. 5471 shows not only a spreading into every state east of the Mississippi, but records in Iowa, Texas, Missouri and Kansas.

Under the Lacey Act, passed in May 1900, it is no longer lawful to introduce wild birds or animals. But before this enactment the Starling was thoroughly established and now it is a source of much speculation as to its beneficial or injurious standing as it reaches greater numbers.

Its gregarious habits, aggressiveness, and untidy housekeeping, together with its unattractive song have already been charged against it.

The findings of the Department of Agriculture after an exhaustive investigation of all the possible effects of the Starlings arrival, conclude that it is so far of beneficial value, except where great colonies have become a nuisance. That the Starling may soon become a pest is also suggested.

The Starling has nested in Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa, not yet in alarming numbers but enough to prove that it has come to stay.

Two were trapped by William I. Lyon at Waukegan about Christmas 1926.

A nest was discovered about five miles west of Waukegan in 1927, and in 1928 11 nests were found within 10 miles of Waukegan.

Of the late references available are:

Farmers Bulletin No. 1571, and Circular No. 40, the latter by May Thacher Cooke, in which is listed the literature available on the Starling.

Another bulletin, The European Starling in Indiana, by Amos W. Butler, of Indianapolis cites the records of the Starling in Indiana.

O. M. S.

A Central Illinois Night-Heronry

In answer to a letter asking about the night heronry at Tuscola the following interesting account was received.

Herondale Farm, Tuscola, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of January 18th at hand, and will be glad to give you information in regard to the Colony of Night Herons which have been coming to my farm each spring.

The night herons have been coming to this farm for twenty years to my personal knowledge, and old residents say they have been here for forty years at least.

They arrive every spring from the 8th to the 15th of April, and I estimate there are about 150 in the colony.

We never hear any commotion in connection with their arrival, but some morning we look out at the grove and find they have arrived during the night, appearing just as they did the autumn before when they left for the south.

For three or four days after they arrive they seem to want to sit in the trees and rest, then they begin nesting. However, for the last three or four years they have seemed undecided whether they will stay at the old place, or go a few miles east to the river, but they have always decided to stay at the old home.

They do not build many new nests, but use the old nests when possible. The nests are very crudely built in the tops of the trees.

When they are incubating, they sit very still, and never leave the nests unless the mates are on hand to relieve.

If the nest is left unprotected the crows get the eggs.



- There is a small creek running through the farm in which they feed on small fish, crawfish, etc. The birds seldom ever fly away after 8 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

If they are seen flying between these hours it is a sign that a storm is brewing.

In the fall when the small stream is about dry, the herons fly about four miles to the Embarras River (pronounced Ambro) where they find better feeding. The herons leave quite early in the fall, about September 1st or even earlier.

I have received quite a number of letters about my colony of Herons, and as they seem to be rather rare and do not bother anything on the farm, I do not allow them to be bothered.

Tuscola is about 175 miles from Chicago on route 25.

Yours sincerely,
W. F. McCARTY.

It has been reported that many years ago herons frequented a farm near Philo, Ill., and that after they had been molested by hunters they left that section and never returned. It is believed that the Herondale flock is the successor of the Philo colony.

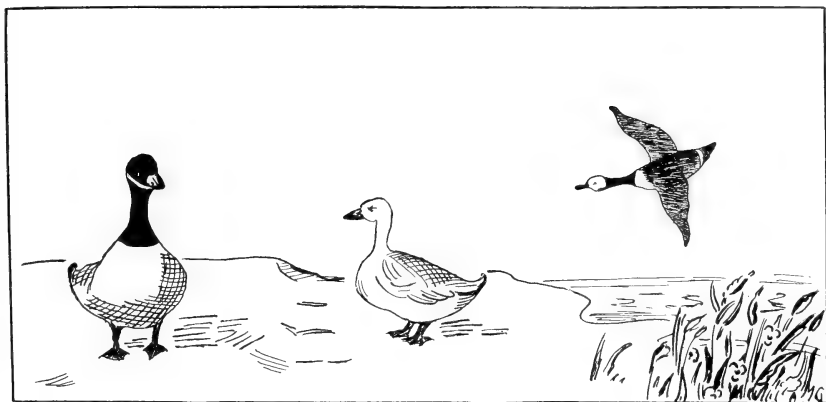
The signing of the Norbeck Bill by President Coolidge marks another epoch in bird protection.

No measure since the enactment of the Migratory Bird Treaty has so wide latitude or far reaching possibilities for wild life protection.

Not only are birds, but small wild animals included in the protection, and areas are to be provided in each state in which birds and animals may live in safety.

Recreational features are also provided for in the bill with definite allotment of funds for purchase and upkeep.

It is hoped that the carrying of the Norbeck Bill intentions may be placed in the hands of individuals whose purpose shall be bona fide. Conservation of wild life and not distribution of patronage.



Robert Ridgway

July 2, 1850

March 25, 1929

Noted Ornithologist and Botanist

As the bulletin goes to press we learn of the death on March 25th after a short illness of our esteemed friend Robert Ridgway, America's most eminent Ornithologist.

Since the beginning of the movement to establish at Bird Haven an Arboretum and Bird Sanctuary, many thousands of people have learned about Mr. Ridgway and his work.

His death brings home to us the urgency of completing the Memorial and thereby doing honor to one of Illinois' most illustrious sons.

Few men have accomplished more in a life span than has Robert Ridgway. His work will live and he will not be forgotten while ornithology is studied.

More than sixty years of Dr. Ridgway's life were spent as an employee of the United States, where he gave his best years and efforts to the problems of bird study and the highly necessary work of re-forestation in Illinois.

Game Refuge Bill Becomes a Law

Successful Culmination of an Eight Year Struggle for Federal Migratory Bird Refuges

THE signing of the Norbeck-Andresen Migratory Bird Conservation Act by President Coolidge on Feb. 18, 1929, marked the culmination of a campaign extending over eight years and through eight sessions of Congress. After amendment by the Committee on Agriculture of the House of Representatives, the so-called Norbeck Bill S. 1271 was approved by the Committee and unanimously recommended for passage. This was done without a public hearing, all members of the committee being thoroughly familiar with the various provisions of this bill and its predecessors through frequent hearings.

SENATE ACCEPTS AMENDMENTS

The amended bill was accepted by Senator Norbeck as satisfactory to him and was repassed by the Senate in its amended form without change on Monday, February 11th. Senator Norbeck earned the everlasting gratitude of all friends of conservation by his tireless and persistent work for this legislation.

WORK OF WILD LIFE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE

The successful outcome of the campaign for the passage of the bill in this last short session of the 70th Congress is due to the activities of the National Committee on Wild Life Legislation, a committee which was created at the conventions of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners and the Western Association of Game Commissioners at Seattle, Washington, in August 1928.

ACT MOST IMPORTANT

The passage of the Migratory Bird Conservation Act is, undoubtedly, the most important event in migratory bird conservation accomplishments since the enactment of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act in 1918. Immediately after the enactment of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act ten years ago it became evident to Dr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Biological Survey, other officials and experts that the mere establishment of regulations governing the taking of migratory birds would not be sufficient to insure their perpetuity and that in order to complete the system of conservation for these birds embraced under the provisions of the Treaty with Canada a system of refuges or sanctuaries in the areas traversed by the birds in their migratory flights and on their wintering grounds was necessary. The American Game Protective

Association had, from the beginning of efforts to secure protection for migratory birds, led in the various campaigns which had been conducted. It was invited to lead in this movement and in an issue of its bulletin of January 1921 published an editorial urging the necessity of providing places for waterfowl to rest and feed during migration and during their winter sojourn in the South. The editorial urged the creation of a fund for the purchase of such lands and also for the better enforcement of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act. Under conditions at that time securing adequate appropriation for this purpose seemed entirely hopeless, so the idea of a federal shooting license to finance the purchase and care of refuges was advocated. Dr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Biological Survey, in a report on the extension of drainage in the United States and resultant destruction of waterfowl areas, directed the attention of the country to a critical situation.

FIRST BILL INTRODUCED

The first bill providing for the establishment of federal refuges was introduced in the 67th Congress. S. 1452 was introduced in the Senate by Senator Harry S. New May 2, 1921, and H. R. 5823 was introduced in the House by Congressman Dan R. Anthony on May 5th. The bill, as introduced, provided for the purchase of lands from funds accumulated from the sale of federal shooting licenses to be used both for refuge and sanctuary and for public shooting grounds, the view taken by the promoters of the measure being that in order to avoid monopolization of shooting privileges near refuges and to provide for the necessary regulation of shooting in their vicinity, the establishment of so-called public shooting grounds would be advisable. This provision has always been a bone of contention and the purpose of it has never been fully understood in Congress nor by a large segment of the public. Under the Act as passed there is no provision for public shooting or for federal regulation of shooting in the vicinity of the refuges; consequently, whatever such regulations may be necessary must be provided by the states.

A vigorous campaign was undertaken under the auspices of the American Game Protective Association for the New-Anthony Bill and the support of most of the state game officials of the country and nearly all leading conservation organizations was promptly secured. Following a hearing on the Bill in the House Committee on Agriculture on February 16-17, 1922, the bill was favorably recommended.

VICTORY AND DEFEAT

This bill met with opposition in the House and was defeated in that body on February 13, 1923, by a vote of 135 to 154. The opposition was led by Frank Mondell of Wyoming, Republican floor leader, and Finis J. Garrett of Tennessee, Democratic floor leader. Mr. Garrett

carried practically the solid South with him as there was only one Southern vote recorded for the bill at that time—that of Congressman Zebulon Weaver of North Carolina. However, so strong was the position of the bill that a change of ten votes would have passed it. Fifty members in favor of it were absent on account of its being a holiday when the vote was taken.

Previous to that, through the able and energetic management of Senator New, the bill had passed the U. S. Senate December 6, 1922 by a vote of 36 to 17.

APPROPRIATION NOW REQUIRED

The passage of this so-called Migratory Bird Conservation Act is but the beginning of an important program which must engage the attention of sportsmen and conservationists from now on.

It should be understood that the bill makes no appropriation; it merely authorizes a certain schedule of appropriations totaling in the aggregate about eight millions of dollars, beginning with an initial appropriation of \$75,000 for carrying on a survey to determine the areas available for such purpose. This initial appropriation has been made, also \$5,000 for the expenses of the Commission.

Members of the Society may, by writing to the Department of Conservation, Springfield, Illinois, receive a copy free, of the new 130-page Birds of Illinois, with four color cover and 100 illustrations.

The list was compiled by Mr. Orpheus Moyer Schantz, President of the Society, expressly for the Department of Conservation.

The purpose of the list is to stimulate a wider interest in bird study, and to indicate the birds that may be seen within the confines of the State.

Price List of Literature for Sale

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No. 20

1930

The
AUDUBON
ANNUAL BULLETIN



Published by
THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON
SOCIETY

THE Illinois Audubon Society offers lectures, illustrated with lantern slides, on many phases of bird life and conservation, varied to fit audiences of any type. In Mr. Orpheus M. Schantz they offer a lecturer most capable of handling the popular phases of bird study. He has been a student of birds and the out-of-doors for more than thirty years, and out of his first hand knowledge talks intimately and entertainingly.

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for the Protection of Wild Birds

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The Society invites the membership of all bird lovers and those desiring to support its activities. See back cover for Classes of Membership.



Photo by William O. Dawson

WILSON'S SNIPE

The AUDUBON BULLETIN

1930

Photographing in a Vanishing Marsh

By JAMES C. PLAGGE *and* WILLIAM O. DAWSON

IN A small marsh adjacent to one of northern Illinois' busiest highways stands the bird photographers' temporary business office. Automobiles are constantly surging by but the birds disregard the disturbance. We arrive at the marsh and seat ourselves on wooden boxes under the canopy of our blind. Our feet and legs are in the water and we are prepared for a full day's work.

"Kildee, kildee, kildee," is the familiar sound we hear and with the alarm notes of the killdeer the other birds quickly withdraw to some distance. We reproach the killdeer. We would have him ostracized. We look through small holes in the side of the blind and in a few minutes succeed in identifying about a dozen species and innumerable individuals. The nearest bird now is three times the distance at which it would be possible to take his picture and we blame the killdeer. The birds are now aware of our presence and we must win their confidence by a long and patient wait.

Lunch time arrives and we eat the little food we have brought with us without stirring out. The sun is shining brightly and it is hot in these close quarters and the gassy odor from this black swamp is none too pleasant. But this is all in the day's work. We have taken a thermos bottle of clear, cold water and we drink from it rather frequently. Probably with "water everywhere but not a drop to drink" a thirst is readily created.

As we sit silently here in the early hours of the afternoon just waiting for something to happen, waiting for one of those herons, rails or yellowlegs to come within focusing range, a pectoral sandpiper surprises us by dropping only a few feet from our hiding place. The man at the camera gets the bird under focus. He does not trip the lever, however, because the piper is nervously weaving his way nearer. When the bird is nearly at the minimum focusing range of the camera it turns quickly and runs away! It is too late now to take the picture and the curtain has fallen on one of the many disappointments of a bird photographer.

At four o'clock, with visibility getting poor, a lesser yellowlegs stations himself fairly near the blind and we take our first picture. Tired but not wholly discouraged we leave the blind and get our first breath of fresh air and hear again the kildee chorus.

That we never know what to expect in this world is especially evident in bird photography. The yellowlegs are generally considered to be less difficult to photograph than the Wilson's snipe. Our experience proved contrary. The day following our encounter with the yellowlegs we moved the blind to a point near the center of the swamp. We entered and even before the voice of the killdeer had been stilled a pair of Wilson's snipe flew from their hiding place in the tall grass and settled down just where we wanted them.

This was exciting. In their search for food the birds were hurrying about but their general direction was toward our loaded camera. To the birds those few minutes meant merely a dinner, but to us they were high lights in our lives. One of the two birds was selected and the camera was aimed. We had been so silent during those few minutes that the birds and we were equally startled by the slight sound of the camera's action. The longer the birds remained, however, and the more pictures we took the less timid they were. Their probing search for food carried them around three sides of the blind so that the camera had to be moved occasionally. At one time one was so near that he was under the focusing range of the camera, and we had to make considerable noise to drive him far enough away to take additional pictures.

Before leaving the swamp we moved the blind to a location in which we expected to photograph Virginia, sora and king rails as they ran hurriedly to and fro from the dense concealment of the weeds to procure their delicious crustacean dinner. It was three or four days before we were able to return to the swamp to carry out these intentions and we were astonished to find a dry bit of lowland with grass already sprouting and, of course, no birds! Mother Nature had changed her mind. Of our disappointment I offer no description.



Note on the Woodcock

By F. S. LODGE

THAT the woodcock is in the habit of carrying its young has been recorded a number of times. Forbush states that the matter has been reported by many observers with many variations, from riding on the mother's back to being carried in her claws. Bent mentions only one specific report: there the young were carried between the adult's legs. However the exact method of procedure has seldom been recorded. It was my good fortune last May to see the performance in detail.

We were spending the week-end at Klinger Lake near Sturgis in Southern Michigan. A very severe storm arose while we were breakfasting in the woods and after the downpour had somewhat slackened I elected to tramp through the swamp woods in search of the painted trillium said to be blooming there. Deep in the woods, just where the ground began to rise from the swamp I flushed a woodcock almost at my feet. The bird flew only about fifty yards and alighted. Thinking a nest or young might be near I leaned against a tree and after a few moments of quiet "squeaked" a few times. Almost immediately a faint peep answered and looking closely I made out a single young squatting in the dead leaves within a few feet of where I was standing. The little fellow, about the size of a newly hatched chick, was wet and shivering and when disturbed tottered along in a weak uncertain manner, wings spread for balance, for all the world like a ballet dancer on tiptoe.

As I picked him up he continually emitted a faint peeping sound. I replaced him in the leaves and resumed my station against the tree and waited. The youngster remained motionless where placed but continued his plaintive cry. Within five minutes an old bird, presumably the one I had flushed flew in a circle completely around where I was standing against the tree and alighted about a foot from the young, and within six feet of my position. Looking at me intently all the time she sidled and backed toward the little fellow till he was directly between her feet. All this time she had been standing fully erect. She now squatted down till the tarsi were flat on the ground, the body being at right angles to me though the bill was pointing directly at me. The feet and legs were moving slightly all the time, the "heels" apparently being brought almost together and the toes touching or almost interlaced. She moved her wings, raised slightly, settled again obviously for readjustment, again rose with the youngster firmly seated on her feet, with his little legs dangling below, his body held loosely in the angle of the adult's legs. Her flight was low, slow and labored. She alighted some hundred and fifty yards away in the deeper swamp. After searching vainly for signs of a nest or other young, I followed up the line of flight. Although I had carefully marked the spot I was unable to find any further trace of them.

The Doctor and His Patient

By R. J. H. DE LOACH

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—The incidents described in this article occurred during one of John Burroughs' frequent winter visits to the home of Dr. De Loach, then in Athens, Georgia.)

THE Doctor in this case is no less than the great naturalist—John Burroughs, and the patient is Mr. Robin Redbreast. Could one select better representatives of their special places in life, and two in whom more people would be interested? The accompanying picture shows the doctor sitting in an ordinary straight chair in a modern library, administering to his patient, perched on the back of the same chair. The diagnosis proved the patient to be suffering from extreme hunger and naturally the remedy was food and more food.

The robin had been found at the coming of a cold winter night in an outside chimney corner, cuddled up close to the brick made warm by the fire burning on the inside. The bird was so weak that it could not escape and was picked up by a small six year old boy and brought inside the house. Mr. Burroughs through curiosity took it at once for examination. He went over it very carefully and found on closer inspection that it was merely a clump of feathers, a very loose skin and a pack of bones. It had no doubt tried to make its living eating china berries and had dwindled to the lowest terms. Some say that a bird in that condition is drunk but Mr. Burroughs said it was hungry and he fully proved that his diagnosis was correct. The china berries have nothing in them to make birds drunk, and neither do they have any food value. And yet the robins will eat them (the hard dry skins covering the large seed) till they literally perish.

In the above case the bird was found before it was too late. It remained in the library over night and when the naturalist awoke early the next morning he heard it chirp and he was happy for he knew that the bird had survived the long winter night. He felt that there was a chance of saving its life if he could get out with a hoe and dig up some food. In that section of the country angle worms could be found at almost any season of the year. Burroughs' first thought was to try to find some angle worms. Out he goes before breakfast, yes before his morning bath, or before his hair had been brushed, and set to digging for bird food. Only a few strokes and he finds half a dozen worms. These he takes into the library to feed to the robin. But the robin at first did not understand all the excitement and the strange world in which it found itself, so the naturalist had a most difficult time trying to lay hands on the bird somewhat revived by the heat of the house during the night.

Finally the chase was over. The bird was captured, and let out some



awful alarm notes. One could never believe it had the strength to do it. Finally its bill was pried open and an angle worm dropped on its tongue. The worm moved the least bit and the bird on recognizing what it was, swallowed it in the twinkling of an eye. The bill was automatically opened next time by the bird, and another worm was administered, and another, and another till all six were gone.

Now it was difficult to get Burroughs to breakfast. He had helped to save the bird's life and he wanted to remain with it, and cultivate it to see how it responded to kindness. On the lawn were many robins looking for food, but it was cold and the worms had gone too deep in the ground for their short bills. Nothing was left them but more china berries. The naturalist became intensely interested in this struggle and set aside his writing for a day or two to watch birds in a new set of conditions.

Immediately after breakfast he went out and dug a few more worms and took to the library. Did the robin fly away from him this time? No it was neutral but acted as if it knew there could be no harm in that old

silver-top. He fed, and kept feeding it every hour or two during the day. By noon, the bird would fly to his shoulder or arm immediately as he opened the door and would cling to him and eat out of his hand. It would sit on one hand and eat out of the other. In the meantime it had gained back all its strength and would hold itself in the air immediately over the naturalist's shoulder and head. In fact, before the day was over the robin would chirp for more food, if the food did not come in record time. Then too, if the food was brought in, and not given immediately to the bird it would beg in rather pitiful tones.

That first day passed away rapidly and it was night. There was a fire burning in the library and the electric lights were on, but the robin perched on a curtain pole over the bay-window and slept through the night. Early the next morning it was again begging for food and was as tame as any pet ever was.

The library did not look so very "spic and span" after the bird had flown around in it the next morning alighting first on one chair and then another. The lady of the house had just cause to raise an issue with the naturalist. Mrs. Burroughs happened to be present on that occasion and taking the part of the house-wife said: "Now look what you have done—let the bird mess up the house. It's none too bad for you if you have to clean up this library all by yourself."

But John Burroughs would have cleaned a dozen libraries for the joy of helping that Robin back to normal life. It is no doubt with pride that he writes about it as follows in "Under the Apple Trees," in the chapter heading *Old Friends in New Places*: "It would sit on my knee or arm and take food that was offered it. I was kept pretty busy supplying its wants till it began to fly and to run about the room and utter its call-note. Before night it had become so active and so clamorous for its freedom that we opened the window. With a dash and a cry it was out of the house and on the wing to a near-by tree. I trust, with the boost I had given it, it was soon safely on its northward journey."

THE WOOD THRUSH

I heard a wood thrush in the dusk
Twirl three notes and make a star.
My heart that walked in bitterness
Came back from very far.
Three shining notes were all he had
And yet they made a starry call;
I caught life back against my breast,
And kissed it, scars and all.

SARAH TEASDALE

Nesting of the Starling in the Chicago Region and Other Notes of 1929

By C. W. G. EIFRIG

ON APRIL 16th, while out with a class of boys, the writer saw three starlings in that part of the forest preserve formerly called Thatcher's Woods in River Forest, a western suburb of the great metropolis. (These time-honored names, by the way, should be retained by the forest preserve commissioners, and not given over to oblivion). Not seeing them again on subsequent visits, the writer thought nothing of the occurrence. On May 21st, however, we again saw a starling, this time on the opposite side of the Des Plaines River, in a tree at the water's edge. The bird flew over to our side of the river, carrying something in its bill. I marked the spot, and after about a half hour came back to it. To my surprise there was a young starling, almost fully grown, looking out of an old woodpecker hole about twenty-five feet up in a dead tree which was broken off a few feet above the hole, and had no branches whatever. Soon the adult male starling came and fed the youngster. One or two more seemed to be inside, because they could be seen making ineffectual attempts to get their heads out of the hole. So far as the writer is aware this is the first authentic instance of the nesting in the immediate vicinity of Chicago of this new foreign invader. In 1928, Mr. C. A. Eickemeyer, a teacher near Crete, Illinois, thirty miles south of Chicago, described a new bird to the writer, which had nested in Mr. Eickemeyer's orchard. From the description it was at once apparent that the birds had been a pair of starlings, the gentleman in question being also perfectly familiar with our native birds. This year (1929) he again notified me that they had arrived and were starting nesting operations. I have heard of similar instances in 1928 from near Waukegan. This, therefore, registers another gain of breeding territory in the westward march of conquest of this species.

Since the writer has his bird notes before him, it may not be entirely devoid of interest to add a few more items here from them. The artificial lake in the Mt. Forest preserve near Willow Springs is becoming a regularly established stopping place for water-fowl. On April 27th, a flock of about thirty cormorants were on the lake, and were seen on several previous and subsequent visits, also loons, gulls, mergansers, and ducks of several species. Even an osprey was seen on one visit. Until the making of this lake cormorants were few and far between in the Chicago area. They are, of course, of the double-crested variety.

An amusing instance of the fearlessness toward man on the part of some birds came to the writer's observation this year. On the morning of the 28th of April a flicker was seen to chisel away vigorously at a small, three foot high poplar stump. The stump is only about ten feet away from the steps to the rear porch of the writer's home. For the next three or four days the bird made the chips fly in a most energetic manner, until the cavity in the stump seemed to reach down almost to the level of the ground. Later the young could be heard producing their characteristic noise like a swarm of bees, particularly when one tapped on the rim at the entrance of the cavity. On the 28th of May they left the nest. No time lost there!

Of late years, the writer has repeatedly seen pine siskins in May. This year a swarm of about fifteen were seen on the 8th near his home in River Forest. This may indicate a nesting place nearer to Chicago than has hitherto seemed possible. Thus, Dr. G. M. Sutton, state ornithologist of Pennsylvania, has found a large nesting colony in an extensive piece of swampy woods in his state, after he had for years discounted such a possibility when he saw the siskins there.

For the first time in twenty years' residence near Chicago the writer, on May 14th, saw a clay-colored sparrow. As this species breeds commonly in northern Wisconsin, it should be a more or less regular migrant near Chicago. The chances are that it is of more frequent occurrence than is believed. It is a small, secretive, inconspicuous bird, of much the same size and appearance as the chipping sparrow, but can, by the aid of a good glass, be told from the latter species by the triangular brown spot on the cheek. It is also decidedly paler than the chipping sparrow. Another one was seen by Mr. S. S. Gregory, in his yard in Winnetka. This may merely be an unusual occurrence, or it may indicate a partial shifting of migration route, as seems to be true of Harris' sparrow.

On May 18th, the writer saw a mockingbird at Mud Lake, near Lyons, where one was seen several times in successive years. I suspect that there is a pair resident in this very suitable spot.

Finally, I would like to jot down a list of birds heard between 6:30 and 7:30 o'clock on the morning of May 12th (1929), while still in bed. I would like to hear from places where a similar or larger list can be made. The weather was mild, with a gentle rain falling. Here it is: a cock pheasant crowing, flicker, red-headed woodpecker, blue jay, bronzed grackle, Baltimore oriole, white-throated sparrow, purple martin, brown thrasher, tufted titmouse, house wren, olive-backed thrush, and robin. After getting up the goldfinch and chimney swift were immediately added. When I am away from home, say in Texas or in northern Wisconsin, it is always a source of a little enjoyment to make mental note of the bird voices heard early in the morning, before getting up, and then jotting them down in the book. One gets some peculiar, even startling, combinations, depending on place and time of year.

Illinois Audubon Society Affiliates with Chicago Academy of Sciences

THE Board of Directors of The Illinois Audubon Society submits the following important announcements.

At a meeting of The Chicago Academy of Sciences, November 1, 1929, the constitution of that organization was amended to permit scientific societies to form Sections of the Academy, the members of such societies to be enrolled as Associate Members of the Academy. Other features of the amendment of its constitution defined the relationships that were to be assumed and the privileges accorded a scientific society within the organization of the Academy, and these commended themselves so well to the members of the Board of Directors of The Illinois Audubon Society that they filed an application for admission of the Society to the Academy of Sciences as the "Section of Popular Ornithology." The application was formally approved at a recent meeting of the Scientific Governors of the Academy, and the new arrangement has gone into effect.

Each member of The Illinois Audubon Society is now an Associate Member of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and will receive a membership card to that effect. Each member will be on the mailing list of the Academy and will receive its announcements and program of activities. The Society assumes all associate membership fees.

The Society is authorized to hold meetings in the Academy building and to maintain an office and keep its property there. It is allotted space in the quarterly notices of the Academy for its own notices, and it has been assured that its activities in popularizing a knowledge of ornithology will meet with the cordial approval of the officers of the Academy.

In its new environment, The Illinois Audubon Society is free to carry on as before. It is to retain its original name and program. Its aim will still be to widen the scope of its activities and service to include every portion of our state. Its meetings for the transaction of business or for popular lectures may be restricted to its own members. Other members of the Academy of Sciences may be admitted to its scientific meetings as guests. In the proceedings of the Academy of Sciences our Society will be referred to as the Section of Popular Ornithology, a title which it may affix to its official title or not, as it chooses.

The fortunate provision for a meeting place for our members in the Chicago area only throws into clearer relief the lack of any provision for gatherings of our members at other centers in our state. This has often

been given consideration, and indeed, the committee on open meetings and lectures, of which Mr. W. I. Lyon is chairman, is at this time giving the subject special attention. It promises a special report in the near future. It may be possible to serve some area this year through the work of our field agent.

This is the place for the important announcement that Mr. Orpheus M. Schantz has been made special field agent of the Society to conduct campaigns for the conservation of bird life in selected areas as directed by the executive committee of the Society. The committee has been given an appropriation and authority to co-operate with groups or organizations in financing such campaigns. Mr. Schantz is a well known lecturer, and his travel and natural history lectures are in demand. He is reserving some of his time for his campaigns in the field, however, and the executive committee invites applications for his services.

Professor C. W. G. Eifrig of Concordia College, River Forest, has been a member of the Board of Directors of our Society for many years and needs an introduction here only in his new capacity of President of the Society. Professor Eifrig is a widely known ornithologist and has made extensive studies of bird life in various areas of our country. In the reorganization of the committees of the Society, the executive committee has been given much responsibility and Mr. Fred S. Lodge of LaGrange is here introduced as its chairman. The Director of The Chicago Academy of Sciences, Alfred M. Bailey, is a member of the committee as are also Frederic H. Pattee, Charles O. Decker, and W. I. Lyon. Miss Catherine Mitchell continues, as for so many years in the past, to serve as Secretary. Her name has become a synonym for devotion to the enterprises of the Society.

The Society will retain its principal office at 137 S. LaSalle Street until the expiration of its lease, May 1. It is hoped, however, that those of our members who are not familiar with the Academy of Sciences will not wait until that time to visit the Academy. These, and all other members are requested to visit the office of the secretary of the Academy and register their names and the date in the register of the Audubon Society which will be left there for that purpose. Our out-of-town members will be well repaid if in their visits to Chicago, they reserve ample time to visit the Academy and study its valuable collections.

Evening Grosbeaks in Winnetka

When one has treasured for many years the memory of a flock of Evening Grosbeaks on the snow, with the western sunlight making gorgeous their beautiful yellow and black and white coats—the possibility of seeing them again brought a thrill.

On Tuesday morning, the twenty-first of January, when one of our Bird Walks friends telephoned that the grosbeaks had been seen for several days in the vicinity of her sister's home in the southern part of Winnetka, the impulse was to lose no time in following the tip. But not until two days later was it possible to escape from the tyranny of things.

Thursday morning, together with three friends who were willing to pursue the quest, on a chance of seeing the birds, we drove directly to the locality mentioned, stopped the car, and looked out. There, as if they had been waiting for us were the rare northern visitors, perched high in a large oak tree. Only four of them to be sure, but very stunning in the bright noonday sun of a zero day.

The news was spread to other bird fans, and both Friday and Saturday morning parties made the trip to enjoy a glimpse of these unusual migrants. The Friday group counted eight grosbeaks, and Saturday six were found in the same neighborhood. Altogether at least twelve Bird Club members shared the pleasure of seeing the Evening Grosbeaks. There are a great many highbush cranberries in that locality and no doubt the birds were feeding on them. BERTHA PATTEE.



EVENING GROSBEAKS

Photo by Ernest Harold Baynes

Among the Bird Clubs and Out-of-Door Organizations

ELGIN AUDUBON SOCIETY

THE Elgin Audubon Society, which is one of the oldest local clubs in the state, has the distinction of possessing a home of its own, which is of course its especial pride and interest. This museum at Lords Park has recently received a bequest of several hundred dollars, according to the secretary's annual report in *Bird Lore*, and the Society's dearest hope is for "further endowment to adequately house and administer its valuable collections of shells, corals, bird's nests, and geological specimens."

Here is an opportunity for some person of means to create for himself a permanent memorial, which will give continuous benefit and pleasure to his fellow citizens—both present and future ones.

The Elgin club holds regular monthly meetings, and in addition, this year held a garden party, a Christmas banquet and a museum meeting.

At the Christmas party which was attended by more than sixty members and their guests, the Audubon Year books were distributed. Mr. Carl Groneman gave the first lecture on January 10th, a year ago.

ROCKFORD NATURE STUDY CLUB

Another well known club of this type is the "Rockford Nature Study Club." This group though small in numbers has the ambition to try to accomplish some one thing of civic interest each year to quote from the interesting report of the secretary in the November-December *Bird Lore*. During this year it placed Bird Charts in three children's institutions.

This season the club made a special study of the wild flowers in the region about Rockford, identifying more than two hundred varieties in their own county. They also made an exhibit at a Federation of Women's Clubs Flower Show, at which some sixty-six specimens of wild flowers, properly labeled, were displayed.

The Rockford Nature Study Club is to be congratulated on this unusual accomplishment. We hope it proved of real value in interesting visitors to wish to know the wild flowers of their own locality, and to help preserve bits of the floral carpet of primitive Illinois.

BARRINGTON BIRD CLUB

The Barrington Bird Club, which came into being a few years ago through the enthusiastic efforts of Mr. James C. Plagge, its president,

has risen to the dignity of a most interesting yearly program. This calendar for 1929 which lies before us is in attractive style and shows that the club has been listening to some worthwhile speakers at its monthly meetings. Mr. Wallace F. Worthley of the Chicago Academy of Sciences spoke on "Birds of the Chicago Area" in March and in September. Mr. Alfred M. Bailey, Director of the Academy, lectured on "Our Native Birds." These are only two of their good programs.

At the Flower Show in Barrington this summer the club had an attractive exhibit, consisting of a back yard scene made realistic with mounted specimens of birds, feeding station and drinking fountains. Nothing is more suggestive than a display of this kind.

The greatest step forward however, says the secretary in her letter in *Bird-Lore*, is the establishment of a bird sanctuary this year. "A lovely woods of fourteen acres is being used." A creek runs through it and a small marsh is part of it.

This valuable acquisition is certainly calculated to make other local clubs envious. Barrington has a real opportunity, through its sanctuary, to do great things for the birds.

EVANSTON BIRD CLUB

The Evanston Bird Club which has been in existence for more than ten years has attained a constant membership of about a hundred members.

This local group has always had reason to be proud of its lecture course, having brought to Evanston such men as William L. Finley, Norman McClintock, William Beebe, Edward Avis and others. This year at its first open meeting in March, Mr. Guy C. Caldwell of Rocky Mountain National Park, Colo., spoke on "Wings and Songs of the Rockies," showing some fascinating pictures of western birds.

The club has acquired a valuable collection of bird slides, most of which were purchased from Mr. L. C. Brownell, whose beautiful pictures often appear in *Nature Magazine*, or from Dr. Arthur A. Allen, of Ithaca, whose unexcelled photographs of birds are known through *Bird Lore*. This year additional slides were purchased from Dr. Allen.

These slides which are loaned to schools and other organizations were in demand as usual this season. Illustrated talks were given by the president, and also one of the directors, to such groups as the Wilmette



Garden Club, The Crystal Lake Garden Club, Arden Shore Camp and the Nature Lore Institute.

One of the principal activities of the Evanston Club is its Spring Bird Walks, which are taken regularly every week from April to June, and more frequently during the height of the migration. These walks are announced in the local papers and anyone interested is invited to join the group. This year a colony of Black-crowned Night Herons was discovered not far from the outskirts of Evanston.

Picnics are sometimes indulged in as the weather grows warmer, and occasionally week end trips. This year in early May, a week end motor trip to Turkey Run State Park, Indiana, was taken by a small group from the club which proved most enjoyable. The park was in the height of its beauty, and proved a happy hunting ground for Warblers—even the rare Cerulean being listed for the first time by old bird lovers.

The club makes an annual gift to the Evanston Public Library for the purchase of Bird books or pictures and at the proper time in the Spring a special display of these things is made.

Audubon Bulletins have many times been distributed to members. This season "Birds of Illinois" published by the Department of Conservation at Springfield was made use of in this way.

THE PRAIRIE CLUB

Probably no out-of-door organization in and around Chicago, is better known than the Prairie Club. Originating as a hiking club, it is still best known by its Saturday Walks and week-end trips. Anyone is welcome on these outings who loves the open air and is willing to don walking togs—including stout boots.

Every available stretch of Lake Shore, Skokie and Forest Preserve woodland has been covered at one time or another by this energetic group. What can be better calculated to inspire a love of the out-door world in its "various language" than this intimate contact with it?

The Prairie Club Bulletin itself is enough to kindle the imagination of any lover of nature and is easy to read from cover to cover. Mr. Thomas W. Allinson carries the banner for conservation, and one needs but to follow his notes in each issue, to keep in touch with the latest developments along this line.

THE FRIENDS OF OUR NATIVE LANDSCAPE

The Friends of Our Native Landscape which is an ever expanding organization, is led by that human dynamo of friendliness, idealism and passionate love of the landscape of primitive America—Jens Jensen. He keeps the fires of enthusiasm burning, and never ceases to preach the much needed gospel of appreciation of "America the beautiful."

A long cherished dream of the "Friends" came true this year in the

form of a cabin in the wilderness, that they could call their own. This was made possible by the generosity of one of their own directors and was dedicated in June. It is in reality a very simple but comfortable club house. Here the huge fireplace keeps alive the traditions of the Society, and the surroundings are beautiful characteristic dune country.

Recently the society has published a third edition of its "Park and Forest Policy for Illinois," with a number of revisions and some additional material included. Its unique pictorial map shows the State Parks and also the scenic areas proposed as State Parks by the F. N. L. S.

"The Purpose of the Organization" which is such a fine statement "is two-fold, first the cultivation in every individual of a more active pleasure in the world of the open; second the preservation for the people of today and for all future generations, of examples of native landscape types that are fast disappearing before the encroachments of industry—streams with their adjoining bluffs, and flood plains, woodlands of all kinds, dunes and prairies with their rare and marvellous floral carpets, ravines and canyons, ponds and swamps, and all places of beauty and interest that will tie the present and the future generations of Americans to the past, serve as playgrounds for the people and as sanctuaries for wild plant and animal life."

NATURE LORE INSTITUTE

The Evanston Chapter of the Izaak Walton League held its second Annual Nature Lore Institute June first and second, nineteen twenty-nine.

This interesting pioneer enterprise in nature study was held at Camp Reinberg in the Deer Grove Forest Preserve, under the leadership of Dr. William G. Vinal of the Western Reserve University. Dr. Vinal who is a teacher of ability is also a man of winning personality and great resourcefulness. In spite of extremely cold weather for June, an enthusiastic group listened to the lectures and attended the field trips.

The assistant leaders included Dr. Warren G. Waterman, Botanist, Northwestern University; Prof. L. E. Hildebrand, Zoologist, New Trier High; and Mrs. Frederic H. Pattee, president of the Evanston Bird Club. Mrs. Pattee led bird walks and gave an illustrated talk on our common birds.

Starlings in Chicago

ON JANUARY 10, 1930, I saw a flock of well over one hundred starlings which were hovering over a clay hole left by a brick company, on the corner of Narragansett Street and Grand Avenue. The birds were apparently attracted by the dumping of rubbish. These are the first starlings I have seen within the city limits of Chicago.

I saw, however, a flock of about seventy-five birds in a barnyard about ten miles north of Des Plaines, Illinois, on December 1, 1929. The birds were feeding on dry bread and cake which had been thrown out to the hogs. The farmers told us they had seen the birds about for the past two years.—EARL G. WRIGHT, The Chicago Academy of Sciences.

Lady Phalarope

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A letter from Roy M. Langdon of Fort Collins, Colorado, pleasantly reminds us that our former secretary-treasurer of 1918-1920 who left Illinois for Colorado a number of years ago is still interested in our Society and that he is as aggressive in working for bird conservation in Colorado as he was in Illinois. Some of our members may recall him as the author of our cat circular which was, and still is, a splendid piece of educational work. It was militant to a degree. The following letter addressed to one of our members shows Mr. Langdon in a different mood.

THE spirit moves me to write you concerning a charming acquaintance of mine out here, Lady Phalarope. It was on the 21st of May, 1927, that we met. Like America's Sweetheart, Mary, she consented to sit—and stand and step and swim—for her picture. I am sending some poses.

Our meeting came about this way. On that fine spring day, Kenneth Gordon and I motored abroad for pictures. We came upon a small flock of Northern Phalarope. All but one flew upon our approach. Thinking it strange this little Lady did not fly, we tossed a chunk of dirt toward her. Still she did not fly. Her actions told us to unlimber our cameras and stiffen our legs with hip boots, some good shooting was at hand.

There was more than one good reason for the fine hits we made. In addition to our skill (!), our subject was helpless and could not elude us. Her left wing was injured, perhaps by flying against the telephone wire above her. When she attempted to fly, she jumped a little out of the water and flopped over sideways. It was easy, therefore, to capture her and direct her for pictures.

The little Lady's efforts to escape were half-hearted. Her short legs and clumsy feet were not intended for fast running. She seemed aware of her helplessness. She made no sound or struggle even when picked up and held in the hand. The only indication of excitement, if such it was, seemed to be an intermittent, slow, and silent motion of her little white throat. When we had satiated our "lust to kill," we placed the



little Lady in the water with our blessing, hoping her wing would heal and that she would soon be swiftly coursing the skies again with her companions. As she swam away from us, paddling swiftly but progressing slowly, we were impressed with the fact that she depends not upon short legs or margined toes but almost solely upon swift and sturdy

wings for escape from enemies. She is not even so protectively colored as her housekeeping husband.

From May 10 to 30, this year, I have observed as many as three hundred Northern Phalaropes on a trip afield. The Wilson Phalaropes arrived earlier and tarried longer, according to my records. The many lakes and swamps of this region give us many water and shore birds in addition to land birds. My April and May, 1929, list numbers all told one hundred twenty-seven species positively identified. Ducks are here by the thousands. I have counted as many as sixty Avocets in one flock. It is a great joy to see the busy little Phalaropes whirling and swimming among Ducks and Coots and Avocets, with stately Great Blue Herons hard by. How busy they are and how much they seem to be doing. Experience with our Lady of the Wounded Wing, however, makes me think now, when I behold their excessive activity, that accomplishment with them is more in semblance than in substance—there seems to be much ado about little. How long it will be my privilege and pleasure to witness such sights I cannot say.

ROY M. LANGDON.



Report for Central Western Illinois

By T. E. MUSSELMAN, Quincy

OCTOBER

DURING October we had the normal flight of sparrows. The chewinks stayed with us until October 20. On the 26th, a large immature bald eagle dropped into a bunch of decoys in front of a duck blind, and was pumped full of lead by the two hunters. Its wing spread was seven feet three inches, weight eleven pounds, and was the biggest eagle I have ever seen. October 29 will be a day never forgotten in this part of the country. A high barometric pressure passed over Canada and a low barometric pressure was very pronounced south of Illinois, resulting in a general wind from Canada, south to the Gulf. The cold condensed the atmosphere which was extremely damp causing a fog which was almost impenetrable. At ten o'clock that night flocks of migrant geese began passing over. The flight extended over the entire state of Missouri and at least as far east as Jacksonville, Illinois. The lights of the large towns confused the birds over which they milled and circled for hours. Thirty-eight birds were killed in Quincy, some flying into the headlights of trains approaching the city. The Country Club ground was white with thousands of lesser snow geese as day broke. These quickly took wing at the approach of a hunter. Stories came to my attention, from different towns throughout Missouri, in all of which birds were killed by flying into wires or into lighted buildings. On the 30th, I identified two scoters, a female white-winged and a male surf scoter, both killed on sand bars on the river above the city.

NOVEMBER

The first ruddy duck was killed November 2. On the 3rd, I identified a female albino mallard hen which was killed on Lima Lake. This bird had yellow legs, white toenails, pink eyes, and some brown feathers on the back. Its weight was one pound three ounces. A very good albino pintail was brought in to me. It had black feet and its plumage was more than half white. Its weight was fifteen ounces. November 9, I saw a stray migrant shrike. On November 12, there was a continuation of fog and wind which paralleled the night of October 29. Over Illinois the atmosphere was clear. Missouri was covered with fog. A sudden cold snap in Canada precipitated a tremendous flight of ducks which passed over; those passing above Illinois never stopped. However, the fog over Missouri confused the birds which descended into the well-lighted towns. Fifty-eight were picked up at Ewing, Missouri, eighteen

at La Grange, and numbers in La Belle. However, practically all of these were small ducks, the river being full of lesser scaup ducks on the 13th. All fall shooting was poor, both on the Mississippi at Quincy and on the Illinois. November 17, the owner of a greenhouse called me up to tell me that several screech owls had been caught in his greenhouse. I secured them, and banded and released them. One was in the red plumage, one in the grey. On November 18, a hunter brought in a mature loon which was one of eleven which passed his blind while duck hunting. The same day a golden eagle was shot. It was in wonderful plumage. The short white pantalets extended down to the toes; wing spread was seven feet, weight nine pounds, length thirty-five inches. This is an unusually rare occurrence. Bald eagles are generally seen in some number during the winter time along the river sand bars and dikes, but few golden eagles migrate this far east. On November 20, occurred a small flight of Canada geese, several of which were killed below Quincy. One bore a metal legband put on by Jack Miner of Kingsville, Canada. The size and wording are shown:

WRITE BOX 48
KINGSVILLE
ONT. CANADA

PSA. 55:7
HE IS THE LORD OUR GOD

This bird was banded February, 1925. On November 21, a live horned grebe in winter plumage was brought in to me. It had nose-dived into a wet concrete pavement but escaped unhurt. It was a beautiful bird with sharp bill and beautiful white wing coverts. The same day a female old-squaw duck was killed, which is the first specimen of this variety to be killed at Quincy in fifteen years. The freeze of November 20 to 25 was followed by a good flight of so-called ice ducks, including many golden eyes and one true bufflehead. I had a dozen of the former brought to me for identification. On the 27th, I received a barn owl which had been shot in the hayloft of a farm several miles east of Quincy. The barn owl is of common occurrence near our city. Huge stacks of bailed straw, a block long, have been gathered to supply material for the local paper mills. Behind these bales many barn owls nest each year. On the last day of the zero weather, November 30, I was surprised to find four kingfishers, many golden-crowned kinglets, thirty-five cardinals, and a flicker. The kingfisher and flicker were somewhat unusual for this season, but I believe they have had little trouble during the mild winter in maintaining themselves.

DECEMBER

Cardinals were singing on December 3, and the black-capped chickadee started singing his "pee-wee" song on the 7th. On the 8th, I saw a pair of yellow-bellied sapsuckers which made a very interesting addition to our winter bird residents. On the 15th, a local taxidermist received a snowy owl which was killed at Lima Lake where it attacked some decoys. From its smell it had had a previous meal of skunk flesh. Three distinct times, the last on the fifteenth, I have had woodcocks brought to me by hunters wishing to know their identifications. I believe I saw no more than one or two woodcocks from 1910 to 1922. During the last three years I have found from three to eight nests yearly and this season I have knowledge of at least a half dozen birds that were killed by hunters who did not appreciate what they were killing. On the 24th, I received a letter from Astoria concerning the catching of a starling in a hayloft. A flock of thirty-seven was reported on January 8, one of which was killed by a sharpshinned hawk. Two more starlings were killed during the Christmas holidays out of a flock of fifty near Warsaw and I kept one starling brought to me January 11, as a captive for several days. There is no doubt that starlings have established themselves in Adams County and I estimate that at present there are no fewer than a thousand in our county. I shall watch with great care to get the first nesting record next spring. September 21, I saw a flock of several hundred black-birds in which there were over fifty starlings and a small flock of such birds has been feeding on a farm east of the city for the last three weeks.

JANUARY

On January 5, I saw a mockingbird on a farm east of Quincy, the owner of which told me that she had eight mockers on her farm during the summer and early fall. I feel that I can say that the mockingbird has definitely extended its range so that we have a scattering few nesting birds in the summer time and a dozen or so birds remaining here during the winter. A pair of bronzed grackles has spent the winter near one of the local feeding shelves. On Long Island, north of Quincy, there is a point on which many of the old oak trees were killed by fire. These have been honey-combed by woodpeckers. A trip to this location showed me more than fifty redheaded woodpeckers which were living in these old oak trees and were relying upon an abundant crop of acorns as their food. The quail had a good nesting season but endured a heavy mortality during the hunting season. I asked hunters to keep track of the relative proportion of male and female birds and found that in Adams County the sexes were distributed about evenly. The heavy snow and sleet of January 5 to 10 threatens extermination of our quail unless the activity of local conservationists is successful in securing relief throughout the county. Already some of the Boy Scouts and hunters have established stations where the quails are gathering in numbers.

The Mid-Winter Survey

THE mid-winter survey of bird life in Illinois embodied in the various reports appearing in this Bulletin is of unusual interest. It represents the generous response not only of members of the Society but of a number whose names appear in our pages for the first time. Some have kindly furnished copies of their Christmas census reports prepared for the January-February number of *Bird Lore*. Some, apologizing for scarcity of notable material, have contributed informal notes which have helped appreciably in glimpsing the distribution of species in mid-winter. One contributor, Mr. T. E. Musselman of Quincy, has given us a summary of his carefully prepared notes covering the past three or four months in the Quincy area, a report of unusual value. All these reports will repay careful reading and will contribute to a knowledge of the bird geography of Illinois.

The extremes of Illinois are represented by Harrisburg on the southeast; Marion, southern; St. Louis, southwestern; Quincy, western; Port Byron, northwestern; Waukegan, northeastern. While fields blockaded with snow are pictured in all these reports, there is the usual contrast of Carolina wrens and mocking birds, meadowlarks and cardinals more or less vocal in southern Illinois, and of chickadees and woodpeckers only in northern woods with an occasional cardinal whose appearance is triumphantly recorded.

Special interest always attaches to the appearance of birds from the woods of the far north. The pine grosbeak, the evening grosbeak and the northern shrike appear in the reports from the extreme northeastern part of the state. The purple finch was reported only at Lake Forest and the snow bunting only from Mt. Carroll. The cardinal seems to be pushing his range ever wider into northern Illinois. The mocking bird is evidently extending its range northward, also. The report from Quincy tells of its establishment in that area. The starling is widely reported. Comment upon this is made elsewhere.

ANNA

The starlings have invaded this (Union) County. Miss Kathryn Sturm of Anna reports six starlings in one group seen Christmas week. The citizens in that area are "going in for" pheasants, it seems. About 150 pheasants were reared and turned loose there this past summer.

ATHENS

Watson Hall writes:

I took a Christmas Census for *Bird Lore* December 22 spending 9½ hours in the field and since I have not been able to do much field work

since then, the number of individuals seen that day are given to represent the present population.

Ducks and Geese and other waterbirds. Very scarce.

Bob-white. Evidently had a successful breeding season and are as numerous as I have ever seen them this time of year. I have heard several comments from farmers and hunters on their abundance. December 22, I saw nine covies totaling 127 birds and tracks of many others. The birds appeared somewhat weakened by lack of food due to the snow, but I do not think they were in any danger of actual starvation.

Prairie Chicken. I believe these birds to be extinct in this part of the state. I think the shooting season on them should be closed, at least in those counties where they are rare or non-existent.

Ring-necked Pheasant. Our farm consists of about 160 acres of original prairie land and 600 acres of mostly cleared timberland bordering the Sangamon River. Although all our pheasants were released near the center of the timberland, more have been seen on the 160 acres of prairie land than all the rest of the farm. On the prairie land they seem barely able to hold their own in numbers, on timberland they cannot. Pheasants also show a preference for river bottom land. As far as I can see they are entirely desirable.

Mourning Dove. Probably suffered more than any other species from the blizzard on the 18th. The following day two were picked up in open sheds too weak and cold to fly. Both recovered and were released. Since then a flock of 7 have been seen feeding with the hogs.

Marsh Hawk. Occasionally seen. Dec. 24, 1; Dec. 27, 1.

Goshawk. Probably the same individual was seen Dec. 29 and 30. Apparently was interested in the domestic pigeons. Second Goshawk seen this December.

Red-tailed Hawk. Commonest Hawk. Dec. 22, 3. Rough-legged Hawk. Dec. 22, 3.

Screech Owl. Dec. 22, 2. Great Horned Owl. Dec. 22, 2. Hairy Woodpecker. Dec. 22, 2. Downy Woodpecker. As usual. Dec. 22, 17. Red-bellied Woodpecker. As usual. Dec. 22, 7. Red-headed Woodpecker. None, usually absent but common last winter due to large crop of acorns. Flicker. Dec. 22, 1; Dec. 23, 1.

Prairie Horned Lark. First seen on the 19th. Since then 6 to 12 almost daily.

Blue Jay. As usual. Not as common as last winter when they were unusually numerous. Dec. 22, 11.

Crow. As usual. Dec. 22, 263. Large flocks have been seen feeding on fish frozen in shallow lakes.

Starling. Dec. 19, 3; Dec. 27, 35. Not as numerous as last winter when they were seen for the first time. No nesting records.

Goldfinch. Less common than usual. Dec. 22, 7. Pine Siskin. A flock of 150 seen feeding in same place Dec. 24 and 25. Tree Sparrow.

Dec. 22, 162. Slate-colored Junco, 174, Dec. 22. Song Sparrow. Many more than usual.

Cardinal. Steadily increasing. Dec. 22, 58.

Carolina Wren. Dec. 30, 2. Less numerous than last winter. Winter Wren. None seen. Occasional winter.

Brown Creeper. Very few, none recently. White-breasted Nuthatch. Slightly more numerous.

Tufted Titmouse. As usual. Chickadee. As usual.

Golden-crowned Kinglet. More numerous than usual. Appeared to suffer from blizzard. Dec. 22, 10.

Robin. An individual appeared in the yard the day after the blizzard and was seen the two following days.

CARBONDALE

Two interesting news items came in from Carbondale. The Canada goose has been unusually abundant. Hunters have been eating goose much oftener than duck during the past few weeks. At the laboratory of the State Normal College at Carbondale few birds have been brought in this season but Miss Mary M. Steagall, Associate Professor of Biology, reports one notable specimen, a white swan with a wingspread of nearly eight feet. This had been caught in a steel trap.

GLEN ELLYN

From Glen Ellyn Mr. Benjamin T. Gault reports that the casual observer finds bird life less numerous than usual. Downies and hairy woodpeckers with a solitary redhead are to be seen. Quite unusual has been the lingering of a flicker through the winter. Two meadowlarks are also unusual members of the winter colony. Cardinals though few in number are occasionally seen. The prairie chicken regarded as having gone from this area is apparently represented by one or two specimens.

HARRISBURG

Miss Grace Collier reports on January 2 that owing to the deep snows and severe weather her data had to be collected along the hard roads, and at a feeding station in town. A representative count is as follows: Meadowlarks 12; Sparrow Hawks 3; Marsh Hawk 1; Bluebirds 2; Crows 8; Mourning Dove 1; Grackles 15; Juncos 5; Cardinal 2; Downy Woodpecker 5. Bluejays were conspicuous. The mocking bird was heard now and then and the Carolina wren often. In this county (Saline County) observers have been watching for the first appearance of the starling. This seems to have occurred in November last. A high school student at Harrisburg brought in a live specimen which he had found about daylight one morning with a piece of wrapping cord entangled about one wing by which it was caught in the twigs of a small tree.

HIGHLAND PARK

Bert S. Leech reports the usual list of winter residents although birds like the tree sparrow are only occasionally found in flocks of any size. Cardinals are noticeable residents and there is the usual stray robin. Of special interest has been a small flock of pine grosbeaks first reported seen December 23. When seen by Mr. Leech two days later there were four fine specimens, feeding on high bush cranberries. On the ninth of January a male old-squaw duck was captured while floundering in the loose snow along the road. The northern shrike from a nearby tree was found inspecting Mr. Leech's feeding shelf. He was rehearsing a portion of his somewhat pleasant spring song and thus made his presence known.

LA GRANGE

Mr. Alfred M. Bailey writes:

On December 28, 1929, and January 5 and 12, 1930, Mr. Fred S. Lodge, Fred Lodge, Jr. and the undersigned, made short trips along Salt Creek near La Grange, Illinois, and on the latter date, to a farm ten miles south of La Grange, to note the wintering birds. The first two days were mild and overcast, with snow upon the ground, while the last day was unfavorable for observation, as sleet was falling. Inasmuch as there are no unusual records and we did not cover the same territory on our trips, I have compiled but one list, and have not separated our observations according to date. The birds noted were: Herring Gull 1, Ring-necked Pheasant 35, Broad-winged Hawk 1, Hawk (species?) 2, Downy Woodpecker 4, Blue Jay 3, Crow 15, Bronze Grackle 1, Goldfinch 2, Tree Sparrow 250, Slate-colored Junco 50, Song Sparrow 3, Cardinal 1, Northern Shrike 1, Brown Creeper 1, White-breasted Nuthatch 5, Tufted Titmouse 25, Chickadee 5, Golden-crowned Kinglet 2.

LAKE FOREST

Rev. George Roberts reports that the fall and winter have been ornithologically uneventful in Lake Forest. The winter residents have been largely the hairy and downy woodpeckers, the chickadees and the white-breasted nuthatches, with the usual number of cardinal grosbeaks and a diminishing number of blue jays. The customary large flock of purple finches has been constant at a food shelf, as usual confining itself to a very restricted neighborhood, hardly ever seen beyond the confines of one yard. One robin became a constant visitor to a shelf as soon as the heavy fall of snow commenced, and three small flocks of evening grosbeaks have been reported. One contained only four individuals, and was seen only long enough to be identified.

January 23, two pine grosbeaks came to Mr. Robert's feeding shelf only a few yards from the house and stayed there for fifteen minutes.

MARION

Mr. Leland Quindry writes under date of December 26:

"Before the last cold wave I fully expected to see fifty species for this census, but so many of the less hardy species left that I fell far short. All bodies of water in this locality were frozen, so I saw no water birds, but this was no great loss, as there are never many water birds around Williamson County. I have seen no Pheasants this fall but I have heard of a few being shot. Quail are unusually common considering the amount of hunting that has been done recently. Hawks are commoner since the cold wave than before. Woodpeckers are also commoner I believe. I list nine red-headed woodpeckers on my census, but they were evidently blown in by the storm, as they are the first I have seen all fall.

"Blackbirds are nowhere nearly as common this winter as they usually are. I have seen only a few Starlings this fall and none at all for my census, as compared with five hundred or more last year. Chipping, Field, White-crowned Sparrows were driven out by the storm, and I only saw three White-throats, while I should have seen a hundred. Two other birds which were formerly fairly common but which were absent after the storm are Winter Wren and Golden-crowned Kinglet."

My *Bird Lore* report is as follows:

December 25; 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. Four inches of snow on ground, sky slightly overcast; light west wind; temperature at start 36°, at end 36°. Along Crab Orchard Creek to Marion Reservoir in forenoon. Along South Fork of Saline Creek in afternoon. About ten miles by car and about twenty on foot. Bob-white, 20; Marsh Hawk, 1; Cooper's Hawk 1; Red-tailed Hawk, 2; Red-shouldered Hawk, 4; Sparrow Hawk, 1; Barred Owl, 3; Hairy Woodpecker, 2; Downy Woodpecker, 15; Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, 2; Pileated Woodpecker, 3; Red-headed Woodpecker, 9; Red-bellied Woodpecker, 20; Flicker, 12; Prairie Horned Lark, 50; Blue Jay, 20; Crow, 30; Cowbird, 10; Red-winged Blackbird, 20; Meadowlark, 15; Purple Finch, 1; Goldfinch, 60; White-throated Sparrow, 3; Tree Sparrow, 150; Slate-colored Junco, 200; Song Sparrow, 75; Swamp Sparrow, 15; Towhee, 3; Cardinal, 25; Migrant Shrike, 1; Mockingbird, 3; Carolina Wren, 20; Bewick Wren, 1; Brown Creeper, 5; Tufted Titmouse, 25; Carolina Chickadee, 50; Robin, 2; Bluebird, 3; total, 38 species; about 932 individuals.

MARSHALL

Miss Sally Dawson, who has taken a Christmas Census for Bird Lore for a number of years, wrote the following report on December 25.

I took the Christmas census this time on Monday, December 23. The snow was so deep it was hard to travel so we did not go far afield but the cold and food scarcity has driven many birds up to the barns and the cattle shed to pick up scattered grain. The largest number of species

was seen just at our dooryard. I'll repeat the list I mailed to *Bird Lore* yesterday. Turtle Doves, 3; Sparrow Hawk, 1; Downy Woodpecker, 1; Red-bellied Woodpecker, 4; Flicker, 3; Jaybird, 10; Crow, 11; Cow-bird, 1; Meadow Lark, 3; Purple Grackle, 1; Goldfinch, 20; Tree Sparrow, 12; Junco, 175; Song Sparrow, 1; Cardinal, 15; Tufted Titmouse, 7; Chickadee, 4; 17 species, 272 individuals.

The snow is very deep here and badly drifted; we found no bare ground anywhere. Many of the places where birds are usually numerous were deserted. The three doves were at the barn. I did not see any of them today but early in December I saw a score of them.

There were six meadow larks at the barn this evening. They were feeding at a pile of manure. When I went out to scatter some food near there they flew to the nearest tree—about fifty feet and had not moved again the last I noticed. Last year we had two dozen meadow larks that fed with the cattle all winter and about that many doves.

As to quails—we could have many of them if we could some way get a perpetual closed season for them. Each summer we have several brood but always most of them are killed. Yesterday evening—too late for my report to *Bird Lore* six of them came up to the barn.

The cow-bird and the grackle were both great surprises as I had never before seen either at the Christmas season. But both were sluggish and sat moveless in plain view and were examined with glasses so there could be no mistake. I didn't see either today, however. I have never seen a starling to recognize it. Some birds that have been reported to me as starlings have proved to be grackles.

We have at least one Carolina wren about the place. It got into the milk house Saturday. I could not find it anywhere Monday while enumerating birds, but it came to a juniper limb just outside my window while I was writing my report. It was back today.

One of the most interesting things I noticed Monday was the way different species appeared to enjoy each other. On a narrow level strip at the base of a south-facing slope we came suddenly upon a throng of juncos. They were traveling west just then—not as a flock—but individually each flitting forward six or eight feet. Closer examination showed a few goldfinches going along with them. But these birds clung higher on the weed stems and were more recklessly acrobatic in their searching. And there were at least eight, perhaps a dozen cardinals with them. They flitted forward in the same way, occasionally one or two would hop upon the fence. A little later we came to another big flock of juncos, cardinals and goldfinches in a corn field. And there were tree sparrows with them.

MATTOON

No census was attempted for this (Coles) County but a letter written by Mrs. Clarence W. Hughes reports a first-seen starling attempting to

get a Christmas dinner in the storm from a dish of choice food scraps which a mocking bird was claiming for his own. The starling seemed to be exhausted from hunger and made a poor showing in combat with the mocking bird but managed to get his fill before making off.

MOUNT CARROLL

Miss Blanche Cramer sends this interesting report from the southeast corner of Jo Daviess County and the adjacent region in the northern portion of Carroll County.

December twenty-ninth my sister and I were walking across some weedy oat stubble when a flock of several hundred snow buntings flew up from the ground just a few rods ahead of us. They circled around over us then lighted on the ground and fed apparently on the ragweed seeds. We followed them for some time and noticed that they followed ravines where there were snow patches. The next day we found them on a hay field nearby feeding and following up the patches of snow. We were impressed by their flights which made one think of leaves blown by the wind. They were very buoyant in flight and very restless when on the ground. When flying they would wheel about showing the white beneath and the sunshine on them made them look like snowflakes. A neighbor, Mr. Beyer, has reported seeing them in his fields for about a week previous to our seeing them. I have seen them only once before. In October, 1926, father and I were driving and two flew ahead of us down the lane. The next day we found one of them dead. On the above walk we saw in addition to the buntings, a cardinal, several juncos, seven chickadees, and two white-breasted nuthatches. The second day we saw a pair of chickadees and a white-breasted nuthatch. December thirty-first we walked about nine miles across fields and through woods and saw two tufted titmice in an oak timber, flitting about in the underbrush. These were the first I've seen in this vicinity. We flushed up a flock of sixteen quail in the open field and in the evening we heard them calling to each other as though they were saying good night. I thought this talking rather unwise as there are a number of horned owls and an occasional red-tailed hawk flying about dusk. We recognized several horned larks in the fields and saw a flock of about a dozen birds which acted and sounded like horned larks. At dusk they were also chirping a sort of evening song from the ground. We seemed to find a pair of chickadees in every wood lot we passed through. Very often we saw the chickadees and the white-breasted nuthatches feeding near each other. We saw a hairy woodpecker light on a corn shock.

The hairy woodpeckers have been feeding about the farm buildings but do not come to the feeding shelf. The red-headed woodpecker does sometimes spend the winter with us but I haven't seen him this year. He feeds at the corncrib. In 1928 the red-bellied woodpecker spent the winter about the barns and the wood lot nearby. Although he stays near

the corncribs I have never seen him actually eating corn. He is also here this winter and we see him frequently. Last summer we found a pair of them occupying a hole quite high in a dead quaking aspen tree.

One evening I was coming in from the barn and I heard some birds scrapping in an oak tree and then one started to carry the other off. After several yards one fell in my path. I picked it up and found an unfamiliar bird which I later identified as a starling. I thought the other bird was an owl but it was too dark to be sure. I have seen no other starlings at any time but a neighbor, Mrs. Croften, about a mile south of us reports that they roost in their barn.

I hear the goldfinches almost every day. Some cedar waxwings came one winter and fed on the seeds of the asparagus. They stayed about a week until they had eaten all the seeds, then disappeared. The cardinals are seen frequently along the open streams. They fed one winter at our hog trough and one day one came on the back porch. I found a nest in a small crab apple tree in a timber quite far from any house. Although people in the neighborhood put out feed for them, no one has reported their coming to a shelf for food.

PORT BYRON

Mr. J. J. Schaefer again reports for the Bulletin.

Birds seen and heard during December, 1929: Bob-whites present, but not heard or seen very often. Rough-legged Hawks are rare, and stay here when there is no snow on the ground. Screech and Great Horned Owls can be heard nearly every night. Hairy, Downy and Red-bellied Woodpeckers are tolerably common. The Red-headed Woodpeckers all left during September and none are staying here this winter. One Flicker was heard Dec. 16, and one on Jan. 1, 1930. A few Prairie Horned Larks stay here when the ground is bare. Blue Jays are tolerably common and Crows are rare. The first Starlings seen here was on Dec. 25, at about 9:30 A.M. when 6 were seen sitting on a large old burr oak about a hundred yards north of our house. On Dec. 28, three more were seen on the same tree. On Dec. 30, 2 alighted on the top of our hay barn where some pigeons were sitting. On the evening of Dec. 31, one was seen to go in the hay barn with the pigeons, and one on the evening of Jan. 1, 1930. I fear we are to have trouble with them next summer. Goldfinches were heard Dec. 5, 6, 7, and 17. A Longspur was heard while flying over Dec. 9. Tree Sparrows, Juncos, and Cardinals are very scarce here this winter. Brown Creepers and Tufted Titmice are rare, and White-breasted Nuthatches and Chickadees are common.

SAN JOSE

This interesting record is from Mr. O. S. Biggs of San Jose, Mason County.

"January 31, 1929, a man brought me for identification a bird he had caught in a barn near San Jose. As soon as I saw it I recognized it to be

a starling. The man reported a flock of fifteen staying around the buildings and during the cold weather they roosted in the barn with the English sparrows. They were the first that had been seen in this locality. This was the first authentic record of the starlings for this (Mason) county. During the past summer I saw several and in the fall I saw occasionally flocks of from eight to twelve. After winter had set in a man brought me a starling he had shot in his orchard, this being one of a flock of twenty-five that were feeding on frozen apples. During the severe weather of the past month small groups have been feeding on refuse in back yards about the town and Mr. D. C. Gibson trapped some at a feeding place and banded them. When it was below zero eleven starlings stayed around my house. They would feed on hackberries on a tree near the house and on food thrown out to attract them. To my surprise a robin appeared among the starlings sharing in their meal of hackberries and it occasionally resorted to a neighbor's where it fed on frozen persimmons. This was the first robin I ever saw here in weather below zero.

"We do not need to worry about the starlings. They are here to stay. They are wanderers and go hither and thither as the weather and food supply permit. Their food like that of the English sparrow is about everything they can get hold of, and when it is cold they resort to barns and other buildings for shelter and food."

VANDALIA

Fayette County, of which Vandalia is the county seat, seems to be the scene of disastrous attempts of starlings to establish themselves there. Mr. E. F. Steinhauer writing from Vandalia reports that during the severe cold weather at the close of November while commenting with a friend upon the expected invasion of Illinois by the starling, some one brought in a female starling found frozen in a barn. The next day another frozen specimen, a male bird, was brought in and the same day a male bird flew against a telephone wire and was killed. In the next week other specimens were brought in, the fatalities evidently due to exhaustion and hunger. While the severe weather continued small flocks were flying about and sometimes sitting huddled together. At such times it was comparatively easy to catch specimens. These when warmed seemed to revive completely and flew away.

WAUKEGAN

Mr. W. I. Lyon reports for the last days in December.

For almost two weeks we have had no sunshine at Waukegan, Illinois. On December 21st it cleared and the sun was most welcome. A trip by auto to all convenient points of observation along the shores of Lake Michigan resulted in observing a total of about 450 Herring Gulls, 2 Ring-billed Gulls and 1 Bonaparte Gull. One small flock of about 20 American Mergansers, about 150 Red-breasted Mergansers and

about 500 Old Squaws. There were at least 500 to 1000 more ducks so far out that we could not establish species.

On December 22nd we had planned for our annual bird count but on account of the very thick foggy weather no one arrived, so it was made alone. This observation trip included the trail along the shores of Lake Michigan, which was very unsatisfactory because you could not see over one hundred feet on the water, so adopted the 21st report. The rest resulted in observing 5 Blue Jays, 15 Crows, 17 Tree Sparrows, 14 Slate-colored Junco, 2 Snow Buntings and about 300 English Sparrows. The observations in our yard during the entire day at the trapping station produced an unusual thrill. There were close to 150 English Sparrows around the place in spite of having trapped and killed about 200 recently. Someone's cat caught a Pine Grosbeak and it was turned over to me on the 21st and was alive after midnight, but it was dead when I visited the cage on the morning of the 22nd. Early in the morning I heard the Hairy Woodpecker drumming. I think there was but one present although I saw it a number of times. Two Downy Woodpeckers, 3 White-breasted Nuthatches and 2 Chickadees made regular visits to the suet. At about 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon there was an unusual surprise of seeing a female Northern Flicker flying to the hole in the tree where the squirrel had made its nest and immediately pulled out the leaves and grass of the squirrel's nest. The squirrel sat and watched the procedure but did not interfere. Three Blue Jays and 4 Cardinals that were banded and think they are regular boarders, visit the sunflower seed box. About 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon was the prize observation. A trap that seemed to be well used by English Sparrows, that were nearly always able to escape after entering was observed to have something out of the ordinary in it. On account of the fogginess the binoculars did not disclose exactly the species of the birds, which appeared to be Starlings. There was one larger which was certain to be some sort of a Blackbird, at the entrance. Finally the large one entered and the trap was rushed. To our great surprise we found 4 Red-winged Blackbirds, one male and three females, the first one out of the trap being one that was trapped and banded on September 18th and probably it was she that led the others back to feed in time of storm. Two Tree Sparrows were trapped, one was a return from 1927, 3 Slate-colored Juncos, regular boarders that have stayed with us all through the winter, and 1 Northern Shrike which entered the yard and we were unable to shoot. This makes the sixth Northern Shrike that has been in the yard this year.

Aims of the Illinois Audubon Society

To create and keep alive a consciousness of our native wild birds.

To disseminate knowledge of the birds through literature, pictures, lectures.

To conserve as far as possible their natural environment.

To work for their safety through law enforcement and education.

To interest children through the schools.

To establish bird sanctuaries in Illinois.

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